WEEK ENDING DEC. 7, 1929

5c

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

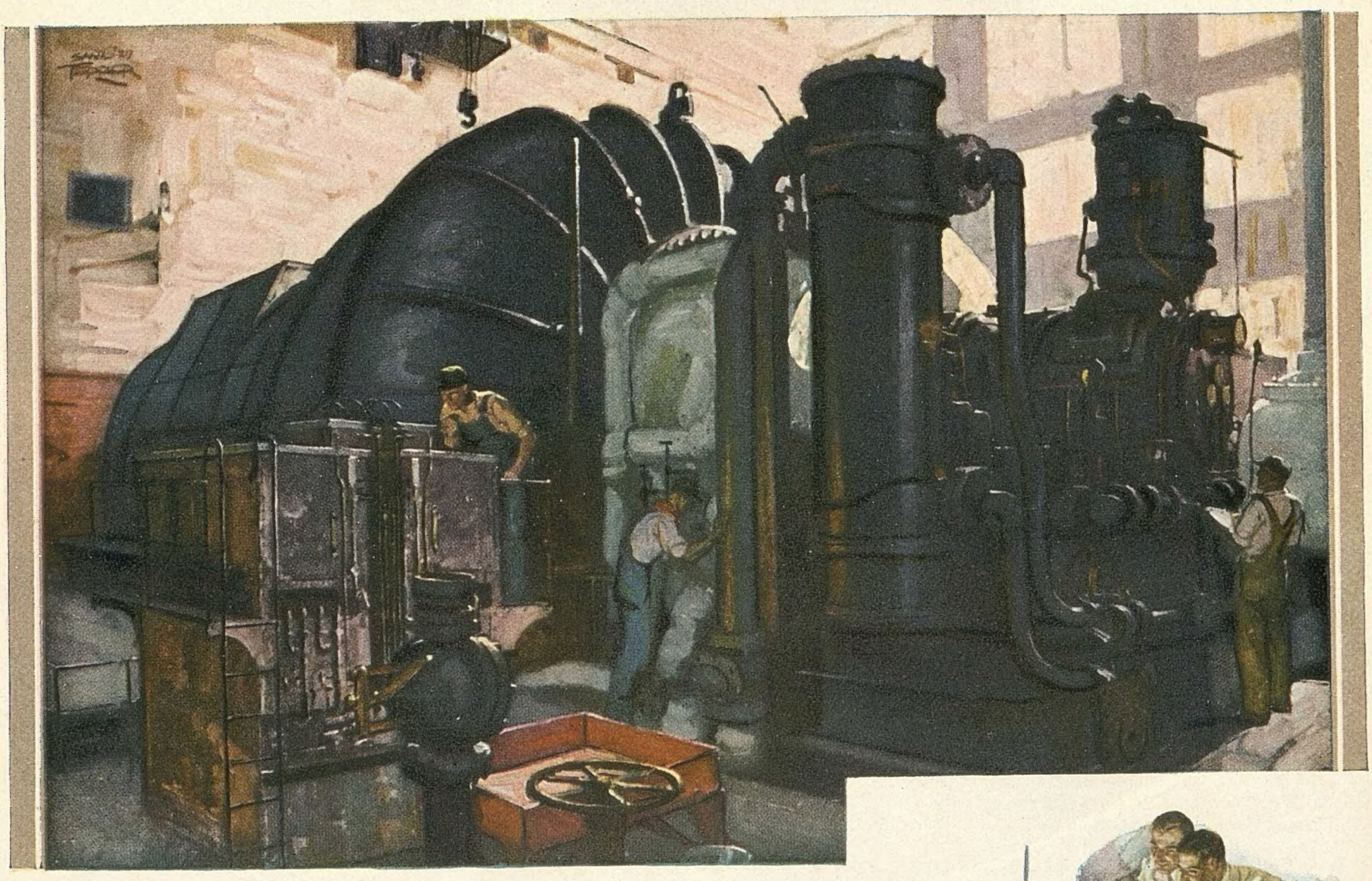
OVER 2,250,000 NET PAID CIRCULATION

File copy

The Anonymous Letter

DELMAR ~ SULLIVAN ~ GURNEE ~ SUTHERLAND ~ CHAMBERS

Tiny Wheels, Giant Turbines Run Smoother on TEXACO



IN every branch of industry, in the nation's steel mills, mines and manufacturing plants there are power giants — high-speed, time and labor saving machines whose very life is dependent on oil!

Texaco Lubricants plus Texaco Lubrication Service have gone hand in hand to save millions for the industries of the world. There is no industrial lubricating problem too complicated for Texaco; there is no type of machinery made, from the sewing machine in the home to the giant turbine generating power for the electrical needs of an entire city, which is not being lubricated effectively by Texaco.

There is a Texaco Lubricant for *every* purpose. Throughout the world, everywhere, the Texaco Red Star with the Green T is known and respected.

THE TEXAS COMPANY

Refiners of a complete line of Texaco Petroleum Products including Gasoline, Motor Oil, Industrial Lubricants, Railroad and Marine Lubricants, Farm Lubricants, Road Asphalts and Asphalt Roofing.

RESEARCH . . . THE GUIDE TO PROGRESS

Anticipating every development; insuring ever higher standards of quality . . . Texaco Laboratories are the source of Texaco progress.

TEXACO

The mark of quality for petroleum products

The young married woman is puzzled

What is this question of feminine hygiene? Where can she find the answer?

ALWAYS recurring this is, in the mind of the young married woman—this question of feminine hygiene. Constantly disturbing her. Worrying her to the point that it almost endangers her newly found happiness.

What do other wives know about this intimate subject? If her friends have the real facts, why don't they tell her? Time and again she has broken through her natural reserve, actually requested advice and guidance. And the more questions she asks the more puzzled she becomes, the more impatient, and sometimes even frightened.

Every woman seems to have a *different* opinion . . . but opinions are not facts.

Here is the reason for all the misunderstandings

Ask physicians and trained nurses whether they approve of feminine hygiene. They do. More than anyone else they value the cleanliness it affords—real surgical cleanliness in the interests of health and hygiene. The reason for the whole misunderstanding on the subject of feminine hygiene is that the *idea* is often confused with the *methods* employed. The use of poisonous antiseptics for example. Don't ask the medical profession to condone the use of poisonous antiseptics! They are too well aware of the dangers.

Zonite settles the matter to everyone's satisfaction

In the past women have insisted upon using these poisonous antiseptics. Even though partly alert to the danger, they employed bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid sold under trade names. Germicides, true. But caustic and poisonous germicides which all too often caused irreparable damage. Unfortunately for these women, until lately there was no other kind of germicide effective for feminine hygiene.

Now all that is changed. Now there is *Zonite*. A *powerful* antiseptic. Non-caustic. Non-poisonous. Zonite is as safe as pure water. It can never harm delicate membranes nor interfere with normal secretions. It can never deaden tissues nor cause scar-areas. Zonite has no record of accidental poisonings. Dentists are even recommending it every day in the practice of oral hygiene.

Yet Zonite is effective. It is forty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen, for example. *It is far stronger than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Send for this free booklet—gives complete information

To fill the real need for information, there is a booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." This is so frank and authoritative that it leaves no doubt about the subject in the mind of the reader. Send for a copy of this up-to-date booklet. Use coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, skin irritations or tender feet. Also as a powerful deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

Read this booklet and you will have the latest scientific information about feminine hygiene.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 Both in U. S. A. and Canada

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION 30-T
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
- ☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(*Please print name*)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

DEC. 7, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 48

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.
Branch Offices—Chicago: Tribune Tower. Boston: Rice Building.
Detroit: General Motors Building. San Francisco: Kohl Building.

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by Liberty Weekly, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; James O'Shaughnessy, Business Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Sheppard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, $2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Allow four weeks for change of address.

☞ Address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

SATAN FINDS SOME MISCHIEF STILL

Attorney General Mitchell recently made an interesting speech by radio on conditions in our federal prisons. Among other things, he said that, of some 10,000 prisoners in federal penitentiaries on June 30, 1929, 2,731 were there for violations of the drug acts, 1,827 for violations of the prohibition act, 1,337 for the transportation of stolen automobiles, and 241 for violating the Mann act. So more than 61 per cent of all prisoners in federal penitentiaries went there for these four kinds of offenses.

In the constitutional convention presided over by George Washington, Alexander Hamilton was the great centralizer of authority; he believed in making the federal government as strong as possible. Opposed to him was Thomas Jefferson, leader of the individualists and advocate of states' rights.

Either of these gentlemen, divergent as were their views, would have turned over in his grave if he could have foreseen that in the year of our Lord 1929 the federal government of the united states would be chiefly engaged in the prevention of fornication, drinking, the stealing of vehicles, and the taking of drugs.

In their day such duties would be strictly the affair of each community's local police. They would not have led to the filling of federal prisons.

Well, all right. Now consider something else from Attorney General Mitchell—his ringing demand for more federal establishments and the renting of more space in local jails to accommodate the great and growing number of prisoners. It seems that, in federal prisons at least, prohibition as a regulatory act has emptied fewer cells than it has filled.

The Attorney General says the three great causes of recent prison outbreaks and disorder have been overcrowding, bad feeding, and lack of work.

It seems a reasonable statement. If you took a lot of normal people and crowded them by twos, threes, and fours into small, steel-barred cells, refused to let them do anything useful, and fed them at a cost of about twenty-three cents a day, it wouldn't improve their character, their patriotism, their morals, or anything else. Yet that is the treatment accorded to prisoners who were hard cases before the government began to practice on them. Naturally they get worse.

Heaven knows underfeeding will spoil the temper and disposition of almost anyone. In a country which is suffering from overproduction of food it seems incomprehensible.

Overcrowding is upon us in all prisons because the taxpayers don't like to build prisons as fast as the legislators like to fill them.

But worse than either of these conditions is underwork. To a very great extent the labor unions are responsible for this. They have sent lobbies to the state legislatures to prevent any sort of work in prisons that will seem to compete with their own.

This enforced idleness of convicts has not only made the prisons more expensive to the taxpayers, but it has made criminals more vicious and less able to help themselves, and has turned them out of prison when their time is up without a trade to support them.

Granting the argument of the unions that they need protection from convict labor, there is still work that can and should be done by prisoners. There is, for instance, the necessary making of roads.

Due largely to tender-mindedness—particularly, perhaps, a disinclination of parents to have their children see prisoners out in the open—convicts have been taken off the roads almost everywhere in the northern states and kept within walls.

The South has a different view of this. In the Old Dominion and other southern states one still sees numbers of husky prisoners working on the roads under large, saturnine guards with rifles and sometimes dogs.

The notion that children are harmed by seeing prisoners at work seems to us nonsense. Children look at them with awe and usually intense interest, but not with any desire to get into the chain gangs.

Using prisoners in this way works a double benefit. It improves roads and tires the prisoners out, so that they sleep at night instead of lying awake and plotting mischief.

Most prisoners are where they are because they don't like hard work. They would rather commit crime than earn honest livings by the sweat of their brows. Therefore it is a most fitting punishment to make them work extremely hard. Of course the intelligent thing to do would be to make the prisons self-supporting and to pay whatever a prisoner earned above his keep to his family, or, if he has none, to give it to him when he is released. A man with $1,000 in his pocket is less likely to return to crime than one with only $5 handed him by the warden as he goes out.

The questions of adult punishment and the relation of the criminal to the state have never been wholly solved, any more than have the corresponding problems of children and their parents. Punishment is an art rather than a science. We only know that we in America are much farther from a solution of the problems of crime than most other civilized communities.

IN THIS ISSUE

Honeymoon—*A story*. . . . . VIÑA DELMAR 7
The Big Racket. . . . . EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN 13
A survey of what prohibition means to the festive gangster
The Patriotic Game of Presidents—*A $25,000 contest* 20
Don't Whistle in Dressing Rooms—*A story* . . O. T. GURNEE 22
The Plots Thicken—*Movie reviews* . . . . FREDERICK J. SMITH 36
The Job of Being a Wife. . . . . GRACE ROBINSON 38
Some plain talk about love, economics, and kitchen stoves
Antidote for Monotony—*A short short story* . . EDW'D BROPHY 49
Inside the Ropes—*Part II* . . . . . SIDNEY SUTHERLAND 52
Kinfolk—*A story* . . . . . DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT 59
What Is Beauty in Architecture? . . . . RAYMOND M. HOOD 65
The Rake and the Hussy—*Part XI* . . ROBERT W. CHAMBERS 73
Twenty Questions (p. 34); News of the World (35); Vox Pop (50-51); Mistake Picture Prize Awards (58); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (68); For the Love o' Lil (72); Bright Sayings of Children (82); Fashions (83); Cross Word Puzzles (84-85); Food (86) Cover by Leslie Thrasher

BIG AND LITTLE, RICH AND POOR, CAN PROJECT THEIR PERSONALITIES OVER THE WIDE NETWORK OF ITS WIRES

In the service of all the people

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

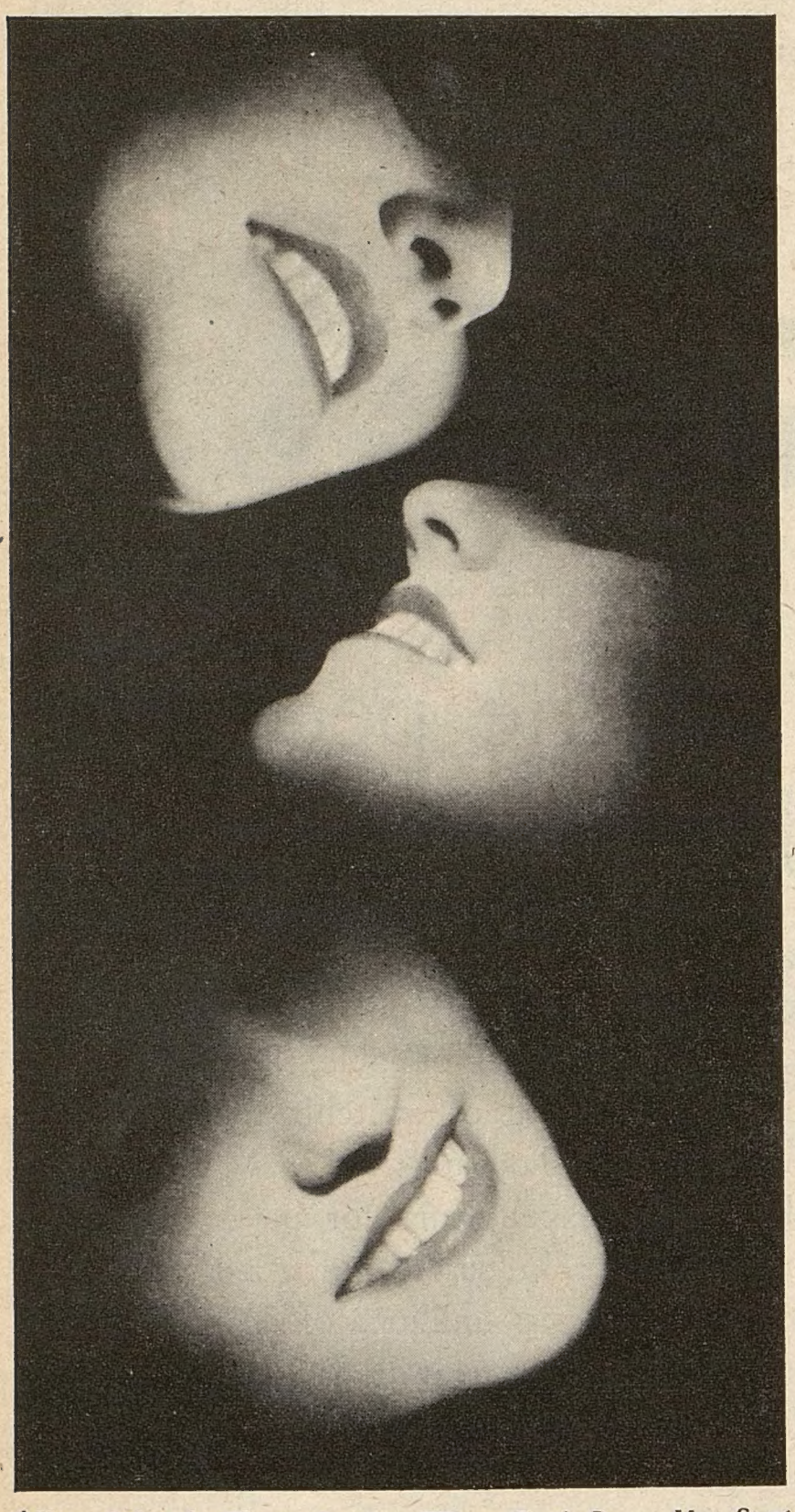
THE Bell System is owned by 450,000 stockholders and operated by more than 400,000 workers for the service of the people of the nation.

It is a democratic instrument of a democracy. Big and little, rich and poor, can project their personalities over the wide network of its wires. For friendship or business, pleasure or profit, the telephone is indispensable to our modern civilization.

This year the Bell System is erecting new telephone buildings in more than 200 cities. It is putting in thousands of miles of cable, thousands of sections of switchboard and hundreds of thousands of new telephones. Its expenditure for plant and improvements in service in 1929 will be more than 550 millions of dollars—half again as much as it cost to build the Panama Canal.

This program is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.

FREE Get a generous sample tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream—the cleansing dentifrice—simply mail the coupon below and be convinced.



A 25c tube of Colgate's contains more toothpaste

. . . than any other leading brand priced at 25c.

More important—Colgate's cleans better—its penetrating foam washes away decayed impurities in crevices not reached by brushing.

COLGATE'S has become the largest-selling dentifrice in the world because it not only polishes the outer surfaces of the teeth, but more important, because its wonderful penetrating foam washes away the decaying food particles and mucin deposits lodged in the tiny crevices of the teeth, not reached by ordinary brushing.

Recent scientific tests confirm the fact that Colgate's has a greater penetrating* power than any of the leading dentifrices on the market. This means that it gets down into every tiny crevice. There it softens and dislodges the decaying impurities, washing them away in a detergent wave.

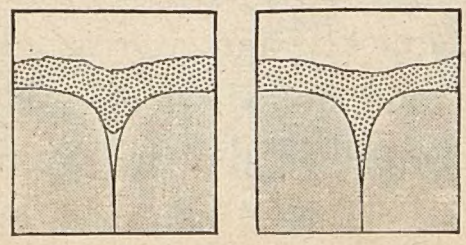
In this foam is carried a fine chalk powder, a polishing material used by dentists as safe yet effective in keeping teeth white and attractive.

Consider Colgate's two superiorities. It not only polishes the surface thoroughly, but because it contains the world's greatest cleansing agent, it cleans where brushing can't . . . an extra not found in ordinary toothpaste.

If you have not yet become acquainted with Colgate's, may we send you a generous trial tube and an interesting booklet on the care of the teeth and mouth? Just mail the coupon.

How Colgate's Cleans Crevices Where Tooth Decay May Start

Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



This diagram shows how Colgate's active foam (having low "surface-tension") penetrates deep down into the crevice, cleansing it completely, where the toothbrush cannot reach.

COLGATE, Dept. B-1623, P. O. Box 375, Grand Central Post Office, N. Y.
Please send a free trial tube of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream, with booklet "How to Keep Teeth and Mouth Healthy."

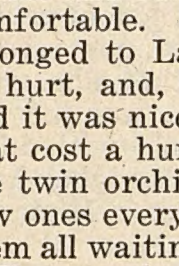
FREE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Honeymoon

The Story of a Girl Who Married for Money



By

VIÑA DELMAR

author of "Kept," a Liberty serial which now holds high place among the "best sellers." Very young, her life has been colorful, and in the brief time since Liberty bought her first short story she has become famous. She is married, has a small son, and lives in suburban New York.

Pictures by R. F. SCHABELITZ

MANON observed that she and Lammie were the only young people listening to the classical music. As a matter of fact Lammie wasn't young, but one included him because Lammie was one's husband, and, besides, he was only forty. She wondered where the other young people were. Perhaps strolling about on the deck or in at the bar. Or perhaps there were other amusing places to go on the boat that she didn't know about. She sighed.

The gray-haired lady in the lace dress smiled at her and Manon pretended not to notice. Lammie would be furious if she struck up an acquaintance with anybody—even with a gray-haired lady. It was only by promising to speak to no one that she had lured him out of their cabin.

"Really, dear," he had said, "I want this to be a true honeymoon. I don't want to have half the people on the boat following us about. And you are such a cheerful little mixer. Please let us stay here. It is so pleasant, just us two."

She had finally convinced him that she could be cold and brutally curt if anyone addressed her. So here they were—listening to the classical music.

The gray-haired lady was still smiling. Manon looked down at the ring Lammie had given her at their engagement. The gray-haired lady looked, too. Manon had not meant her to look. The diamond was six-carat and it embarrassed Manon. Owning it made one appear gluttonous, like being caught at one's third helping of ice cream.

Manon became conscious now of her choker. Diamonds and rubies. Two inches wide. Horribly uncomfortable. She couldn't say so, though. It had belonged to Lammie's mother. His feelings would be hurt, and, besides, it was nice to have jewelry, and it was nice to exude the fragrance of a perfume that cost a hundred dollars an ounce. She caressed the twin orchids on her shoulder. There would be new ones every day on the trip across. Lammie had them all waiting for her in the ship's ice chest.

The gray-haired lady had stopped smiling. Manon was glad. She made herself more comfortable in the large chair and settled down to the business of enduring the classical music.

She could see herself in a mirror. That made it easier. She saw her flaming red hair with its wide waves, her small red mouth, and the choker. She wondered again where the other young people were.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

"I FELT like getting up. Come, Lammie, let's walk."

[HONEYMOON
Continued from page seven]

The musicians paused and Lammie addressed her. "Good, wasn't it?"

"Oh, awfully."

"Have you had enough of it?"

"Well, I guess just about enough. What can we do now?"

"Why, I was thinking that we'd go back to the cabin."

"Yes, I suppose we could do that, but the music is really quite good."

After all, it was her first ocean voyage. She ought to be allowed to sit and look about. Lammie was sulking now. Well, let him sulk. He was awfully good and sweet, but he couldn't have his own way all the time. What amusing place was there on the boat where the young people could be congregated?

At ten o'clock the classical music came to an end.

Lammie said witheringly: "I suppose you want to go now where the dance music is."

Manon had had no notion that there was dance music or dancing.

"Oh, how good of you to suggest it, Lammie," she said. She wanted to hurry out of the salon and run to the lounge, where already the band was busy; but one couldn't run while wearing Lammie's mother's choker and the Lambert name.

THERE was rather a little flutter at her entrance. One doesn't see a breath-takingly lovely woman every day. And Manon was lovely. A slim young queen wearing with grace the too ornate gifts placed upon her by adoring but stupid subjects. Something heartbreakingly sweet in the way she carried her little head above the glittering choker. Slim, small-boned Manon with the firm young breasts and long smooth arms. People stared. They stared at Lammie, too. He was nice-looking but very grave. He only smiled when somebody told him a joke, and then it had to be a good joke. But he was very kind. One would never regret having married Lammie. There was the perfume at a hundred dollars an ounce, the orchids, and the importance of being Mrs. Blake Lambert.

There, now! That would give one some idea of Lammie's importance. The purser at once welcoming them.

"Good evening, Madame Lambert. Have you been ill? This is the first time we've seen you since the ship sailed last night."

"No, I've been fine. We were unpacking. That's all. I didn't bring a maid, you know. I want to get one in Paris."

"I see. I am glad you have not been ill. Is everything satisfactory to you?"

"Very, thank you," Lammie answered. He led Manon away then. Nobody was going to have even five minutes of his honeymoon.

They sat down and Lammie ordered champagne. Manon saw the young people now. They were having no end of fun. They had all evidently made each other's acquaintance. They didn't stare at her. Only the older people stared. The young ones were thoroughly taken up with each other.

"Shall we dance?" asked Manon.

"No, dear, I don't feel like it. The floor is crowded and you bump into people and you say 'Pardon me' and the first thing you know they're chatting with you. We'll dance in Paris."

"Oh, all right," said Manon.

They sat on in silence. Lammie was being independent. He was waiting for her to suggest going back to the cabin. Manon smiled a little. He'd have a long wait. She sort of liked sitting there and looking at the people.

There was one chap, now— He had yellow hair and he drank too much. Manon watched him. He had a rakish

Manon found herself staring into the gray eyes

look about him. One could picture him doing anything that it took recklessness to accomplish. He drank too much and danced continually with a chic, ugly girl; and at midnight, when Manon and Lammie left the lounge, he whistled a bar of music as they passed. Manon recognized it. Perhaps he had not realized that she was American and knew the tune, or perhaps he was too ill-mannered to care. The people at the table with him laughed and Lammie raised his chin an inch higher and pretended ignorance. It was an old song. Manon's romantic mother had sung it often.

She's only a bird in a gilded cage—

Manon knew it. There were other lines that he might think fitted the situation. There was one that went:

The diamonds that glitter about her throat
Speak but of sorrow and pain—

Well, the part about her having diamonds was applicable, but the sorrow and pain part—that was the bunk.

of the yellow-haired man. He had dropped into Lammie's chair the instant it had been vacated.

How many of those girls back there in the lounge would make a marriage as good as she had made? God, what else was life but the business of making yourself as comfortable as possible? Some girls did it by marrying for love, but she had married for money. And why not? Oh, the gorgeous, warm thrill of having beautiful clothes, good service, and luxurious surroundings. Love surely held no sensation as glorious as the one that swept over her with the knowledge that she could buy everything she desired.

"Are you hungry?" Lammie asked her.

"Yes. Why? Can you get anything to eat?"

"In the cabin. Wait."

MANON was surprised. It had not occurred to her that such service was procurable. Leave it to Lammie. There was the table awaiting them and the steward watching for their approach. Manon gurgled with delight. Oh, what services one could command with money! She ran to Lammie and kissed him joyously.

She thought of the yellow-haired man and the laughing young girls in the lounge. Full of prunes, the bunch of them! When absolute comfort and the best of service was managed only through money, then one paid a cheap price for it even when one gave one's pretty self. And Lammie wasn't unattractive, either. In fact, he was fairly—

People evidently taking a walk on the deck. Noisy people.

"And she gave her soul
For an old man's gold—"

"Hush, foolish! They have a suite somewhere around here."

"I should worry. There ought to be some sort of union organized to stop dizzy dames from actually marrying these sugar daddies. She owes it to posterity. She's too damn beautiful."

Lammie was lighting a cigarette and looking very

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HONEYMOON
Continued from page nine]

haughty and well bred. Manon went around the table and ruffled his hair and kissed him. A man who could give her the luxuries of life was welcome to her body and soul.

Of course, breakfast in bed. Just coffee and a croissant. It was fun to lie back and smoke when the tray had been carried away. It was fun, too, to contemplate what one would wear. Such scads of clothes and hardly any of them had been worn so far.

"I'm going to get dressed and go for a walk on deck, Lammie."

"I suppose we should get some air."

"Oh, of course. We really must."

She chose the green ensemble. It was so very sporty and showed her hair off so well. She looked like a little girl in it, she thought, except for the six-carat diamond.

Lammie located their deck chairs and frowned the steward away. He wanted to tuck Manon under the rug himself. She lit a cigarette and smoked idly, enjoying the fresh, salty air on her face. . . . Presently she arose and walked to the rail to toss her cigarette away.

"I'd have done that," Lammie said.

"No, I felt like getting up. Come, Lammie, let's walk."

They walked. Manon saw that there was a game known as deck tennis. She saw that the yellow-haired man was playing. He was playing in a foursome. There was another man and two attractive, rather stagy-looking girls. The yellow-haired man and his partner won the game and the four adjourned to the bar for a drink.

Lammie was contentedly settled on the tennis deck now, but Manon wanted to move again. She suggested a drink, but Lammie scolded her. After luncheon was the earliest one could ever have a drink.

"But an orangeade or something like that, Lammie," Manon protested.

"Oh, all right, dear. If you like."

The four who had played tennis were laughing a great deal and addressing each other familiarly. Lammie watched them with cold disapproval. They didn't seem to notice him or his disapproval. Manon thought it insolent of them not to be squelched by Lammie's chilling regard.

The foursome moved on to some other part of the boat. Manon wondered where they could be going now. They were laughing as they left. There was, she supposed, a merry time to be had aboard if one cared for nothing but the pursuit of a merry time. She caressed her orchids and consulted her tiny, diamond-studded watch.

"SHALL we go back to the deck chairs?" she asked.

"Don't you want that orange drink after all?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Isn't it good?" Lammie's tone threatened an unmentionable vengeance which he would bring down upon the complete steamship line if his wife had been served an unsatisfactory drink.

"It's very good, Lammie, only I don't just feel like it after all."

"Perhaps you're getting seasick. Would you like to lie down for a while?"

"Yes. In the deck chair, Lammie."

"All right. We'll go at once."

They had luncheon in their cabin. Lammie preferred it so. It showed people that you weren't looking for outside companionship. He had wanted dinner there, too, but Manon longed to go to the dining room, and it was nice to show her off.

She wore black that evening. Nobody can wear black like a red-haired girl. She knew that she was looking well and it irritated her that Lammie would not even listen to the classical music that evening.

"Let's just talk to each other for a while," he suggested.

There was nothing that Manon wanted to do less. The cabin was stupid, but Lammie had to have his way occasionally. Manon was not unreasonable. At midnight, when the steward appeared with supper for two, they had not yet retired. Lammie was still talking about what he was going to buy for his beautiful Manon. Manon was starry-eyed and smiling. There was nothing in life but possessions. The obsequious steward and the well prepared foods were a symbol of all that her future would hold. She closed her sparkling eyes and listened to the soft step of the steward as he walked about assuring himself that the table was quite complete.

"Has Madame everything she wants?"

Manon smiled slowly. "Everything," she answered.

But on the next evening Manon was gently insistent that they should hear the dance music in the lounge. Lammie gave in. He was not unreasonable either.

The other passengers were accustomed to Manon now. They just stared at her now because she was good to see. The element of incredulity had gone out of their glances.

She wore a shimmering frock of ivory white and sat sipping her champagne listlessly. It was dull in the cabin and dull here if one were not dancing.

Lammie said: "I just noticed, dear, I haven't my watch. Will you excuse me while I make sure that it is in the cabin? Or do you want to go with me?"

"I'll wait here, Lammie."

LAMMIE arose and Manon found herself staring into the gray eyes of the yellow-haired man. He had dropped into Lammie's chair the instant it had been vacated. Lammie stood above him, silent, while he summoned words to pour on the impudent young man.

The impudent young man had his words all ready.

"Mr. Lambert, my name is Carter—Gregory Carter. I'm from New York, too. Going to London for my firm. The firm thought it would be best for the New York business to have me in London. The first day aboard I said to myself: 'That Lambert looks like a regular fellow.' A regular fellow is one who'll let you dance with his wife." The yellow-haired man paused and smiled. His smile was very winning.

Lammie knew a chance to make himself ridiculous when he saw one. Lammie was no fool.

"Darling, may I present Mr. Carter?" he said. "Mr. Carter, Mrs. Lambert."

"May I have this dance, Mrs. Lambert?"

The orchestra had begun and Gregory Carter was standing there smiling down at her.

Lammie had said, "Pardon me," and stalked away. What had he meant? Had he left it to her own good judgment to refuse? Oh, but she couldn't. In a moment she was dancing with Carter and he was singing in her ear:

"I can't give you anything but love, Baby.
That's the only thing I've plenty of,
Baby—"

They danced past the table that Gregory Carter had come from. The people there were laughing and one man said: "All right, Carter, I'll pay."

"What did he mean?" Manon asked.

"Fifty dollars. He bet me that I couldn't get you to dance with me and I won."

Manon was not overbred. She was not offended. It struck her as amusing.

"Only don't tell Mr. Lambert," she said. "He'd be furious."

They both giggled and drew a little closer together. They shared a secret now.

"Diamond bracelets Woolworth doesn't sell, Baby—"

Lammie came back to the lounge and seated himself. He acted as though he were traveling alone. Not once did his eyes seek Manon.

At the end of the dance Gregory Carter returned Manon to her table and thanked her for the dance. He thanked Lammie, too, and then he drew up a chair. He did most of the talking. Manon giggled a lot at his remarks. He was very amusing. The orchestra played again and again, but he did not ask Manon to dance. He just

sat there and told them about their fellow passengers.

When the orchestra had finished for the night Lammie got in the first remark that he had been allowed.

"I think we'd better be going, dear. You look tired."

"Do I? I'm not."

"Well, it's late. Good night, Mr. Carter."

"Good night, Mr. Lambert. Good night, Mrs. Lambert."

"Good night, Mr. Carter."

He walked away whistling the melody to which he and Manon had danced:

I can't give you anything but
love, Baby—

Manon walked beside Lammie and found herself humming the same tune.

Manon never forgot her prayers. It was a habit that had come with her from childhood. She liked saying the simple rhyme that she had learned so many years before. But on the fourth night at sea she found herself unable to pin her mind down for even the few seconds necessary.

"Now I lay me down to sleep," and then silly doggerel would crop up and tack itself on.

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I wonder why wool grows on
sheep."

Another attempt:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
They say that things in France
are cheap."

Then again:

"Now I lay me down to sleep—"

Gregory Carter was in her mind now. He stood there watching her say her prayers. She wondered if she ought to introduce him to God. God, if he was looking into her mind, must see Greg there. Should she introduce them? It was like the problem about dancing partners. One was coming to claim you while the other was leaving to claim his next partner. Should you introduce them or let them go about their business? Oh, there was her mind wandering off again. She simply had to say her prayers even if Gregory was there. He was so sweet and he kept coaxing her to stop bothering about the prayers and to think of the hour they had spent together that day.

Such an innocent little hour, yet so joyous to remember. Lammie had been a trifle ill. Too much liquor perhaps. He preferred to call it seasickness, though the ocean was like a lake. No matter what the cause, he did not ask her to remain with him while he lay about the cabin recovering.

SHE had walked on the deck and encountered Gregory Carter. Somehow he was presently sitting in Lammie's deck chair beside Manon and they were talking. He was very good-looking, but that was the least of his charm. He had a way of passing a compliment with a nonchalant air that made it convincing. If he hadn't meant it, one thought, he wouldn't have bothered to speak. When he exerted himself enough to put force into his remarks the result was devastating. Like when he had said, "Oh, Manon, if I had seen you first."

She had felt her heart shake at his warm, low tone. The fact that they scarcely knew each other made it all the more thrilling. One didn't say such things to a total stranger unless they were stark facts that could not be kept to oneself. He was a terrifying person. Terrifying because she had never before longed to be kissed into insensibility. She hadn't known that she was that sort of person.

He hadn't kissed her though. Hadn't even said that he wanted to. She had had her answer all ready. She had planned to say, "Don't be common." That would squelch him properly. But he hadn't even tried to hold her hand. He just sat there looking at her and saying lovely things.

Lammie came, looking very formidable and displeased. Gregory smiled at him. It delighted Manon that Gregory hadn't been rattled by Lammie's manner. He did arise and permit Lammie to use his own chair, but he remained at the rail spinning inconsequential conversation. In his own good time he departed. Manon watched him walk away. There was something in the set of his shoulders and the swing of his arms and even in the roll of his coat collar that delighted her.

"Well, it won't be long now," Carter said. "I'll be leaving tomorrow."

No, Lammie had not been able to chase Gregory Carter away, and he couldn't chase thoughts of Gregory Carter away either. Something strangely enchanting about the yellow-haired man.

THERE were no stars in Manon's eyes when she awakened on the morning of the fifth day. She had slept poorly. Oh, well—she'd take a nap during the afternoon.

It was nice to fall asleep in the deck chair. The clean wind blew on one's face and the rug was so soft and warm. Lammie was an expert at arranging it just so. But Manon did not sleep.

Gregory Carter strolled by.

"Good afternoon."

Lammie answered him, but Manon just smiled.

"Well, it won't be long now," Carter said. "I'll be leaving this festive scene tomorrow."

"Oh, yes, you go to England." Lammie's tone was suddenly friendly.

"We go to France," Manon said. "I don't suppose you'll get to France."

"No. I'll be busy in London."

"Oh."

A deck steward appeared and said that Mr. Carter was wanted in the gymnasium. Carter went away. Manon found that she couldn't get to sleep.

The Lamberts were in the lounge that night for the dancing. It was a special night. Everybody was in the lounge. Despite exchanges of addresses and vows, everybody knew that this was the last time their particular little clique would ever be together. Gentlemen were absurdly gallant and ladies wore their loveliest gowns. This last night must be memorable.

Manon in dull gold waltzed with Gregory Carter. Lammie was sore. He sat by himself, and glared when a slightly intoxicated but none the less gorgeous female asked him to dance with her.

"Do you remember the song," Manon asked Gregory Carter, "that was all about a last waltz?"

He shook his head. "I never remember anything."

"I do," she said.

"A very foolish practice."

"Why?"

"Because you remember a lot of things that weren't meant to be remembered."

"Meaning that you were talking nonsense yesterday and you wish I'd discount it?"

"No. Meaning that you can remember it if you choose, but that I—if I don't forget you—will never be a bit of good again."

"You say that very glibly."

"Well, I've said it often enough to be good at it."

It was the only dance she had that night. Lammie would not dance. Nobody but Gregory had the courage to ask her and he, seemingly, could only spare her the waltz.

She saw him every time the orchestra played, whirling about, smiling down at his partner, and whispering to her.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[HONEYMOON
Continued from page eleven]

"And tomorrow," Manon thought, "we reach England."

Somehow she could eat only a bit of salad that night in her cabin.

"Well, tomorrow night will be our last night aboard," Lammie said. "Then Paris. Oh, I'm just dying to show you Paris, Manon. Listen! Don't you think it would be fun to take an apartment there? Hotels are so commonplace. The modernistic furniture in Paris is gorgeous. We could have lots of fun picking out the stuff. I'd buy you a Chenard and Walcker car. We could keep the car and the apartment and come back every year for a month or two."

But Lammie couldn't kindle stars in Manon's eyes tonight. She said she was sleepy and that she couldn't drive a car and that modernistic furniture was only a fad and that she didn't think she wanted to come to Paris every year.

When Manon came on deck next day the coast of England was in sight. She saw Gregory Carter looking through binoculars and she walked up to where he stood at the rail.

"Let's see England," she said.

He handed her the glasses and she stared at green trees and rocky paths and thought of all she had ever heard of London. Foggy, wet, and sooty. But you could go indoors and build a fire and sit close to it and forget the weather. You could if you had someone with you, and Greg Carter was sure to have someone with him. She handed him back the glasses.

"What time do you get off?"

"Around seven thirty, I guess."

"Oh."

"I've got to do some packing," he said. He smiled and walked away.

Manon remained at the rail staring at the coast of England. Lammie came from the bar.

"Pretty nice country, England," he remarked.

"Then why didn't we go there?" she asked sharply.

"Because you'll like Paris better. You know, there are shops and gay places. England is not exciting. Come on, let's go sit in the deck chairs. Everybody up here is acting as though the sight of land was a phenomenon."

It occurred to Manon some time later that Gregory couldn't possibly be packing all afternoon. Where was he? Not in the bar. She and Lammie had been up there. Perhaps he meant to go away without saying good-by. That would be rude. When Lammie fell asleep Manon searched about, but Gregory was apparently in his cabin. She went back and sat beside Lammie. That was where Gregory would expect her to be in case he wanted to see her.

SHE did not see him again until the tender had cuddled up against the big boat. He said: "Well, good-by, Mrs. Lambert. I hope you enjoy Paris. Good-by, Mr. Lambert. The same to you."

He was gone then. A lot of his boat acquaintances were going on the tender and Manon could hear them all laughing and shouting together.

Lammie said: "Well, let's go down to dinner."

"No. Look! Everybody is waiting to see the tender start."

"Well, good God, it doesn't do handsprings or anything. It just goes along like any other boat."

"Yes, but everybody is waiting and I want to wait too."

So they waited. Lammie and Manon leaned on the rail and looked down at the tender. Gregory Carter shouted things to friends remaining on the big boat. He never once looked at Manon. She wanted to call to him. Lammie would be angry, but that wasn't what restrained her. The fear that Gregory would not answer held her silent. The humiliation would be too great to bear if she called and he went right on ignoring her. So she stood looking down at him and her small mouth was drawn in an expression of boredom and her eyes were very bright with something that was not stars.

Presently the tender began to move. It grew smaller and smaller and at last it became hard for her to see Gregory at all, for it was night now.

"Dinner?" asked Lammie.

"I suppose so."

They dined. Lammie's appetite was good, but Manon's was not. She was glad when it was time to leave the dining room.

"What will we do?" Lammie asked.

"Pack, I guess."

They went to the cabin. It took her a long while to get her things in the trunk, for Manon moved slowly and listlessly.

WHEN she had finished packing she went to the bed and lay down upon it. She covered her eyes with one slim, white arm and let the tears come. It didn't matter that Lammie watched her. She could endure the heaviness in her heart no longer.

"What is the matter?" Lammie asked.

"Nothing."

"Don't be foolish, Manon. Tell me what the trouble is."

"Do you really want to know?"

"Of course."

"It's Carter, Lammie."

"You had a case on him, eh?"

"Case? Why, Lammie, if he'd asked me to get off the boat with him at Plymouth I'd have gone."

"You couldn't have," Lammie said. "You had no visa for England."

"If he had asked me, I'd have gone."

"You couldn't have," Lammie repeated. "Commonplace things have saved many a situation."

"I'm sorry to hurt you, Lammie, but I'm afraid I fell in love with him. He doesn't want me, though."

"Well, don't worry about it, Manon. Of course I'm hurt, but not deeply. You think you love him, but it's only a foolish little crush. I know about those things. Actually you're in love with me."

Manon surveyed her husband with hopeful eyes. Did he know more about her than she herself knew?

"At bottom you're a sensible girl, Manon. I didn't marry you just because you were pretty. I've known pretty girls before. Hundreds of them. I didn't marry any of them, because they were all dumb. You didn't marry me merely because I had money. You must have loved me, because you're bright enough to know that marrying for money is the bunk."

"The bunk," Manon echoed.

"Certainly, it's the bunk. The novelty of having jewels and clothes and cars wears off just like every other novelty. Then, if you're married to someone you don't love, you haven't got a damn thing. I knew girls who'd have jumped at the chance of marrying me. Because I had money. Dumb girls. They didn't know that the kick money gives you can't last forever. But you're not dumb. You must have loved me, because your shrewd little brain would have seen how quick this money business becomes apple sauce. That's why I say, don't worry about little crushes. Underneath you love me."

Lammie was going to kiss her then, but a knock came at the door. It was the steward ready to serve supper.

"Oh, Lord, must we eat again?" Manon asked.

Lammie laughed. "My point's proven," he said. "The first night aboard you thought this supper idea was swell. Remember? The day will come when dressmakers and milliners and jewelers will annoy you, too. Then, if you'd been just a fool girl who'd marry for money, life would be an awful bore, darling."

"Yes," said Manon.

She reached down and drew the blanket over her small body. She was suddenly cold, and the odor of the food, she thought, was making her seasick.

THE END

Anglo-American Newspaper Service photo

The Big Racket

What Prohibition Means to the Festive Gangster

By

EDWARD DEAN SULLIVAN

who, while sports editor of a Chicago newspaper, saw a good deal of the big racketeers and their ways. Reportorial work at Chicago and New York police headquarters had familiarized him with the ins and outs of law enforcement in great cities. A fruit of all this is his recent book, Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime.

AL CAPONE, better known as "Scarface," is the head of one gang of the more than eight hundred powerful gangs now at work in this country under prohibition. In 1926 the gross income of his one gang was seventy million dollars. That figure is from the records of Edwin A. Olsen, United States District Attorney at Chicago. Only three years have passed since then, and do you imagine that business has decreased? On the contrary, last year, 1928, thirty million dollars was spent in Chicago *for protection alone*. The gross to the gangs was well over a hundred and fifty million.

To those who are unfamiliar with the terrific import and progress of crime under prohibition, it might be well at this juncture to add two more provable figures to indicate the caliber of this type of crime. In 1927 E. C. Yellowley, Federal Prohibition Administrator for Illinois, Wisconsin, and Indiana, was offered a quarter of a million dollars if he would keep his eyes and hands off *one* alcohol plant in Chicago. He was given every assurance that there would be no comeback, no fiddling around, no effort to involve him; he would get the money in thousand-dollar bills.

Prohibition crooks don't double-cross high executives. That was decided long ago. If it were advantageous they would do it fifty times daily, but merely as a matter of cold business the "Big Shots" in prohibition crookdom do it *never*. They do something far worse.

We can't pass this point without mentioning an offer made to ex-Chief Morgan A. Collins of Chicago. As head of the police in 1927 he was offered five dollars a day each on 250 barrels of beer moved daily. That was the offer of one gang. Had he accepted he would have had ten more like it.

I can tell you about those two bribes because they were refused. I cannot tell you about a hundred thousand other bribes like them throughout this country, because obviously as daylight they have been accepted. Anyone who knows the slightest fragment of detail regarding the delivery of booze and beer anywhere in the United States must credit this fact of nation-wide bribery.

As a newspaper man I have known Al Capone for eight years.

I know what he was, what prohibition made him, and I know what his ingenuity, hard work, and topsy-turvy success means as an example to the very worst element in this country. Chicago has become a laboratory and school of standard practice for prohibition crooks throughout the country.

By hundreds of thousands everywhere within the United States they are at work night and day with untold millions at their command, thwarting the law, corrupting elections, tainting the judiciary, and raising assorted hell with every routine obstacle to criminality.

Chicago has been mentioned heretofore principally because the national menace of prohibition has made more rapid advance there than elsewhere. Within two years, as matters are progressing, not less than twelve great cities of America will be comparable with Chicago in the

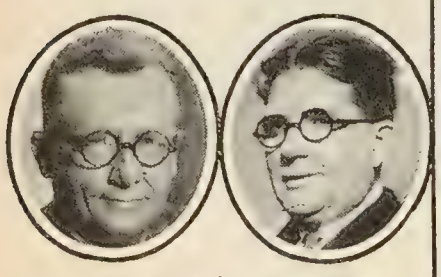
[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTEEN]

proportion per population and wealth of the prohibition-political-crime alliance.

The same system precisely is providing liquor all over the country. The power of booze criminals increases daily and automatically throughout the country. Every new or former local foothold anywhere increases the national footing of the prohibition criminal, and the keen minds of the morally twisted are making every penny of their countless millions work in attaining the one thing they must have to assure their enterprises—political power.

I have been a newspaper man for twenty years and I have a pretty good working knowledge of what $1,000 will do in political bribery. If you are curious to know what $30,000,000 will do in a city like Chicago in a single year—just read the daily papers. And the methods, the incentives, and the rewards are proportionately the same under prohibition in any American city.



P. & A. photos
E. C. Yellowley, regional dry administrator. **Morgan Collins, former Chicago police chief.**

P. & A. photo
Mayor "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago speaking at his third inauguration. His wife sits at his right, and behind her stands his political lieutenant, Corporation Counsel Sam Ettelson.

The prohibition crook of today regards his duties politically and his activities at election time as just as vital a part of his business as the purchase of booze, its distribution, and his collections.

Let's sum up the situation which faces him and observe how simple a thing it is for him to obtain the power.

The intelligent voters and residents of the best districts of a city usually are unhampered in their voting. In most large cities the good residential districts are but a small factor in the total population of the city. It's down in the poorer districts that trouble and domination and crook opportunity begin. To say it in the fewest possible words, the poor, or shabby, or uninformed voter needs things. He has trouble enough without getting a punch on the jaw. He has so much trouble, in fact, that if he is handed two to five dollars on election day he can use it. In altogether too many cases the alternatives are just those, a pain in the jaw or a bill in the pocket.

FURTHERMORE, there is a tendency among human beings not to be unlike their fellows. If the whole ward seems to be voting one way, and if every knuckle and every bill fold seem to point in the same direction, the shabby voter is likely to say, as does the negligent voter on his way out to golf on election day, "What difference will one vote make, anyway?"

And against the soft sides of this indifference throughout the country you have the pressure of revolver muzzles, millions of dollars, and a purpose to corrupt which never varies or halts for a moment.

Taking that situation as it is, let us move up from the common herd of voters and see what, in a large city, $25,000 will do with a police captain. Mind you, there is nothing supposititious about what I am writing. I am setting down a system with which I am entirely familiar in three cities. This happens constantly, and you will see how gracefully and easily it can happen. Furthermore, it is the basis, under prohibition, for the entire criminal situation now disturbing America.

The police captain, then, has taken his $25,000. Among the poor people of his district he is a czar with perhaps 200 emissaries under him. Those lieutenants, sergeants, desk men, and patrolmen had better not be too noisily honest if the captain is a crook. Through technicalities in the police routine he can make their records look like a mud bath in two days, even when nothing is happening. So, generally speaking, they stick along with the captain, and do with various qualms or enthusiasm about what he says.

What he says, in effect, is that he wants the worst crooks put up at election time elected. He says that because he's got his $25,000—which is approximately four times what the city pays him—and he's doing pretty much what his thug bosses want him to do. What they want, of course, is to put crooked men into office in the first instance.

CONSEQUENTLY you have throughout an entire ward or area the police, who can bother you forty ways if they care to, telling you over quite a period which candidates they like—and why. By election time you are just about ready. Add to this the old alternative of the jaw or the pocket, and then read the election returns if you enjoy bad news. Sprinkle into this situation, too, for good measure and seasoning, a few crooked judges, aldermen, state legislators, and other twisted orators; and the forces of right—who seldom get over the habit of coming to life two weeks before election—function only as pessimists. Their chief perquisite is to wear an astonished look and to inquire at intervals, "Whither are we drifting?" I've seen that look for years. I'd know it anywhere.

P. & A. photo
Dion O'Banion, gang leader, murdered.

Wide World photo
"Scarface" Al Capone, ace of bootleggers.

Exceptions, you say? Surely, here and there, but let's not quibble. They are few and every day they are fewer. It's a vicious cycle. With this control of wards, how much pressure are you going to get from aldermen, state and national legislators, or even judges, seeking re-election? They'd better be careful what they howl down the wind. Where are they going to get a campaign fund to compete against the money force to which they know they are opposed?

It's enough to tempt even an honest man, if practical, at least to keep still and attend to his own position and future. As matters stand the individual is jousting against the windmills. And if there is any organized force threatening this monster which prohibition has made, I must confess I do not see a trace of it. The first peep out of the crime commission—Mr. Wickersham's statement—has set the forces of right fighting furiously among themselves. Well, that will take time.

Meanwhile, to the thieves and plunderers, every day and in every way the situation is getting better and better.

Of course, one of the greatest advantages of the new and powerful government of corruption which has been formed within a government has been that prohibition graft is "legitimate." For fifty years in New York City

[CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTEEN]

THE NEW EVERSHARP FOUNTAIN PEN

with choice of 14 Personal Points

IS THE NEW IDEA IN GIFTS

Bronze-Green Pyralin Combination Writing Set

Points can be changed, after Christmas, to suit the hand of the user

Whoever receives an Eversharp Personal-Point Fountain Pen as *your* Christmas gift can have the point changed instantly by any Eversharp dealer anywhere, any time.

This Wahl-Eversharp feature —the interchangeable point with a range of selection to fit any hand —is available *only* in Eversharp Fountain Pens.

Choose Eversharp Fountain Pen gifts secure in the knowledge that the writing points need cause you no concern. Personal-Point service at all Eversharp counters after Christmas will provide the user exactly the point he or she would select in personally choosing the gift. No other fountain pen offers this personal-point exchange privilege.

Your Wahl-Eversharp dealer is ready to show you Eversharp writing gifts that are exactly what you wish to give—in style, size, color and price. No remembrances could be more truly personal. See them today.

A point for any hand — fitted instantly by dealer to any holder

Black and Pearl Pyralin Combination Writing Set

Argentine Onyx Fountain Pen Desk Set

$5 to $10

WAHL - EVERSHARP *Personal-Point* FOUNTAIN PENS

Learn the key to your character through your handwriting. Listen in Friday Evenings 8:30 to 9:00 Eastern Standard Time —Columbia Broadcasting System

ONLY WAHL-EVERSHARP PERSONAL-POINT PENS HAVE THE INTERCHANGEABLE POINT

LIONEL... the dream of every boy

In every boy's heart . . . on every boy's tongue, is a single word . . . LIONEL. This marvelous gift offers him thrills that no other toy can duplicate

Amazing power! Tremendous speed! Surpassing beauty and realism never before achieved, are reasons why you and your boy . . . and millions of others, want Lionel Electric Trains for Christmas.

Lionel Electric Trains and Model Railroad Accessories are displayed at all leading stores. Be sure to see the Lionel "Distant-Control" railroads, and the remarkable Lionel Steam Type electrically driven locomotive with the "Bild-A-Loco" motor, the newest and most sensational development in model railroad engineering.

Write today for a Free Copy of the beautifully illustrated Lionel Railroad Plan Book and Catalog. It will enable you to leisurely select the Lionel Train Set for your boy!

THE LIONEL CORPORATION, Dept. E
15-17-19 East 26th Street New York City

Lionel Electric Railroads are priced from $7.00 to $325.00

See the fascinating Lionel demonstrations at all leading toy, hardware, sporting goods, electrical, furniture and department stores.

ON THE RADIO

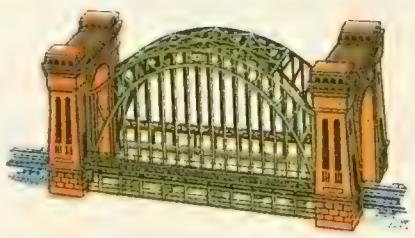
Every Friday night, 6:30 to 7:00 (Eastern Standard Time) "Uncle Don" and his Lionel Engineers Club over Stations WOR, WLW and WBBM. Listen in and enjoy this wonderful Lionel radio program, and laugh with "Uncle Don."

LIONEL
ELECTRIC TRAINS

MODEL RAILROAD ACCESSORIES
"MULTIVOLT" TRANSFORMERS

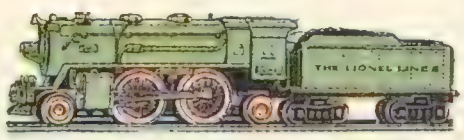
FREE

Write today for a copy of the new Lionel Railroad Planning Book and catalog. 46 pages, showing all the new Lionel locos, accessories and train sets in their natural colors.



The new Lionel Steel Bridge No. 300 is a splendid accessory to add to your boy's set. Marvelous realism, sturdy construction — a skillfully made replica of "Hell Gate" bridge. Can be used with "0" gauge or "Lionel Standard" Railroads.

Lionel's latest achievement! The new electrically driven Steam Type loco and tender. Made with hand-reverse and with the famous Lionel "Distant-Control." Powered by Lionel's "Bild-A-Loco" motor that can be removed in a jiffy, taken apart and reassembled again.



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FOURTEEN]

there existed a police system of graft which could not even be tickled, much less wrecked, until Lieutenant Charles Becker, a police crook, was executed and the revelations preceding his execution smashed the system to pieces. The millions of dollars accepted annually by the police system of New York were safe solely because they were "legitimate." By that is meant that the payers, who would naturally be the complainants, had nothing to complain about. They liked their bargain. The protection they bought was worth the money.

All the money paid by bootleggers under prohibition is "legitimate." They want to pay it—they are not merely willing; they are eager. For the weak or dishonest policeman, judge, or legislator it is not only comparatively safe graft, but it is the most plentiful and continuous graft ever developed in this country.

Then, too, it is amiable. "Nobody wants prohibition," says the bootlegger, and in most of the large cities of this country, where bootlegger activity is of the greatest value, the vote of the city corroborates him. It has been previously noted that in the poorer districts the dazed voter has his choice of punch or hand-out. In many of the cities of this country, the clear-thinking candidate has a choice just as peremptory. He'll take some money or he'll take the air.

Now let us examine another twist in the situation, one which to my mind is the most menacing aspect of prohibition thuggery. When a man is approached by a suave representative of the crooks—and you may be sure that such representatives are suave, and intelligent, and sophisticated, and apparently entirely respectable—he is usually asked to remain inactive about something which, were he active, would hamper the bootleggers, however slightly or impermanently. What he has to do is very little—just play dead, look away, be himself, or forget it. You may be sure that he is informed that everyone in his stratum of activity is doing the same, and getting in return "a little money"—usually thousands—with political support and the permanent favor of the "Big Fellow."

P. & A. photo

The body of William H. McSwiggin, assistant state's attorney, murdered in Cicero, Illinois, in 1926.

OH, yes, every town has a Big Fellow—and without him you can't be mayor, or district attorney, or judge, or fire chief, or incinerator clerk, or a hospital orderly. And he never broadcasts. His power is in the whisper.

So the man who is being approached learns that if he doesn't do it someone else will; that it's so trifling it's hardly worth mentioning; that if he does it he's a power and that if he doesn't he's a fool; and that things have changed a great deal in America since grandma was a girl. Then follows, of course, the old formula—nobody wants prohibition, it's all in fun, etc.

What would you do about it? Oh, you would, would you? Well, that merely proves that I'm not at all eloquent. And that you very probably hold no office anyway. In cold abstract theory no one would take it, particularly after reading this far in this article—but the suave representative's introduction is nothing like mine, and the position in which his victim finds himself is nothing like yours. So, as I say, in cold abstract theory few would take it, but in hot actual practice thousands do.

But now we approach what I have referred to as the most vicious element in the entire transaction. We'll start the explanation in cell 63 at the Holmesburg Prison in Philadelphia. After workshop hours each day, there sits Al Capone, reading a terrific mail. He's a millionaire. He leads a gang in Chicago to which the police attribute 170 murders. He's glad to be in jail. He's afraid, and so is every one of his competitors afraid of him. All I'm afraid of is that this country will be slow in recognizing the terrific import and menace of what Capone represents.

He can't leave his gang. The moment he gets out of prison two guards will accompany him. They'll protect him as long as his gang understands everything he does; they'll kill him if they don't like his explanation of any activity or side trip he may be making away from the gang's interest. Gangstering is a life job—not a long one, either, according to the record. Once you're *in*, there's no *out*.

SO when the public official gets his easily acceptable money for failing to notice something, he soon discovers that he is not only unopposed to the gang's activity, but is becoming more and more active in its behalf. Little things at first, then larger things. He gets more money, even though he doesn't want it, but he's doing things that are hard to do. He's *in;* there's no *out* for him. Whether he wears a gown or a police uniform or just a worried look, he's a *gangster*. And by the time his crisis in the matter arrives he has learned one thing that can never be erased from his mind or his plan of conduct: when his gang bosses say something, they don't mean maybe.

On that note we return to the type of people who have been given untold millions of dollars through prohibition and who have—since it is a simple process—translated money into political power. They are very direct. They have a misguided notion of righteousness. They are convinced, largely through reading the papers, that the public dislikes prohibition agents. They are equally convinced, from the tremendous volume of their own business, that everyone wants to drink. So they haven't a moment's patience with any official or other person to whom they have paid money who starts to get uppity. And when a gangster hasn't any patience with anything he usually settles it by gunfire or the threat of it.

Dr. William Hickson, head of the psychopathic laboratory of the Chicago Municipal Court, has examined fifty or sixty minor bootleggers and beer runners in Chicago in the last few years. They average from ten to twelve years in intelligence. They are in reality unscrupulous, straight-shooting children, obedient to a master's voice, who will go straightway out on any mission—including murder—without any distractions or side-thoughts about the matter. Furthermore, they have all of the zealous intentness of the righteous. For if the gang boss tells them to do anything they know it's right. The very caliber of these people accounts for a lot of things.

It accounts for the fact that although there were only eighteen murders in London last year and eleven the year before, there have been 760 murders in Chicago within that same period. In London every single one of the murderers either was executed or took his own life; in Chicago, eleven men were executed. Six were Negroes and have nothing to do with this story; they had no power, pull, or gang connections.

Of course, when you are talking about gang imbeciles, you are not referring to gang leaders whose names have become familiar the country over, such as Dion O'Banion, Capone, and men of that stamp. Capone has concentra-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE BIG RACKET
Continued from page seventeen]

tion and executive ability beyond the ordinary. He is utterly fearless except when it is sensible to be afraid. He is foolishly generous. He has a fine memory and is invariably appreciative. He is intensely loyal. I have never known a person who wasted fewer words in reaching the heart of any problem. Yet he, despite his intelligence, loses all perspective when it comes to a discussion of his rights under prohibition.

Listen to him:

"Prohibition is a business. All I do is to supply a public demand. I do it in the best and least harmful way I can.

"I can't change conditions. I just meet them without backing up.

"Most of my business is in Chicago. When prohibition came in there were seven thousand five hundred saloons there. Chicago spent nearly a hundred million dollars for booze at the old prices. Nobody wanted prohibition. Chicago voted six to one against it. Somebody had to throw some liquor on that thirst. Why not me?

"My customers include some of the finest people in the city, or in the world, for that matter. But I am just a bootlegger. I violate the prohibition law. All right—so do they!"

Anyone who knows anything about the underworld knows how it thrives even under energetic and honest efforts at suppression. News can travel through the underworld, into prisons, and even into death cells, faster than any wire service I have ever encountered. So be sure that various elements enter into the recent riots which have occurred at Folsom Prison, Leavenworth, Dannemora, Auburn, and others. There never was such a group of vicious prison breaks in the history of this country.

I'm not overlooking such considerations as the Baumes Law in New York which in its normal operation removes all hope from the prisoner sentenced under the regulations affecting habitual criminals. He is in for life no matter what his conduct may be. There you have a desperate man. Combine this with the tendency toward leniency in all prisons of the present day, and there you have an obviously dangerous situation.

Now, if you want an excellent paper of matches for this tinder, let the underground announce to the prisoners that a certain judge or a certain police inspector is working with a certain gang. He's in, he's taken the money. He's the judge who gave you ten years or the inspector who conducted your case or, it may be, both the judge and the inspector who fixed you for your lifetime. Would you be ready for the signal for the break, especially if you had a ten-year-old mind and were absolutely convinced that everyone is stealing but you happened to get caught?

THAT is one of the outstanding terrors of prohibition crime: not only utter disregard of law, but the sound conviction that anything is all right if you can get away with it. These people are not thinkers; they are merely millionaires.

Now, in the political arena, quite apart from the expenditure of money and from muscular direction, the bootleggers have a great power that can be clearly explained by the situation affecting Capone in Chicago.

Capone first employed a vast group of distillers and alcohol cookers in the tenement homes of the Italian areas in Chicago. This was infinitely better than a centralized distilling operation, for when one unit was raided or disturbed for any reason, the rest remained operating on all cylinders to meet the tremendous alcoholic demand of Chicago. Obscure Italian families in great number were equipped with the necessary apparatus, and the cooking out of poisonings went on in their homes.

Picture the situation. A father employed as a laborer trying to earn a living for the notably numerous members of an Italian family. Some agent of Capone gets in touch with him. He sets up his copper equipment and starts to make real money, perhaps a minimum of $15 a day. He no longer gets up at 5 o'clock in the morning; he has leisure. He dresses and eats well. All the hopes and aspirations of his family, whether they have to do with education, good appearance, diversion, or better social status, are magically gratified.

Who provides the almost unbelievable change in the family atmosphere and circumstances?

"Mr. Capone."

But it is too good to believe! What if they are arrested and all this happiness leads to disgrace? Can anything save them?

"Mr. Capone."

Where Chicago's best people live within a few minutes' walk of an Italian district of alcohol distillers. The diagonal shading indicates the "Gold Coast"; the Italian district is tinted with red. In it, "Death Corner" (marked with a broken ring) is notorious for the number of racketeer battles and killings that have occurred there.

HOW would you feel about it, if your life honestly lived had been an endless struggle with scant reward? If you were untrained and ignorant—or even intelligent? Do you think your family would appreciate this change of fortune and idolize whomsoever provided it? Yes, it would—from papa right down to the baby.

And there you have the heart of what politicians mean when they utter the word constituency.

So when Al Capone went to the Chicago City Hall on matters vital to his tangled but highly remunerative enterprises, do you think the political leaders called him "Scarface," or were insulting? I'll tell you what they called him:

"Mr. Capone."

Yes, indeed, even a careless political observer can recognize the political value of Capone and all gang leaders similarly situated.

They are in a position to build friendships, and to buy down opposition with both money and power.

In 1927, when William E. Dever ran for mayor against William Hale Thompson, it was generally conceded that Mr. Dever was "the finest mayor Chicago ever had." In fact, his record was so good and the newspapers were so friendly to him that the gangsters, unabashed by his slogan, "Vote for Dever and Decency," promptly sent their emissaries to him with $100,000 for his campaign. It was just a drop in the bucket, but they were taking no chances; he might succeed. The money was in thousand-dollar bills, but, of course, that was just a habit. Mr. Dever refused it peremptorily.

William Hale Thompson, who always addressed his audiences as "fellow hoodlums" during this campaign, was elected by 83,000 votes over the best mayor who never had a chance. Immediately afterward Al Capone moved his entire gambling paraphernalia in from the surrounding suburbs and put gambling machines into practically every book store and drug store in Chicago. It was a great day for the fellow hoodlums.

Just what happened there is happening in various ways throughout the country. If the Chicago method is not being followed, what method would be used? Something that had failed? The Chicago method in this greatest of all American businesses is standard practice.

Will anyone gainsay that booze and beer are delivered everywhere by gangsters? Will anyone doubt for a moment that gangsters know each other and confer and set forth the best means of attaining results which in general scope are absolutely identical everywhere? Will anyone question that political candidates from the best

element of Chicago were as good and ethical at the outset as candidates from Portland, Maine, to lower California might be?

Surely in a national crisis, recognized as such by the President of the United States, there must be acute national curiosity and interest regarding what is to be done to combat this movement of associated liquor—crime and political corruption.

I think, and this is the only paragraph that I will devote to my opinion, that something drastic must be done to modify the law.

Surely any daily paper will make it clear that prohibition officials are not effectively combating the crime and disorder which have followed the Eighteenth Amendment.

They are not even effectively enforcing the law itself. The police are doing nothing creditable about it; rather it is doing discreditable things to the police.

What other force for enforcement is there?

If police officers averaging $200 a month maximum cannot resist the temptation of graft, little may be expected of soldiers if they are to be the last resort. They get $30 a month!

Part of Chicago's "Gold Coast," along Lake Shore Drive.

P. & A. photos

Meanwhile, although there is total disorganization and chaos about how to enforce an obviously unenforceable law, we have Frankie Yale, gangster of Brooklyn, slain. His slayer was in an Illinois car. John Scalisi of Chicago is arrested for another killing indirectly connected with that of Yale.

The moment Scalisi obtains his liberty on $50,000 bail he is killed, and the police say the Purple gang of Detroit did it.

Meanwhile in the excitement Frankie Marlow, Broadway racketeer, is taken for a ride in New York City. Among the men taken into custody are Edward L. Lewis and Al Siegel, together with Johnny Wilson, former middleweight boxing champion. All of Boston. Oh, no, gangsters don't know each other!

They don't start killing each other on the first day or in the first six months of business usually. Generally speaking, it's after well established business relations have been violated in some way.

I think it necessary to state that ten years ago, as a working newspaper man covering a race riot in Chicago, my life was saved by Dion O'Banion, then a circulation worker on the paper.

HE was to become a millionaire bootlegger in Chicago thereafter, and through my natural gratitude to him for his distinctly valorous and unselfish conduct on my behalf, I got to know him very well. He was tough, but he had to be the day I needed him.

He was smart too, and being curious, as all newspaper men must be, I got an early and accurate slant on what it's all about.

The sinister "Death Corner" of Oak Street and Milton Avenue, Chicago.

The opportunities under prohibition attract vicious men, but I have never known one quite as vicious as those opportunities are in themselves.

People read of gangsters and the crimes of which they are suspected and seldom proved guilty, and come to the belief that they are some separate breed of beast. As a matter of fact they are just people.

In my recently issued book, Rattling the Cup on Chicago Crime, in discussing the gangster psychology, I maintain that they are in a business which is likely to make anything of anybody. Thus:

"Suppose that a normal business man of good standing and unusual good nature becomes convinced that there is nothing despicable about supplying good liquor to people who want it. He discovers a source where such liquor can be obtained and goes about the matter of its transportation, deliveries to customers, storing, and general details, just as any well-balanced, capable, and energetic business man would do. He is not afraid of work: he has had many a hard day at the office.

"Well, to begin with, conditions are vitally changed. His old hours were approximately from 9 in the morning to 5 in the afternoon. At the slightest intrusion in his office, theft, or damage to his property, every facility of the law was at his command. He was in no danger.

"HE leaves all that with his new job. Neither his life nor property is safe. His hours are frequently around the clock. And when he works so long he is not merely quietly figuring or examining blue prints. He's wondering if property of his valued at from $25,000 to $200,000 is going to get over roads without legal protection and with officials seeking either to confiscate the property or steal it for themselves.

"He is depending, in the main, on crooks in his own employ to protect it. He may have lost two or three loads, and the loss of another may mean ruin. He has been double-crossed by officers who took his money and took his property too.

"He has no redress.

"He suspects and hates four of his nearest aides, believing that the loss of the loads was due to their duplicity. He has been warned by three rival gangs that he will be killed on sight. They are not fooling.

"Add to these conditions the normal arduous detail of purchase, payment, transportation, and distribution, and what has become of your well-balanced, good-natured business man?

"He's liable to take a shot at anybody, any time, and with slight preliminary inquiries."

In the ten years of Al Capone's reign in Chicago there have been 4,000 homicides. At least half of them have had some relation to booze, gang, and racketeer activity. For every thirty men in these branches of twisted industry and slaughter there is one "Big Shot" or leader. Seventy Big Shots have been killed since 1924 in Chicago, and the only one who was nearly convicted was James J. Doherty, political gangster. The state's attorney who prosecuted him and failed to convict him, after what was assumed to be a most brilliant effort in prosecution, was subsequently found dead next to the gangster defendant after a gang battle at Cicero. They were making their twentieth visit together at a saloon which was a pay-off spot for the gangsters.

Al Capone is usually indicted for any murder in Cicero, and he was indicted in this case. Four months later, in his own good time, he gave himself up—to have it over with. He was freed of the charge.

He had this to say and I'd like to have you hear it:

"I'm no squawker. But get this straight. I was no foe of McSwiggin. I knew him only in a business way. I paid him and I paid him plenty."

The McSwiggin murder was the most menacing sign in the prohibition war to date. But that's the sort of news you're going to hear in increasing volume.

THE END

For the Young and the Young in Heart

The Patriotic Game of Presidents

CAN you cut apart the composite pictures of Presidents of the United States, as shown on these pages, and put them together correctly? Then, can you name each President and give the first and last year of his administration?

Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes for the best answers to the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

Note the first two sets of pictures. Set No. 1, on this page, appeared in last week's Liberty and is reprinted so that you can start now without inconvenience. Set No. 2 appears on the opposite page.

Every issue of Liberty for the next eight weeks will contain a different set of three Presidents.

All that you have to do is separate the composite heads, put them together as they should be, identify the Presidents, and state the years of their administrations. Clues will be furnished to help you.

$25,000 IN PRIZES	
First prize	$5,000
Second prize	1,000
Third prize	500
Fourth prize	250
Fifth prize	200
Next fifty prizes ($25 each)	1,250
Next 680 prizes ($10 each)	6,800
One Hundred Prizes to Teachers—($100 each)	10,000
TOTAL (835 prizes)	$25,000

This patriotic game will acquaint you with the names and faces of all the Presidents of the United States—the men behind the country's great historical events.

Therefore this game is not only entertaining; it is also educational.

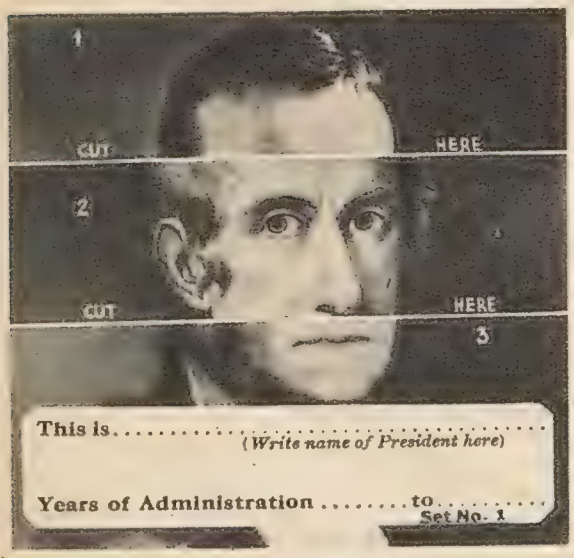
It's fun, it costs nothing, and you have an opportunity to win a big cash prize. The Patriotic Game of Presidents is open to everyone—boys, girls, men, and women.

Begin at Once!

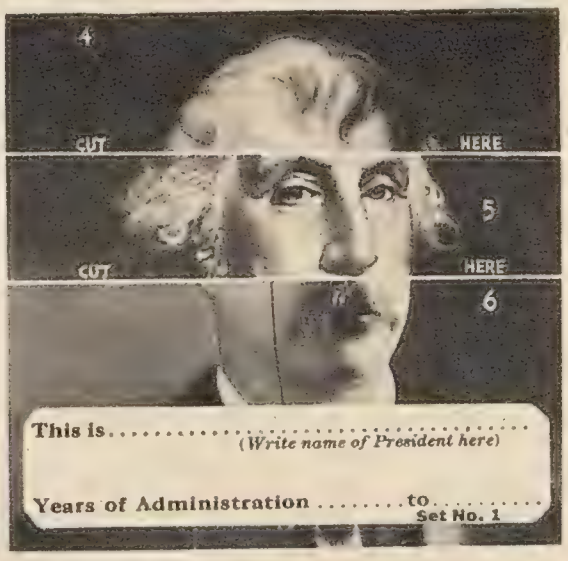
The first two sets are printed here. There are only eight more to come. Begin at once!

Remember to save all pictures until you have ten sets—then send them to Liberty.

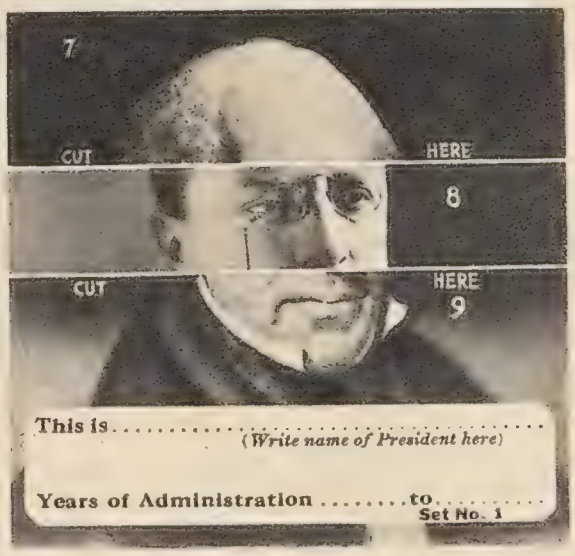
The $25,000 in prizes will be awarded to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest full sets of pictures.



THE forehead is of a Harvard graduate; the eyes and nose belong to an aide to General Anthony Wayne; the mouth and chin to a member of the Continental Congress.

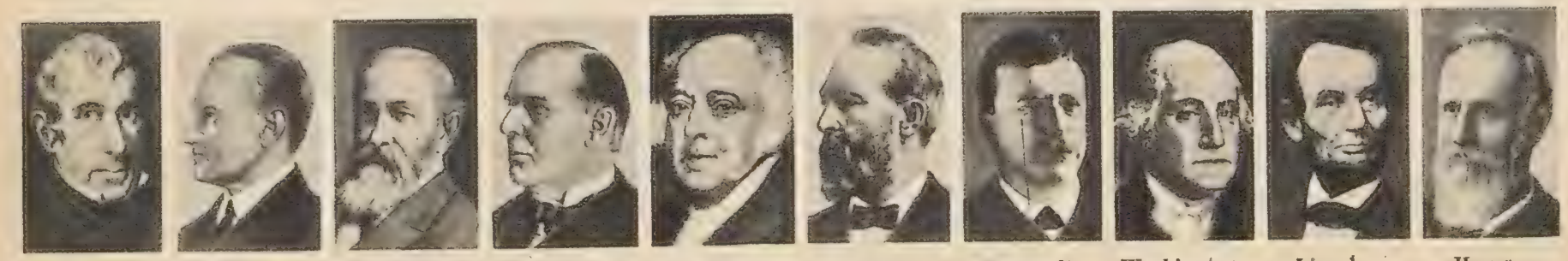


THE forehead is a medical student's; the eyes and nose are those of the son of Mary Ball; the mouth and chin are of a man whose family motto is "Who planted it will care for it."

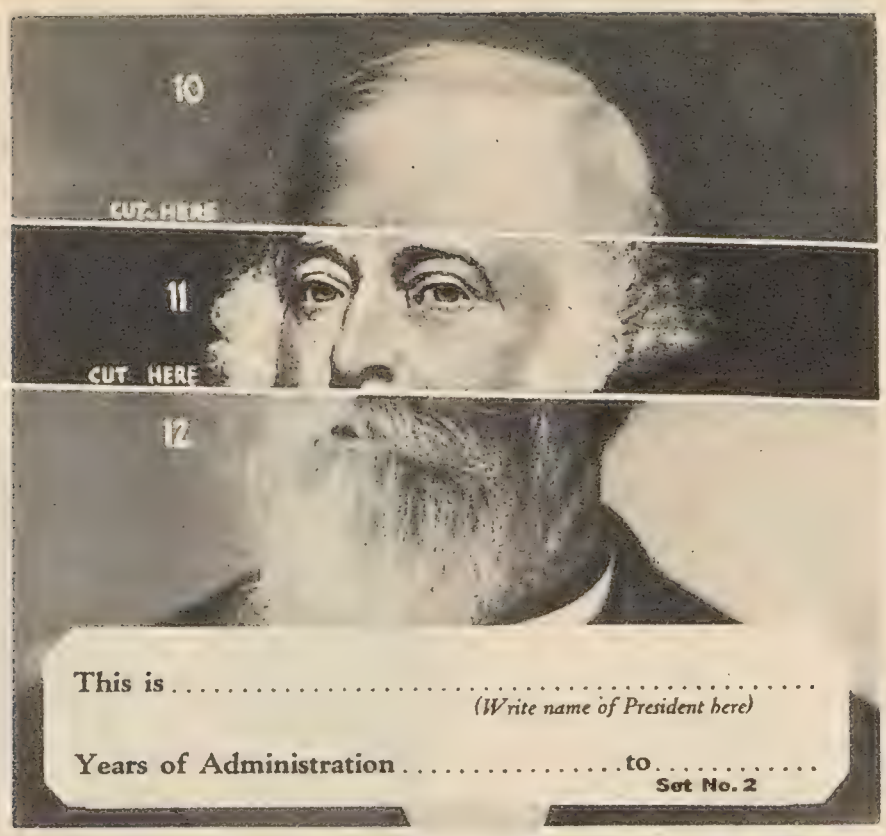


THE forehead belongs to a man whose home was on the Potomac; the eyes and nose are of a defeated candidate for Speaker of a legislature; the mouth and chin of a delegate in Congress.

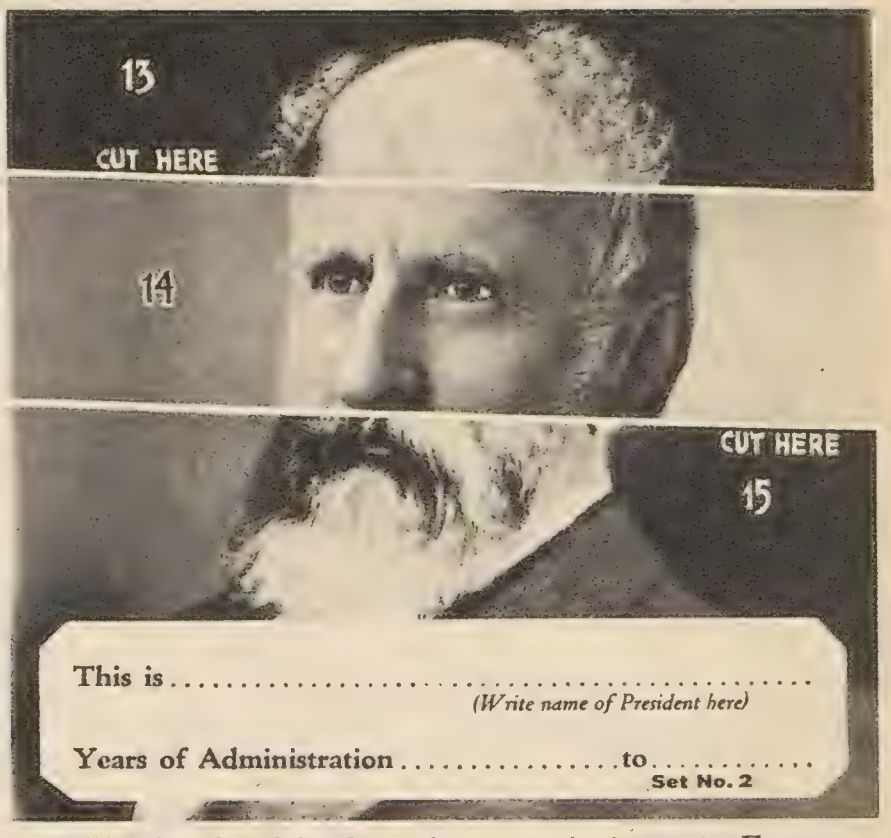
The Six Presidents in Sets Nos. 1 and 2 Are Among These



W. H. Harrison · Coolidge · Benj. Harrison · McKinley · John Adams · Garfield · Roosevelt · Washington · Lincoln · Hayes



THE forehead belongs to the grandson of a President; the eyes and nose are of a minister to Great Britain; the mouth and chin belong to a Harvard student.



THE forehead is that of a commissioner to France; the eyes and nose are of a pupil of Longfellow and Agassiz; the mouth and chin are of a second lieutenant.

RULES

1—Every week for ten weeks a set of Composite Pictures of Presidents of the United States will be printed in Liberty.

2—Each set of pictures, when cut apart and put together properly, will make complete portraits of American Presidents. The public is invited to assemble the pictures and send them in. Liberty will pay $25,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the nearest correctly named and neatest complete sets of pictures.

3—This contest is open to everybody—men, women, boys, and girls—except employees of Liberty and their families. It does not matter where you live.

4—The Composite Pictures may be cut out, assembled, and pasted or pinned together. Below each picture write the name of the President and the years of his administration. (Give only first and last year of administration. For example, Calvin Coolidge, 1923 to 1929.)

5—In all, thirty pictures will be printed—one of each President. Save them until you have the complete set of thirty. Then send them to Presidents, Liberty, Post-office Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All pictures must be in by midnight, twenty-one days after Set No. 10 is published. We cannot undertake to return any entries.

6—Each entry should be sent by first-class mail—postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Contestants may send in as many sets as they wish, but no contestant shall be entitled to more than one prize.

7—Accuracy will count. Neatness will count. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best.

8—You need not purchase Liberty or cut out the pictures to compete. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals and assemble the pictures from the copies you have made. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9—The Judges will be a committee appointed by Liberty. Their decision will be final. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant.

THE forehead is of a Republican who served three terms as Governor of his state; the eyes and nose are of one defeated for Governor; the mouth and chin are of a Harvard graduate.

$10,000 to Teachers

ONE hundred prizes of $100 each will be paid to school-teachers whose pupils make the best records in the Patriotic Game of Presidents. This offer is made in order to interest school-teachers in using this unusual method of teaching American history.

School-teachers: Get as many of your pupils as possible to participate in this instructive game. The offer is open to teachers in public, private, and parochial schools. Win one of these generous cash prizes and at the same time help your school children to learn the names and faces of the Presidents, and the years of their administrations.

We want especially to interest the children in this educational game. We hope they will consult with their parents and their teachers as to the identities of the Presidents. When a child enters the contest he is advised to state the name of the school he attends, the name of his teacher, and the grade.

Don't WHISTLE in

A Story of Troupers' Luck

Mr. Benz pushed the cast-bronze Corsican out of his way. "Say," he roared, "do you t'ink I'm a chump? Certainly she's goin' to sing 'em!"

By ODGERS T. GURNEE

who boasts that he is first and foremost a newspaper man. He is thirty-six, married, lives in New York, and has found time to manage a theater and try his hand at raising race horses. Between assignments on a New York paper he writes short stories.

Pictures by R. PALLEN COLEMAN

OUT on the split-week sleeper jumps they'll still tell you that Joy Parker finally clicked for 24-sheets because she never lost her head—or her heart; that in spite of all her clowning she was as hard as nails; and, like one, she drove through wood and stone, which is another way of saying a Big Time booking agent's head and heart. But they don't know the half of it.

She made the grade because she whistled in her dressing room.

And Joy knew better. Her mother ran the boarding house around the corner from the Bijou Vodevil in Stamboul, Illinois, queen city of Little Egypt.

She got practically every act that played the Bijou's three-shows-a-day—four on holidays. Elmer, former stage manager and now Minnie's general factotum, took care of that. No matter what the performers told the delivery man about the trunks marked "hotel," somehow or other the baggage all went to Minnie's.

So Joy knew her profession. She grew up with a bewildering shift of twice-a-week incoming and outgoing acrobats, patter acts, impersonators (male and female), and black-face coon shouters. She knew by the time she was twelve that you couldn't get by with classical stuff in Terre Haute, that animal acts were barred in New Castle, Pa., since the bear bit the house manager, and a blue line was always good for three legitimate bows in Olean, Allentown, Springfield, Memphis, or Fort Worth.

By the time she was sixteen so many "visiting artists" had told her a sweet kid like her, with personality and all, could knock 'em off their seats with a good routine, that she believed it herself.

And ten years later she was twenty-six and laying off the last half of the week in Kokomo, and it was raining!

There were two telegrams on the bureau in the box-like hotel room over the railroad tracks. She pushed them side by side and squinted intently at the smeary purple words.

One was from Springfield, Ohio, and it said:

"Can offer you six weeks opening Monday Muncie Indiana one seventy five. Joe Moon Inc."

The other was from Chicago:

"Come running baby stop big flash all set and Tink wants the act stop have me paged lobby Tecumseh when you get in stop love and kisses. Fitz." The last one was collect.

She shivered suddenly, and realized the room was damp and cold. Instinctively she grabbed for the atomizer on the washstand and sprayed her throat. Tentatively she tried out her middle register. "Me-me-me-meeeeee." Then the lower. Then she slid up a scale.

"Gosh!" she moaned at her reflection in the slightly cockeyed glass. "My pipes will freeze stiff if I don't get outa this three-a-day marathon."

SHE jerked upright and reached for a pad of telegraph blanks, writing two answers. She left them at the desk on the way to the theater.

There was a letter from her agent in the mail box that hung just inside the stage door.

"Sorry," it said, "but I can't help it if they put you on second. Those five-act bills can't use an act in one any place but the two spot or next to closing, and the house managers report the act don't get over strong enough to go there.

"But they like you kid. They say your a nice, refined girl and they know and I know you got talent. But you

DRESSING ROOMS

got to find your groove in this business, see? If you could see all the lay-offs hanging around the Palace, you'd agree with your old friend Mike that Queen Marie in person couldn't get no more than 12 weeks solid. By the way was it a check or money order you sent for last week's commission because I didn't get same yet and you better start out a tracer or maybe send another."

There was another paragraph but it looked as though it might be advice about the act. She didn't read it. From beyond the door leading backstage she could hear the faint tinkle of a piano. She stepped inside quietly and peeked around the edge of a wood wing.

The stage had been set back in five for the acrobats that opened the show. It was only 6 o'clock and none of the performers were in the house

"It must be Joe," she sighed. Then the tinkling tune changed. Minor chords, soft and throaty, throbbed their way up into the borders and were lost in the grids. She knew that tune.

"It's Joe all right," she said abruptly and poked her head farther around the tessellated edge of the wing. Peering through the network of the trampolin, ghostly in its canvas-masked twists of rope beneath the pale florescence of a lone blue border light, she picked out the outlines of the stage grand angled against the far wall. A pilot light hanging on the switchboard cast faint orange rays on the bowed head of a young man whose hair was red enough as it was.

And whose eyes were engagingly blue and frank, and whose mouth was—

She gritted her teeth and swung to the cleared space of the apron, her little heels tapping an S O S of determination to her will.

The music stopped abruptly and the red head came up—and the eyes leveled at her—smiling. She wished he wouldn't smile. Well, he wouldn't for long.

"I'm leaving on the midnight for Chicago," she blurted. He blinked and started to rise, but she stopped him. "The act's out. Through."

Her voice tripped over that last, but she caught it up and pushed ahead. "The least I can give you is your two weeks' pay. I can't give you two weeks' notice, because there won't be any two weeks."

She made a quick movement with her right hand and laid a flat roll of bills, moist from contact with her palm, on the treble keys. Then she backed away a step and waited for him to speak. But he didn't say anything. Just sat there and looked at her.

"Don't you understand?" she snapped. "We're out. The act's out."

SHE caught her breath sharply, and her eyes, which had been very round, went flat.

"Oh!" she said quietly. "I forgot something else. I beg your pardon, Mister Dean, I dragged you out here on this hop-skip-and-jump time and I'm supposed to see you safe back to America."

She began to fumble furiously with the fastenings of her purse. "Well, you needn't write in to Equity. I'll pay your fare. Where do you want to go?"

The young man swung half around on the piano bench and crossed his legs.

"FitzPatrick's in Chicago, isn't he?" he asked slowly.

"What's that to you?" she answered. And then: "Yes, he's in Chicago. That's why I'm going."

He nodded. "I'm going to Chicago, too," he told her.

"No," she insisted. But that was before she tried to stare him down. "Not with me, anyway," she concluded.

"No," he agreed, "not with you." He rose briskly and pocketed the roll of bills on the last octave. "The fare's twenty-eight-eighty." She counted it out silently to the last nickel, thankful that she had the exact change.

"I think you're making a mistake," he was saying, "with this new routine, all the new numbers—and all—"

"I'm not making a mistake," she flared then. "And who cares what you think? A lot of sappy ballads. That's a fat act to take to the big town. Nobody wants that stuff. They want jazz. And Joy Parker's the girl that's going to give it to 'em. 'Joy Parker and the Prince Fitz Pats.' Does that sound small time, Mister Dean?"

She started toward the stage door. "I'm going to get some place," she announced with finality.

"I'll meet you there," he said.

. . . . . .

The midnight train out of Kokomo, northbound, is no palace on wheels. To Joy it had all the earmarks of a

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

funereal freight. To begin with, she'd had a hard time reconciling the fact that red-headed Joe Dean was riding in the day coach ahead with her own presence in the long Pullman.

And if that wasn't enough, she had the shamed recollection that he'd paid for her ticket with the $28.80 she'd counted so carefully on the piano top.

That startling discovery was made after all her reservations were completed and she attempted to pay the hotel porter.

So Joy jounced into Chicago, minus sleep, pride, and tranquillity.

She delayed her departure from the train as long as possible. The sight of a red head would have been the final thrust.

The train shed was almost deserted when finally she swung down from the Pullman step and sped for a cab. There were no red heads in sight.

It was somewhat of a shock when she walked into the hotel lobby not to see big Prince FitzPatrick waiting for her and to hear his blithe greeting. It hadn't occurred to her that he wouldn't be right there to welcome her. Then she realized it was not yet 7 o'clock and no time for a performer to be getting up.

"I'll call his room and give him a thrill," she assured herself.

The room clerk looked blank and clicked busily through his files.

"No Mr. FitzPatrick registered," he said unamiably.

That was almost too much.

"Give me," she said wearily, "a pen, and a room and bath—and don't let anyone bother me till I tell you I'm ready to be bothered."

. . . . .

IT was after 2 o'clock when she awakened for the second time that day and stretched the travel kinks out of her round little 110 pounds of pink and white avoirdupois.

"Starved," she muttered and began to dab cold water over her eyes with fierce paddling motions. Fifteen minutes later she was leaving her key at the desk when a voice flowed through the lobby tumult and caressed her ear.

"Hello, baby doll," it said.

Her heart turned over abruptly. "That's Fitz," she said to herself and turned to look up at the breath-taking vista of him.

There was no mistaking Fitz.

There was six feet one of him going up and a good two feet six going across. Put that in tan flannels, a blue shirt, purple tie (with diamond stickpin), sand-colored crush hat, and a Malacca stick, and mount it with black hair, black eyes, olive skin, aquiline features. But why go on. Fitz was Fitz. After they turned him out they broke the mold.

He had her by the elbow now, shaking it gently and gripping along her forearm with his long browned fingers. And the whitest teeth in the world were flashing back a smile from way up there above her head.

Joy gasped and took refuge in the mundane.

"I—I—was just going to eat," she said.

His smile broke into a deep chuckle. "Watch the old curves, baby," he laughed. "I'd like to have a bite with you but I just finished. Had lunch with Billy Blitz, the big new guy in G. H. Q." He waved an arm expansively and steered her out of the lobby crowd toward the coffee shop.

"Anyhoo," he clowned, "what say I take on a seidel of Java while you nibble? Right?"

The luncheon bustle was just passing as they came in and, after dodging between cluttered tables, found room for two in a far corner.

"Tell me about it, Fitz," she said.

His mobile fingers galloped across the table top and closed on hers.

"It's in the bag, hon," he assured her gayly, "but it'll keep till you've had some chow. Besides, I want to hear about you."

SHE told him everything—well, almost everything—in a jumble of words and scrambled eggs and toast and—

"That's all," she finished breathlessly.

"Now let's sit and talk about us," she urged. "When do we go to work?"

His eyes twinkled at her.

"Now, baby, easy, easy. We got to rehearse and get the band lined up and broke in—"

"But you said"—she interrupted—"you said the act was all set." She began to dig into her bag for the telegram, but he grabbed for her hands and recaptured them.

"Lissen, kid. There's lotsa time, lotsa time."

She tore one hand free and pounded it decisively on the table top.

"There is not," she corrected. "I'm twenty-six and I'm going to get some place in a hurry. We've got to start right now."

There was more coming but he stepped in ahead of her next breath.

"Say, baby doll, you ain't talking to no piano player."

It stopped her short. He'd guessed it. For a minute she had thought she was talking to Joe Dean instead of Prince FitzPatrick. She'd gotten used to having her own way and ordering him around. It made her furious—with Joe.

"I'm sorry, Fitz," she said contritely. "But we can't lay off too long."

His familiar dazzling grin came back and made strange creepy things race up and down the back of her neck.

"O. K., baby," he chuckled. "Monday we go to it. But today and tomorrow we play, see?"

He rose and dusted a stray crumb from his coat. "Let's ankle."

He waited at the door until she'd got her change and they went out into Randolph Street arm in arm.

"I can shill past the gate at the State," he confided. "I want you to get a load of a little gal working with a band. They got some good ideas but no personality, see? And the leader's lousy. You know, no what-it-takes."

They heard the little girl working with a band and Joy thought the act pretty good in spots, but there was almost no applause and the three bows were so patently forced it hurt her professional pride.

And it worried her a little. Maybe people weren't as

A white spotlight played upon a little girl in a black sequin something no bigger than a postage stamp at first glimpse.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN]

Such deliveries as this in the Peace River Country of Canada reflect the interesting fact that today Coca-Cola is on sale in 76 foreign countries.

It had to be good to get where it is

Drink Coca-Cola Delicious and Refreshing

Where only huskies can haul . . . because all men desire *the pause that refreshes*

SOMETIMES it is so cold that the atmosphere, on a clear day, shakes with frost, fine as diamond dust. Every particle of moisture in the air has turned to ice. Deep snow stretches endlessly in white brightness. It is up in the Peace River Country of Canada—where you've got to dig snow before wheels can turn. But Coca-Cola's deliveries continue—on dog sleds with the cases covered with quilted tarpaulin and heated underneath with charcoal burners. For man does not outrun the need for *the pause that refreshes* . . . . North or south, summer or winter—ever the call comes to pause, relax and refresh yourself. And Coca-Cola, always served ice-cold, has proved itself the one great drink whatever the weather. With its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment, a short pause can be as wholesome and refreshing as a long rest. Over eight million times every day in the year Coca-Cola repeats the proof that there's no other drink so universally desired.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

WAXFREE MEANS THIS

OIL FLOWS AT 5 BELOW!

IT CIRCULATES AND LUBRICATES INSTANTLY

Think of being able to leave your car outdoors for hours in zero weather — and having your engine leap at the first touch of the starter without a grind or groan!

That is what the New Waxfree Havoline means in winter driving. It is a paraffin base oil that is free from wax.

Wax causes oil to congeal in freezing weather!

Because it is waxfree, this great new oil flows at five below zero. It circulates to every bearing at temperatures at which ordinary oils are stiff in the crankcase.

And because it is a pure, unblended paraffin base oil, it remains "oily" at high engine temperatures at which ordinary oils vaporize.

No other paraffin base oil flows at so low a temperature as the New Waxfree Havoline. It can be refined only by the revolutionary new *Govers Process*, exclusively controlled by the Indian Refining Company.

Change today to this ideal oil—if you would know summer convenience in winter driving. The New Waxfree Havoline retails for 35c per quart—it is worth far more in engine protection and peace of mind.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
LAWRENCEVILLE, ILLINOIS

SPECIFICATIONS

The New Waxfree Havoline #30
*VISCOSITY STANDARD ESTABLISHED BY the Society of Automotive Engineers

FLASH POINT		450° F.
FIRE POINT		520° F.
VISCOSITY	at 130° F.	*220
	at 210° F.	58
COLD TEST		5 below zero F.

Specification figures for Havoline #30 are shown here because it is a popular grade of lubricant for a number of cars. Havoline dealers have the correct grade for every car.

Impartial oil experts can tell you these specifications show that the new Waxfree Havoline surpasses all previous standards of quality in oil.

The New WAXFREE HAVOLINE

35¢ a QUART

Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains and in Canada

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]

keen about jazz bands as they had been. But Fitz didn't seem to notice. He rattled along about everything under the sun but their future plans. She gathered he had been a continuous heart-throb, not to mention social and financial success, during his Miami winter engagement.

Occasionally he broke the trend of his monologue to ask her something about herself. It had been five months since they'd made the Pan time in the same unit show. She'd been in the two spot then, she recalled pessimistically. And he'd headlined the show working fifth, full stage, with his name in lights on every marquee. Oh, well, what was she worrying about! Fitz was Fitz and she was in love with him—and they were going to make the grade and see both their names in lights on Broadway—or at least Seventh Avenue, New York City, and that soon.

She snuggled up to him determined to play while the playing was good. Monday they were going to begin working hard. She had a day of happiness — and Fitz — ahead of her.

It was a glorious week-end. Fitz was very kind and funny —and patient. If they succeeded she'd marry him. But not before. And there wasn't to be any talk of—well, half measures. She told him all of that in the lobby that first night. And he agreed. She was a sweet kid and he wanted to make her happy more than he wanted anything else in the world, and she could trust him.

"Oh, Fitz, don't make me do all the fighting!" He said nothing, but gave way before the thrust of that tiny arm.

He told her that just before the elevator carried her upstairs all flushed and flustered and starry-eyed.

When she got to her room she dived headlong on to the plump white bed and squeezed an orthodox hotel pillow into a limp and shapeless bale. She rolled over on her back and then had a good cry. The mascaro ran down into one ear, but she didn't care.

She stopped suddenly and pinched herself. "Don't be a chump," she said brusquely. "It isn't true." But the place on her arm got all white and red and she blinked her eyes, but nothing seemed to change. It was true!

She lay quiet for a long time there in the dark, painting dream pictures on the ceiling. She began to hum, too, a throaty little tune, all soft minors. But she choked it off abruptly when she remembered it was Joe Dean's song. The one he'd been playing on the darkened stage in Kokomo. The one he'd written for their new act.

Well, it was out now. The act, the song—yes, and Joe Dean, too. She was going some place—with Fitz.

The telephone bell awakened her next morning. She was trembling a little with eagerness when she lifted the receiver, listening for Prince FitzPatrick's barytone.

"Good morning. It's eleven o'clock," snipped a nasal soprano, and Joy plunked the offending instrument back on its pedestal with a wry grin. She'd forgotten about leaving that call. Her heart as well as her memory had betrayed her.

"Oh, well!" she philosophized as she alternately froze and boiled beneath a recalcitrant shower. "He'll be calling me up soon and I'll be telling him I love him."

AT 12:30 she was hungry and worried. At two she was starved and miserable. And still Fitz hadn't phoned.

It was almost three before she decided she'd better eat regardless of how little the thought of food appealed to her. She went downstairs and gobbled hurriedly at a sandwich and drank a pot of tea. But first she left word where to page her if "anyone called."

But no one did call, and at 3:30 she was back in her room with a new handkerchief torn to shreds and a half-dozen unsuccessful telephone calls (outgoing) charged against her room.

And then he came. No phone call preceded him. It was just a sudden peremptory knock on her door, which wasn't locked, and it flew open. There he stood with the old bright smile a bit cloudy and the six feet one a bit off balance. And there she was caught right in the middle of a downright hard cry with tears all over her cheeks and her nose red.

"Well, here I am, hon," he announced. "And, gosh, I had a tough time getting away."

She gulped a sobby hiccough of nervousness. "I should say—" she began, but the breadth of one big, browned palm cut her off.

"Wait!" he commanded, flashing his most provocative smile. "Wait till you hear the dirt. I been with Blitz since nine o'clock and we got everything sewed up, see?"

He swung around on the balls of his feet and seemed suddenly to see her tear-stained face.

"Why, baby doll," he said softly, "you been worried?"

SHE couldn't answer. It seemed impossible to do anything but nod her head, and then duck frantically for the cover of one of those big comforting shoulders.

And it seemed like heaven to feel the responsive surge of his arms closing around her shoulders and the warm pressure of his lips down below the tip of her ear, right where she put the dab of Caressima *parfum* against just such a contingency.

Then he was swinging her up, lifting her in his arms. Carrying her. It was just like floating when she closed her eyes. She wanted to float like that for always—

Something stabbed an instinctive warning through the cloud about her mind. Her eyes jerked open and sought his face. What she saw passed quickly as her eyes caught his. But it was enough.

"Let me down," she said quietly.

He was moving across the room now. For an instant she felt his arms tighten and saw his mouth set. Then the lips twisted upward at the corners. He smiled and shook his head.

"You don't want me to let you go, baby. You know damn well you don't."

He was standing beside the littered bed where she had cried the night before and drawn dream pictures in the dark. And he was letting her go, slowly. The grip of his hands relaxed, little by little. She could feel her body sliding softly through his grasp.

One of her reaching toes touched the floor and she twisted to one side, her right hand flat against his chest.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[DON'T WHISTLE IN DRESSING ROOMS
Continued from page twenty-seven]

"No," she said sharply. And then "No," very softly. "No, I don't want you to let me go, God knows. I love you. But I've got to make you go."

She shuddered a little and her voice held the threat of a sob.

"Oh, Fitz, don't make me do all the fighting! Help me some, boy!" He said nothing, but gave way before the thrust of that tiny little arm against his heart.

She whistled! Somewhere along about the second chorus she was going full blast.

"I know you've been drinking. And I know you didn't mean it," she was saying as they went slowly, that way, across the floor. At the door she stopped and smiled up at him and his arms reached for her again, but she fought him away, suddenly mad as a little animal. And the next minute the door was open and she was pushing him out.

She was crying, leaning against the panels, pushing with the weight of her body. "I know, Fitz. It's hard for me, too, because I love you. But go now and leave me alone or I'll never speak to you again." With that he went quickly down the corridor and the lock snapped shut with a sharp click and a little sob.

* * * * * *

JOY PARKER went out no more that day, but muddled about in her room distraught and unstrung. Alternately she flung herself on the bed and tried to sleep and then jumped up in a twist of energy and paced the strip of rug before the dresser.

That was how Prince FitzPatrick found her when he came back at dusk. He was cold sober now and there was the air about him of a small child who has been chastised and stood in the corner.

"I've come back to tell you the good news I'd brought before—" He stood in the doorway and waved his hand vaguely to indicate his hesitancy in putting the thing into words.

"Let's forget that," said Joy quickly. "It didn't happen." She smiled. "It must have been two other guys."

He came in then, quick to match her smile, and fumbled with the business of placing his hat on the desk.

"You're a swell kid," he said huskily, "and I'm glad everything's going to be O. K., because we've got a swell chance to go over for plenty."

He smiled at her again at that and the full battery of all that was Prince FitzPatrick's charm was in it.

"We open at Englewood tomorrow matinée with the house full of agents," he said. "And after that, baby, we go places."

She jumped at him at that and hugged him before turning suddenly practical.

"Have you got the band?" she demanded.

"No more bands," he laughed back at her. "It's you and me alone—and a piano player."

"Can we get away with it?"

"Don't forget," he said, very superior, "that I play six instruments. And I mean play 'em." Then, as though an afterthought, "You're no ham yourself, baby doll."

He pulled an envelope from his pocket, its back covered with loosely looped words and a jumble of figures.

"Lissen! Here's the stuff we need. I got some of it today and the rest I got spotted."

He checked rapidly down the list:

Black and gold plush drop to hang in one and a half.

Black and gold cyclorama.

20 covers for orchestrations.

12 sets photos.

Spanish shawl for piano.

He folded the envelope and put it back in his pocket.

"What will it cost?" she asked a little breathlessly. You can't work for ten years on split weeks and not think about things like that, even in the face of romance and the Big Time.

HE didn't seem to hear her question. "With a flash like that and with our stuff we can knock 'em dead," he went on, talking slowly and softly as one in the presence of the Great Opportunity.

"What will it cost?" she repeated a trifle less breathlessly.

Fitz turned his head and grinned. "Oh, don't get steamed up about that, kidlet. I been shopping." He frowned and looked at her speculatively.

"But to be honest with you, Joy-girl, you're going to have to help out some."

"Sure," she insisted quickly, "fifty-fifty."

He shook his head. "More than that, right now." He jumped up and walked quickly to her, shaking her shoulder beneath the grip of those long fingers.

"I had to spend a lot of dough to get my instruments readied up. And the old wardrobe. You know how it is, baby."

He waited for the reassuring pressure of her hand. "Well, like I said, I been shopping. We can get the whole layout for six hundred smacks. But I only got two hundred handy."

He stopped abruptly.

"You need four hundred dollars?" she asked.

"Or we lose the greatest chance we ever had," he answered.

She sighed and got up, fumbling for the chamois bag that hung on the locket chain around her neck. She knew without counting how much it held—$550. Ten years' hard work—$550—and she hadn't gotten any place at all. She unwrapped four one-hundred-dollar bills and held them out to him.

"You don't think it's taking too big a chance, Fitz? We haven't even rehearsed. We can't go on out there cold like this."

One of the warm, long fingers stroked her throat and tilted her chin. His eyes were warm too, and caressing. "Honey," he said, "we can go any place, any time, and go over—big." He bent and kissed her and it made everything seem all right.

"Don't worry, peaches," he said gravely. "Leave it to old Fitz. You fix up a couple of changes. I'm going out now and grab off the stuff we need. Tonight I'll frame the act, cue up the music and everything, see? Tomorrow we go to the theater for rehearsal at eleven bells. Then we got four hours to go over the stuff to-

A fist thudded and a voice boomed. "Hey!" it said. "Don't whistle in dressing rooms!"

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY]

Gifted Hands
. . . Gloved *by* Osborn

A smarter glove than was ever made even in London
It's the swagger new **STROLLER** *by* Osborn

IN NEW WELL-MANNERED SHADES
A FULL YEAR AHEAD IN STYLE

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG
noted illustrator protects his gifted hands with the smartly styled Osborn Stroller.

VINCENT LOPEZ
famed musician and orchestra leader is very partisan toward the Osborn St. Moritz style.

YOU would know what make of *watch* to give a man if you wanted to give him something really splendid. But what on earth *would* you give as the last word in a pair of *gloves?* Well—Osborn, master glove maker of America, has produced a new unlined glove named The Stroller. London, famed for glove craft has nothing like it. It's the swankiest, richest looking, easiest feeling, unlined glove you'd find if you searched the smart shops of the world. Unusual? *Imagine*—only *two* pairs are cut from every *seven* carefully selected cape skins.

Lots of men who never would have been caught paying $4 for *any* pair of gloves gladly pay it and *swagger* a little when they let you know they're wearing The Stroller. It's that kind of glove. It looks the money. For the hands of those who amount to something—and know they do.

The shades are exclusive too—Nubian Tan, Kangaroo Gray, Briar Tan, Eskimo Brown, Stone Gray and Stroller Tan. Put an unmistakable *value* on your solicitude. Choose The Stroller for his gift.

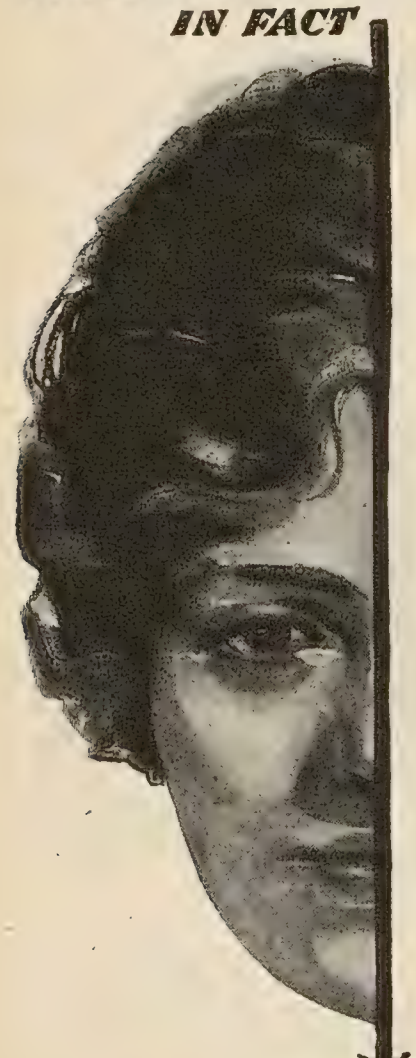
And ST. MORITZ *at $5*
lined with patterned wool

It has all the smart *appearance* of The Stroller—even the same exclusive shades. But underneath the lingering softness of its cape skin is a sheath of virgin wool that no sub-zero cold can penetrate. A wool so light in weight, so pliable, so rich and subdued in pattern that a famous mill had to devise it in a special weave for Osborn use alone. *Irreproachably* correct.

Shown here in the smaller glove picture, it's aptly named The St. Moritz . . . And if you want someone to *believe* that you really think he *is* somebody—that you know he could, if he cared to, be a-winter-sporting at the Swiss or Adirondack rotogravure page resorts—then for flattery's sake, select it as a gift for him. What if it does set you back $5 to do so. Isn't there an *extra* compliment to him in that?

Lined with natural color Peruvian llama hair is the Osborn Mount Royal cape skin at $7.50. Like the St. Moritz, it's made in ladies' sizes too. And all Osborn Gloves, even those retailing for as little as $2.50 a pair, are guaranteed to be style leaders as well as value leaders at their prices. Many stores also carry the Osborn Lady Gay line—smart unusual effects in imported kid and chamoisette — as well as boys' and children's gloves. The C. D. Osborn Co., manufacturers, Chicago, Illinois. Glove makers since 1875.

Osborn Custom Tailored Gloves



[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT]

gether. It's a pipe." At the door he stopped.

"Gosh, kid, I forgot something. Better give me the piano score of the stuff you been using so I can see what you got and fit it in."

They were laughing when she unearthed the bound copy of her music and gave it to him.

"I'm so happy I ain't got good sense," he grinned.

She pressed close to him, holding him with her little arms that wouldn't reach all the way around.

"I'm happy too, Fitz."

She let him go then with a final, hard little squeeze and watched him stride down the hallway until he vanished around a bend in the wall.

. . . . . .

She was dressed and ready to leave at 10 the next morning, but waited, hoping he would call. He didn't, and it hurt for a minute until she realized how busy he must be. He'd taken the whole thing on his shoulders, and she hadn't done a thing. Fitz was a peach.

It was ten minutes of 11 when she reached the theater and hunted up the dressing-room list to see where they'd put her.

There it was: "FitzPatrick and Parker."

That was a laugh. They'd put them in the same dressing room. But what of it? She could dress first and then Fitz could change. Or vice versa. If they went over they'd be married soon and then they'd be sharing everything.

She didn't worry a bit when she reached the dressing room and found Fitz hadn't come yet. He'd probably been up all night working on the act and he certainly deserved to sleep as long as possible.

But by 11:15, with the orchestra in the pit and one of the acts running through their stuff, she decided to phone him.

IT took forever to get any answer from the clerk at the walk-up "hotel" where Fitz was staying. Finally a sleepy voice mumbled a query and she snapped at it:

"Please call Mr. FitzPatrick to the phone at once."

"FitzPatrick?" Something like a snort came over the wire. "He ain't here."

"How long ago did he leave?" she demanded.

The voice grew sarcastic.

"Last night. Bag and baggage. Eastbound. If you want to pay his bill you can have a trunkload of secondhand clothes."

Joy thrust her lips against the hard mouthpiece to keep from screaming. It couldn't be true. This yokel was trying to kid her.

"Listen," she said in a dead level voice, "this is important. Tell him to get to the theater at once."

"Lissen yourself, sweetie. The guy's gone. Lammed—beat it, see?" The sharp crackle of a receiver being slammed against the hook sounded from the other end, but Joy didn't hear it. She was leaning against the slotted glass door of the booth, gripping the hard steel handle to keep from falling headlong on the green-room floor.

Some one was standing outside, hunting for a nickel. She'd have to get out. But that's another thing about trouping for ten years over the split weeks. You learn how to bounce back. You've got to.

She breathed deep, once, and pushed the door open, and when she came out her lips were smiling. But her eyes were not.

Her first thought was to tell the stage manager. He'd have to send word out front so they could get another act. But she couldn't believe it. Maybe Fitz had just told them that at the hotel. Maybe he'd come after all.

SHE wandered back to the stage and saw another act was rehearsing. That would be about the third one. There were five to go. She had less than an hour's grace.

She stood it for twenty interminable, terrible minutes. Then she turned away abruptly and climbed the iron stairs to the dressing room.

The two changes she'd unpacked lay folded across a chair back. A thing of black sequins, the whole no bigger than a postage stamp at first glimpse, and a flame chiffon with no back whatever and next to no skirt at all in front.

She began methodically to refold them and lay them away in a little traveling case that held all that was left of her hopes—her own clothes, her own act. But they were no good to her now. She was washed up.

The tune that had been always in the back of her mind for days stirred vaguely.

She began to hum it softly. It helped a great deal until she found herself repeating the words:

"Some day you'll learn that, after all,
One day you'll know you loved me.
Somehow—"

A bubbling sigh choked it off mercifully. She'd have to stop that. There were other tunes, if she must sing. But after she'd tried unsuccessfully to hold any one of them she went back to it. Went back to it as a small child plunges into music to bolster up a shattered morale in the dark.

She whistled!

Somewhere along about the second chorus she was going full blast, her mind so thoroughly occupied with the effort to keep back the tears that she had no room for realization of what she was doing.

But the knowledge of her guilt was

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

"We're no longer happy, Mother!"

FOR some time the young wife had realized that things were changing between herself and her husband. They went out rarely; they did not enjoy the companionship they had at first. They were drifting apart.

Why?

So often the answer lies in the wife's neglect—or more often misunderstanding—of the delicate part of her toilette called feminine hygiene. Yet no woman need misunderstand. "Lysol" Disinfectant has been the unquestioned standard for this purpose for 40 years. It is dangerous to use new, untried preparations. Buy a bottle of "Lysol" Disinfectant today. The directions with each bottle are simple and explicit, easy to follow.

Mail us the coupon below. It will bring you, free, our booklet, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth." It was written for women by a woman physician.

Sole Distributors: Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J.

"Lehn & Fink Serenade"—WJZ and 14 other stations associated with the National Broadcasting Company—every Thursday at 8 p. m., Eastern time; 7 p. m., Central time.

Lysol Disinfectant

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Copyright 1929, by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

LEHN & FINK, Inc., *Sole Distributors*, Dept. 268 Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me, free, *your booklet*, "The Scientific Side of Health and Youth"

Name .....

Street .....

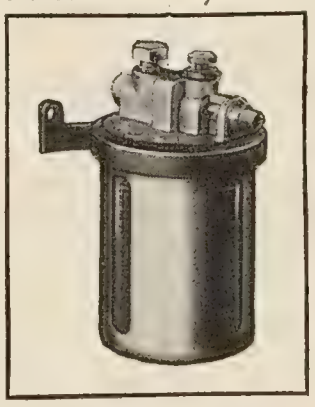
City ..... State .....

GIVE YOUR CAR A CHRISTMAS GIFT

A Decro-Oiler is What It Needs

Now, as a Christmas gift to your car, equip it with a Decro-Oiler—and immediately you will notice a big difference in performance. Easier starting and protection against the ravages of winter driving and excessive choking, quicker pick-up, extra power, greater smoothness and flexibility. All this because the Decro-Oiler puts indestructible Decro-Oil far up into the upper cylinders, around the rings and valves—right where you need a perfect bond of lubrication to prevent loss of compression, and right where you have never had adequate lubrication before.

The Decro-Oiler is attached to the dash under the hood. It operates by vacuum through a tube to the intake manifold injecting a mist of special penetrating Decro-Oil mixed with the gas and air far up into the cylinders. Equip your car now with a Decro-Oiler. It gets the best out of any motor.



You can easily install a Decro-Oiler. Or your service man will do it at a nominal charge. Price $8.50 complete with sufficient Decro-Oil for approximately 500 miles. At your service station, accessory or car dealer. Or write direct.

REASONS WHY THE DECRO-OILER PRODUCES SUCH AMAZING RESULTS

CONSIDER for a moment. Cylinders, pistons and valves are just metal. When they rub together they cause friction. Friction plus carbon and gums from exploding gasoline make heat, cause wear, create noise. That's just what happens in your upper cylinders because until now no way has been found to adequately lubricate these parts of the motor. But when you equip your car with a Decro-Oiler you remedy all this, as there can be no friction and carbon cannot adhere to properly lubricated surfaces. You make these parts move smoothly, eliminate wear and noise, get maximum compression giving you more power, quicker pick-up and greater flexibility.

DECRO OILER

DECROW ENGINEERING CORP., BUFFALO, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

brought to her suddenly and noisily. A fist thudded on the panels of the dressing-room door and a voice boomed upon the silence that followed in its wake. "Hey!" it said. "Don't whistle in dressing rooms!"

Joy whirled, biting off a sob. Then she threw the sequin thing in a wadded heap on the floor and reached the door in two jumps.

A very tall man stood grinning down at her wrathful eyes and tight little mouth. "I'm props," he said merrily. "What're you trying to do? Get the place burned down or make all the performers break their legs or something? Don't you know that's terrible bad luck?"

He winked broadly and then abruptly became incased in his official status.

"You're FitzPatrick and Parker?" he asked brusquely. She nodded.

"Where's your cue sheet and prop list? I been hunting all over for you."

Joy looked at him dully and shrugged.

"There isn't any," she said wearily. "There isn't any act." But she knew that wouldn't do.

"Mr. FitzPatrick's been taken sick," she explained.

The property man rustled the sheets of other people's cues. "That's tough, miss."

"Yes," she said, trying to close the door on his foot.

He lowered his voice. "I could hold it a little," he whispered.

She looked up, startled. "What good would that do? He's sick, I tell you."

The man pretended to be very busy reading one of the lists. He pulled his foot out of the door.

"He might come, after all," he said, walking toward the stairs.

"No," she called after him. "He won't."

She shut the door slowly with her back against the green panel.

"And if he did," she said to herself, her mouth grim again and tight, "there wouldn't be any act. It's out."

She threw the sequin dress, wadded as it was, into the bag and locked it. Ten minutes later she started for the round iron stairs. But she couldn't go down because someone was coming up. She could see his head—and it was very red.

JOY swallowed something that bobbed against her palate and tried to squeeze through the wall at her back. Then she saw his eyes—and they were very blue.

"It's Joe Dean," she said, as of course it was. He was at her side then. Or rather right smack in front of her with his long legs planted firmly and no avenue of escape left open to her.

He gestured with his right arm and she saw he was carrying a pile of little leather orchestration books in his left.

"If we hurry," he was saying all out of breath, "we can catch the orchestra before they leave the pit."

"What for?" she asked blankly.

"To rehearse our act," he answered, short and sharp.

And with that he dropped the waving right arm to her elbow and steered her down the iron stairs.

He sat her on a white and gold divan out of the palace set and walked down to the apron, handing the music to the leader like he'd just bought the franchise.

"The name of the act's changed," he said in a clear, easy voice. "It's Parker and Dean."

Joy sighed and looked up to see the property man peering at her around the side of the tormentor.

"Now, on the opening," Joe was saying to the men in the pit, "you play one and one—"

. . . . .

Joy squinted half-heartedly through the peephole in a wing just before their act went on, picking out the two or three agents she knew by sight. It wasn't going to be much use. Joe's new songs were nice, and that one in particular had a swell melody, but people wanted jazz and pep. Perhaps it was just as well. She'd be an awful flop trying to be a sunbeam. After all, a girl can't put across a riot when her heart's broken and she can't tell when she opens her mouth whether she's going to sing or sob.

. . . . .

IN the shadowy region back of the last row, Moe Benz, that was, turned to his son Elliot Benson and poked him with a thick forefinger.

"It's a natural," he said huskily.

Mister Benson of Bensonhurst Sight and Sound Studios nodded.

Far down the funnel of the center aisle, a white spotlight played upon a little girl in a black sequin something no bigger than a postage stamp at first glimpse. And up the pathway of light rose the sobbing minors of a throaty, poignant voice:

"Some day you'll learn that, after all,
One day you'll know you loved me—"

Mr. Benz and his son Mr. Benson withdrew softly and went upstairs to a big office where they used the telephone.

They were sitting across the long desk from one another when Joy Parker and Joe Dean came in.

"You sent for us?" asked Joe.

Little Mr. Benz and tall Mr. Benson nodded in unison.

Joe advanced toward the desk, but Joy stood still.

"You can give Mr. Dean any message for the act," she said, "and I'm sure you'll excuse me because I have to pack up before the dressing rooms are locked."

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]

Albert Davis

The Jersey Lily

By Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

The Story of Lillie Langtry

. . . the most beautiful woman of the past century . . . her blazing climb to world-fame . . . how Oscar Wilde, infatuated, slept all night at her door . . . the scandal of her American tour

Two continents acknowledged the breath-taking loveliness of this woman . . . She came from obscurity to win the devotion of the heir to her country's throne . . . Her escapades became notorious . . . At a gay party she slid a piece of ice down the Prince's neck . . . Ostracized in London, she came to America . . . One of New York's wealthiest bachelors became her slave; they quarreled, and Lillie returned to England, where another man gave her luxuries that an empress might have envied . . . On the day that she cleverly staged a re-entry into British society, the man who had made her triumph possible died a raving maniac in a poorhouse! There is no parallel in recent history to the career of this modern Cleopatra. Princess Alexandra Kropotkin, daughter of one of Russia's oldest families, tells Lillie Langtry's story with all its glamour, heartbreak and lavish scandal.

Don't fail to read it

NEXT WEEK *in* LIBERTY!

For the Boys and Girls Who Lead Their Gangs

PUT Junior . . . and Sister . . . on Rollfasts—they'll soon be out-skating the gang! Yes, indeed—Rollfasts *are* faster, because of their extra-big ball bearings and smooth-rolling wheels.

They're also easier to learn on, and the kids can skate longer on them without tiring. They are expressly made for kids who are to have the best of everything.

Besides . . . there's extra safety built into Rollfasts. Low as a fast roadster, staunchly made of the best skate steel, they smile at the banging of active youngsters.

And they have a Patented Flexible Reinforcement (found only on Rollfasts) that lets them "give" without bending. Made for long service; as nearly rust-proof as can be; adjustable from 7½ to 10½ inches—they can't be outgrown.

You'll find Rollfasts at sporting goods, toy, hardware, bicycle and department stores . . . in bright orange boxes.

D. P. HARRIS HDW. & MFG. COMPANY
D. P. Harris Building New York, N. Y.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

Mr. Benz looked owlishly around the bust of Napoleon that fronted him.

"Where you going?" he asked.

"We have no booking," she answered.

"Hmmmm," he said, "sit down, please."

His son took up the thread.

"That's a new number, that one you close with?"

He hummed a snatch of it slightly flat.

"They're all new," said Joe Dean. "I wrote 'em for the act. They've never been used at all before."

Mr. Benson looked significantly at Mr. Benz.

"Would you be interested, Mr. Dean," he said, "in a contract to write theme songs for Bensonhurst Sight and Sound Studio productions?"

"And selling the one you got now for cash?" augmented Mr. Benz quickly.

Joe Dean grinned at the bust of Napoleon, and Mr. Benz, who was near-sighted, grinned back.

"I don't think anyone but Miss Parker can do justice to my stuff," Joe said quietly. "I wouldn't like to sign up unless she was in on it."

Mr. Benz pushed the cast-bronze Corsican out of his way.

"Say," he roared, "do you t'ink I'm a chump? Certainly she's goin' to sing 'em! But that's another contract."

Joe Dean turned to Joy Parker. "Is it O. K.?" he asked. But Joy didn't say anything. She couldn't because she seemed to be laughing. Or perhaps she was crying again—which made it the dozenth time in a day.

Instead she motioned feebly with a fist clutched tight about a ball of wispy handkerchief and tried to run from the office. But Joe reached the door first, and the arm he'd waved at her that morning came to rest about her shoulders.

"It's O. K.," he said then to Mr. Benz.

"Come back at seven and sign the contracts," called Mr. Benson as they went out the door.

. . . . . .

The property man was sitting on the white and gold divan when they went backstage. He was blowing something through his teeth that sounded suspiciously like Some Day You'll Learn.

"Hey!" said Joe Dean. "Don't whistle."

The property man unwound his long legs and cocked that merry eye upon Joy Parker's confusion.

"Don't you dare," he said to Joe, "to talk so sassy to your father, or I'll tell how you pretty near broke your neck running down here when I phoned you this morning."

THE END

In Next Week's Liberty—

"Unsolved"

a remarkable short story

by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Britain Flies Ahead

a close-up of the Schneider Cup team, speed champions of the air

by

Richard Carroll

and the first installment of

The Jersey Lily

by

Princess Alexandra Kropotkin

(See announcement on preceding page)

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

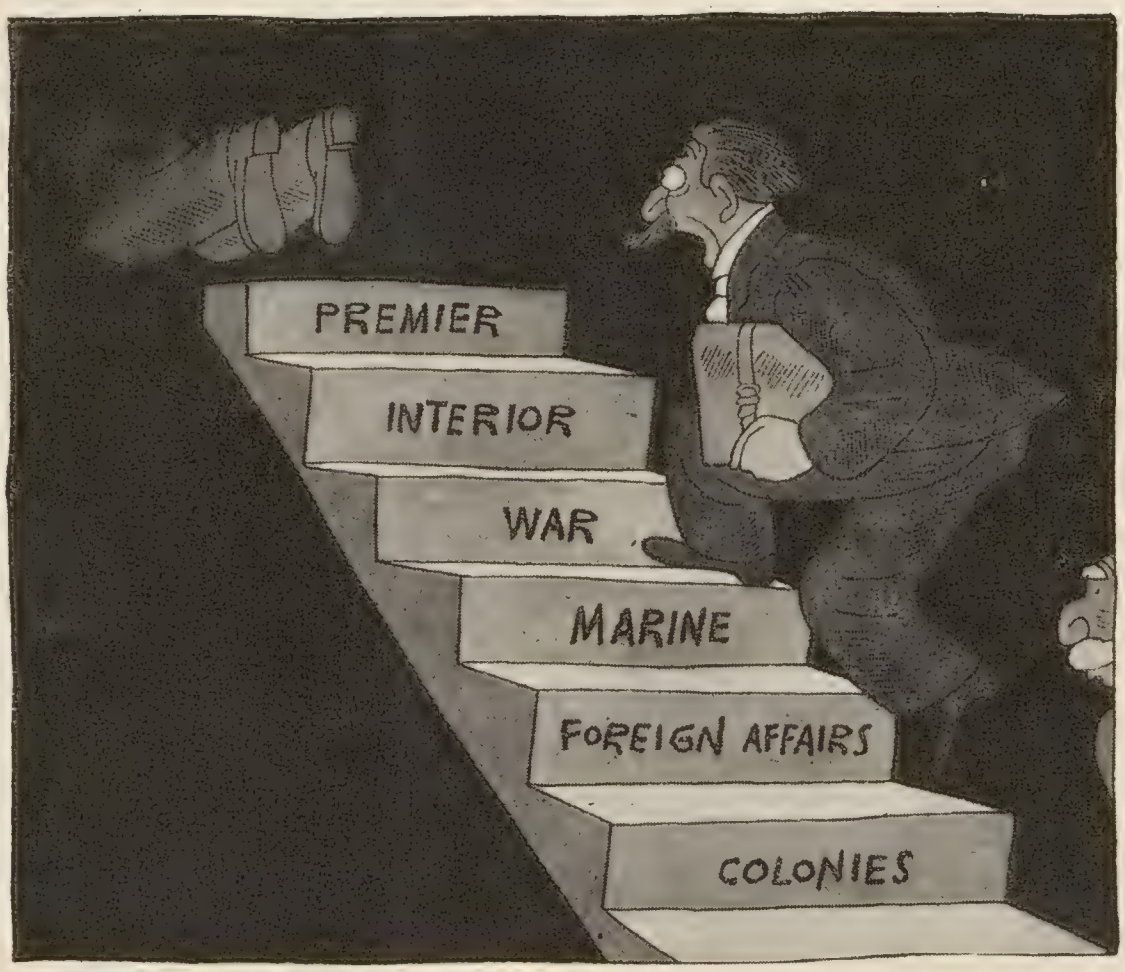
1—Who is the United States Ambassador to Great Britain?
2—What is *mal de mer?*
3—What is an iconoclast?
4—How many teeth does an adult normally have?
5—What unit is used in expressing ocean depths?
6—What kind of creature is a flying fox?
7—What unit is used in expressing the height of horses?
8—What Dickens novel includes the character Mr. Bumble?
9—What is the literal meaning of sang-froid?
10—What Wisconsin city has the name of an outdoor game?
11—What is Braille?
12—From what source is castor oil obtained?
13—What are the eight parts of speech?
14—Who composed the Peer Gynt Suite?
15—What is the capital of Korea?
16—What country once was called the Dual Monarchy?
17—The eruption of what volcano caused the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum?
18—What is nepotism?
19—What German city is noted for the manufacture of toys?
20—What is the correct pronunciation of data?

(Answers will be found on page forty-eight)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

By RALPH BARTON



FRANCE is a republic where any little boy can grow up to be the head of the government, and where nine out of ten of them do.

ANOTHER FAIRY TALE COME TRUE. Henry Ford, as a small boy, dreams of the day when he will have a billion dollars so he can buy a genuine antique mustache cup.

PRACTICAL AËRONAUTICS. A device for the use of Mere Man until he becomes habituated to the new dresses with trains that the women are wearing.

THE GRAND OLD GAME of Wall Street never loses its popularity.

The Plots Thicken

Not Always for the Best in the Ubiquitous Talkies

Two Pages of Movie Reviews

By

FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE

WILLIAM FOX encountered so much success when he moved his Movietone apparatus out into the mesa to film In Old Arizona that he has tried it all over again with Katharine Fullerton Gerould's novel, Conquistador.

This second big Western now is titled Romance of Rio Grande. The Alvarez family for generations has possessed the Rancho Santa Marguerita. But old Don Fernando is lonely. His daughter ran away years before with an American and his embittered grandson will not come to him. The story relates the reconciliation of the old Spaniard and his grandson, Pablo Wharton Cameron. Also it tells of the loves of Carlotta, the wicked and wanton, and Manuelita, the honest but fiery-tempered ward of Don Fernando.

The melodramatic plot is long and cumbersome. All of the chief characters meet bullets and daggers, but the upright Pablo and the theme-song-singing Manuelita reveal amazing recuperative abilities.

Broadway Scandals offers us Jack Egan and Sally O'Neil.

Jack Oakie and Helen Kane in a tight squeeze in Sweetie.

The background of Romance of Rio Grande has charm, between lovely photography and the Movietone tinkle of guitars. Then, too, the film has an admirable cast, with Warner Baxter, the Cisco Kid of In Old Arizona, as the romantic Pablo. Baxter is ideal in this sort of glamorous rôle.

Mary Duncan plays the evil Carlotta, but she is overshadowed completely by a newcomer, Mona Maris, as Manuelita.

You will see more of Miss Maris, who is a sort of intense Spanish Mary Astor.

Miss Maris was born in the Argentine, of French-Spanish parentage. She came to Hollywood, oddly enough, via Berlin films. She was to have appeared in Joseph Schenck's pictures but the talkie revolution cost her an opportunity with United Artists. All foreigners were discarded overnight. So Miss Maris drifted to the Fox studios and to the ideal rôle of Manuelita.

★ BROADWAY SCANDALS

One of the standard audible plots of 1929 is back again in Columbia's revue, Broadway Scandals. You know the one about the vaudeville team split by a selfish and vampish star. In the end the faithful partner takes back the recreant hoofer—and the old act goes on. Broadway Scandals follows the usual procedure in showing endless chorus evolutions.

Sally O'Neil and Jack Egan play the vaudevillians and Carmel Myers, aided by a French accent and feathers, is the revue darling who wins away the hoofer.

To date only one of these celluloid revues has had a player attempt the rôle of star who could last a week on Broadway. That single star is Irene Bordoni and the film is Paris. Broadway Scandals is poorly acted and skimpily staged.

With a little ingenuity you can find at least four better variations of this plot.

Tony Moreno tells the old, old story to ardent Mona Maris, in Romance of Rio Grande.

★ SWEETIE

All the new audibles seem to revolve around chorus girls, but it remained for Paramount to hit upon the ultimate in incredible plot twists. Barbara Pell inherits a big boys' school. Because she has been in love with one of the students of Pelham, she proceeds to wreck the school spirit out of jealous pique. Only on the day of the game with Oglethorpe does she realize what alma mater means.

Hollywood always is at its worst when it attempts to depict college life—but it never accomplished anything further from reality than Sweetie. The one amusing moment comes with Jack Oakie's song, Alma Mammy.

If you can bear the studes when they sing Bear Down, Pelham—

"Every man must do his share
We'll go from here to there"—

you may be able to forgive Nancy Carroll in a silly and unsympathetic rôle and to wish the promising young Stanley Smith had better opportunities. The boop-boopa-dooping girl, Helen Kane, doesn't help matters as a dumb girl student of a near-by seminary.

★ JAZZ HEAVEN

It is old home week for talkie plots. Jazz Heaven, Radio Pictures' newest effort, offers the honest show girl who helps the handsome young composer become a song-hit success.

This plot has been done before, and better, too, although Joe Cawthorne and Albert Conti constitute an amusing comedy team of bickering song publishers after the fashion of Potash and Perlmutter.

Sally O'Neil is the wise little Broadway baby in Jazz Heaven, and Johnny Mack Brown, an authentic Southerner, is the song writer from Alabama.

A trio from Jazz Heaven: Sally O'Neil, Clyde Cook, and Johnny Mack Brown.

Things You May Not Know

The most famous unknown in films was the extra who played the soldier at the hospital door in The Birth of a Nation. He sighed as Lillian Gish passed—and made his fleeting glimpse unforgettable.

D. W. Griffith spent a year trying to find him, without success.

Opportunity is fickle.

Of the two who danced the tango in The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Rudy Valentino went on to fame.

The girl, Beatrice Dominquez, died in 1921, quite forgotten.

Rudy lived five golden years longer.

Lillian Gish is the only film actress ever to play a subtitle and nothing else in a feature film. In Intolerance she appeared in the hazy shots rocking a cradle, between the four historical sequences of Judea, Babylon, Sixteenth Century France, and Twentieth Century America.

She was the mother of the world "eternally rocking the cradle of humanity."

Do you know that—

There will be a sequel to They Had to See Paris with Will Rogers again as Pike Peters? . . . You next can expect a revival of costume dramas in the talkies? . . . Fourteen historical sound films are now in the making?

The Job of Being a WIFE

Some Plain Talk About Love and Economics

By

GRACE ROBINSON

Pictures by GARRETT PRICE

HE has invested a few dollars and breathed a few compliments into a pink ear. What has he got in return?

WHEN the average man marries he gets the most extraordinary bargain in nonunion labor ever devised in the history of human housekeeping.

He has invested a few dollars in dinners, shows, books, candy, and taxicab rides. He has breathed a few compliments into a pink ear, and has managed to surround himself with something that passes for the glamour of romance. Finally he has invested $2 in a marriage license.

What has he got in return?

First of all, the lucky devil has acquired a wife. A charming companion to delight his eye, minister to his ego, warm him with her caresses, cheer him when he is sad, and amuse him when he is grumpy. In addition to all this, and perhaps most durable of all, he has acquired a remarkable woman-servant whose services, if offered in the open market, would bring her $385 a month and keep.

This fortunate lord of creation has in one woman a cook ($75 a month and keep); a chambermaid-waitress ($75 a month and keep); a valet ($100 a month and keep); a laundress ($40 a month); and a seamstress (who easily eats up four days a month at $5 a day, or a total of $20). After his children come, this excellent female Friday becomes also a governess-nurse, without relinquishing her other duties. As servant to the children, she represents $75 a month and found.

At prevailing prices for domestic labor, then, the city housewife who does all her own work actually is worth nearly $90 a week! And she works seven days a week, never demanding a regular day off, and putting up with domestic inconveniences that few professional servants would tolerate.

The housewife and mother *earns* $385 a month. What does she *get?*

She gets her board and lodging—true. But in domestic economy all strictly household workers get their keep. It is understood that their remuneration includes food and sleeping quarters, exclusive of salary. The housewife also receives what clothes her employer-husband provides, and takes what recreation he gives and her strenuous duties permit her to enjoy.

Fortunately for the physical comfort of most married males, the average housewife has no idea her services are so valuable. A writer on domestic economy—John B. Leeds, Ph.D.—arranged a questionnaire along these lines and published the results in his book, The Household Budget. Of fifty housewives he questioned, the average believed her services were worth $53 *a month!*

One need not investigate women's vocations far to discover that, considering the cruel hours and the heavy labor involved, housewifery and motherhood are the most poorly paid of all the major occupations. The exceptions occur in the homes of the well-to-do. As one ascends the scale of affluence in homes, one finds the housewife delegating more and more of her tasks to cooks, chambermaids, and waitresses. The mother, likewise, intrusts more and more of her primitive maternal duties to nurses and governesses. The result is that she ceases to be either housewife or mother, in more than a nominal sense, and can devote herself largely to becoming an ornament in the home. She is no longer an active housewife. She is a glorified home manager.

A WOMAN who is an ornament merits, and generally gets, lovely clothes, motor cars, country club memberships, books, flowers, music, and a fitting domicile.

Women will tell you that this grade of matrimony pays financially far better than almost any other profession in which females engage. But then, it is no longer strict housewifery or strict motherhood. The wife and mother, under these circumstances, is a lady of leisure. She has been graduated out of the class of housewife—occasionally because she has helped her husband plan and prosper, but as often because her husband has somehow or other acquired wealth through no particular effort of hers.

Comparing the financial lot of the active, twenty-four-hour-a-day housewife with that of women of her class engaged in so-called paying professions, one marvels at the effrontery of young men who invite girls into the vocation of homemaking. Average young men, with no extraordinary charm or ability. Not likely ever to accumulate a million dollars, or a tenth of it. No vast

The lucky devil has acquired a wife, a cook, a chamber-maid-waitress, a valet, a laundress. . . .

amount of wit with which to entertain a wife, no arresting beauty with which to satisfy her æsthetically, no storehouse of wisdom that will keep marriage interesting by stimulating her mentality.

Such an average young man will lure a girl from a well-paying job as stenographer or school-teacher to be his house servant for the rest of her life. It is amazing that a young man can summon the face to do this. And still more amazing that a girl will tumble, accept his proposition, and deliberately choose the poorer job.

Why do girls do it?

The answer lies in that strange and transcendent influence which befuddles our business acumen and destroys our sense of ordinary values. It is termed the Power of Love.

There is a moth-eaten legend that housewifery gives more leisure than other occupations. No one who has ever tried to interview housewives will subscribe to that.

In writing a series of vocational articles for Liberty some months ago I interviewed secretaries, school-teachers, actresses, and trained nurses. All readily found opportunity for two or three hours' talk about their occupations.

But housewives! If they were of the fortunate 5 per cent who have become home managers, it was this: "So sorry, Miss Robinson, but I can't possibly see you until a week from today. Tomorrow I have a bridge at home. Next day a luncheon. Friday is my day to help at the school cafeteria. On Monday the Parent-Teachers Association meets, and on the other days I play bridge at friends' houses. I'm such a frightfully busy person—no time to turn around."

If the housewife subject was of the 95 per cent who earn (but don't get) their $385 a month, the day I suggested for the interview was certain to be "the day I take Bobby to the city to see the doctor. He gets a thorough physical examination every month, you know."

If not that, it was wash day, or cleaning day, or the children had been promised a picnic, or it was a half holiday and the husband was coming home early—"he'd be terribly disappointed if I didn't save the day for him."

When I did get the interview, I felt like a thief who has crept in by night and taken the children's penny bank. After consuming two hours of the housemother's time, I left, apologizing to the resentful baby in his carriage who had been cheated out of the precious afternoon sunshine, and harassed by the guilty fear that dinner would be late because I had called on the cook.

No, housewives are not persons of leisure.

ONCE there was a general supposition that women liked housework better than any other occupation. They were "fitted" for it. That conclusion came about because women knew little but housework. They had not engaged in any occupation with which they could compare it.

Nowadays, many young married women find that they were more skillful as secretaries or actresses or newspaper women than they are as cooks and scrubwomen. And that they liked their former occupation better. A great number only continue in their new jobs for love of the man they have married and of their children.

A striking example of this modern condition is Mrs. Irving L. Neidich, 283 Beach Fourteenth Street, Far Rockaway, Long Island.

Mrs. Neidich is twenty-nine years old, and has two adorable children. Robert, a pink, plump child with brown curly hair, is three and a half. Richard, with red hair and cheeks like apples, had nearly reached the great age of two when I interviewed him.

The thirty-one-year-old man who presides as husband and father in this pleasant group is a printer, in charge of the production room in an advertising printing concern. He makes less than $5,000 a year. Living is high in Far Rockaway, as in the other small beach and country suburbs of New York, and when the Neidichs part with $100

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

does coughing steal your hours of rest?

TROUBLED THROATS

It's when you lie down to sleep, that a troubled throat wakes-up.

A little tickle—a little dry spot that swallowing doesn't reach—a cough, another and away goes sleep—until you have learned that "Luden's give quick relief."

Put a Luden's in your mouth—breathe deep as it melts on your tongue—let the refreshing Luden's Menthol Action spread its cooling, soothing film of comfort through nose and throat—you will not cough.

But remember that only Luden's Menthol Cough Drops give you the benefit of exclusive Luden's Menthol Action—imitated by many but a secret that only Luden's know.

In the yellow package everywhere. — Play safe — keep Luden's handy.

LUDEN'S

In the Yellow Package Everywhere

5¢

© 1929

[THE JOB OF BEING A WIFE Continued from page thirty-nine]

every month for rent, coal, and the young father's commutation ticket, they are not paying an extravagant sum.

Except for a once-a-week cleaning woman, Mrs. Neidich does all the work entailed by one husband, two children, and a spacious five-room-and-bath apartment. The family washing goes out, but the personal laundry of the youngsters is done by the mother's hands.

Mrs. Neidich's figure is trim and girlish. It has no time to get fat. Her skin is fresh and glowing. The Atlantic Ocean breezes, which she inhales day and night, do that for her. Her hair is bobbed and black—her brown eyes sparkle with the glow of a cheerful nature.

Mr. and Mrs. William McAdie of Brooklyn, New York, after forty-five years of domesticity.

For Mrs. Neidich is no grumbler. She is not one of those neurotic, chronically discontented wives. If she expresses dissatisfaction with housewifery, nobody can put it down to habitual irritability. Says Mrs. Neidich: "There is no work as hard as the care of a house and children. I certainly don't regret my marriage. I wouldn't give up my children for anything. But as congenial occupation and as a money-making proposition I prefer the secretarial job I held before I married. I hope to arrange my affairs so as to go back to that work, as soon as my youngsters are old enough."

For six years Mrs. Neidich, then Miss Gellert, worked in a well known New York institution disseminating health propaganda. During most of that time she was secretary to an important official. When she married she continued to work. Her $35-a-week salary was too large a slice of the family income to be tossed out the window for no greater reason than marriage.

"I wanted children—hoped to have them sometime. But I expected to postpone them to a hazy future when I should be contented to give up my job."

THIS high-sounding scheme went all awry in a short time, and the young secretary found that motherhood was an experience that would not be deferred. She was in excellent health, however, and continued to work four months, until her employer could fill her place.

"I had been banking part of my salary, but what was left provided little luxuries we could not otherwise have had," says Mrs. Neidich. "My husband and I had gone about a good deal—to theaters, dances, and the homes of friends. After the first baby came we retrenched on entertainment. Besides, I was completely tied down. I was too tired at night to go anywhere, anyway. In addition to the economy I've mentioned, I cut down on clothing, to help meet the reduced income and the greater expense."

Now the methodical young secretary perceived that her nine-to-five job had been a glorified calling, compared with which the vocation of wife and mother seemed like day labor. The hallowed place as guardian angel of the family fireside lost a good deal of its tinsel when one was wearing the skin off one's knees scrubbing floors.

Determined that mere problems of housekeeping and child-rearing should not baffle a keen secretarial mind, Mrs. Neidich went to her job with intelligence as well as diligence. She organized her day carefully, and life gradually jellied itself into a mold that was, and is, a marvelous exhibition of how the human machine can repeat the same tasks at precisely the same moments every day.

"I get up before seven," explains Mrs. Neidich. "My husband takes his breakfast in New York, so that I can sleep a little later. He realizes that I have my hands full with the children, and he wants me to get as much sleep as possible.

"First I put the cereal to heat for their breakfast, having prepared it in a double boiler the day before. While that warms I dress the children and myself. Then I give them their meal, consisting of cereal, milk, bread and butter, and sometimes bacon or an egg. I eat with them.

"When they have finished I put on their wraps and let them go outdoors. Bobby plays in front of the house. But Dicky must stay on the porch, because of the traffic in the street. He is too little to understand about it, and we have a gate on the porch to prevent his falling off. While the youngsters are out I do my housework, including bits of washing for them.

"I also put the children's lunch to cook. They have broth, or an egg, or a little meat or fish, and one or two green vegetables, with baked potato, bread and butter, and stewed fruit.

"While their food cooks I take them out for a walk. Every other day we make this a marketing expedition, walking to the shopping center and back. By one o'clock they have eaten and are started on their afternoon naps. The baby, Dicky, sleeps outdoors in his carriage. Bobby sleeps indoors. I clean up the luncheon dishes and take a short rest myself.

"BY two or two-thirty both youngsters are up again and hungry. I give them a bit of fresh fruit and some crackers. At three I put the cereal on for Dicky's night meal and the next day's breakfast. This cooks two hours.

"Then the children must have more fresh air. I pack Bobby into coat and leggins, and Dicky into his zippered lumber jacket and leggins and cap and mittens—for winter—and take them for a walk or a brief playtime.

"I always stay out with them. Even in Far Rockaway where the traffic is nothing compared with a city, I am afraid to risk Dicky's running into the street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wallace of Cresskill, New Jersey, and their children, Harriet and Robert.

"At five I bring them in and start dinner.

"At five-thirty comes Dicky's bath. Then he gets his supper—cereal, milk, dessert, bread and butter. Then Dicky goes to sleep for the night, at six or shortly after. He generally sleeps from six to six.

"It is now time to dispose of Bobby for the night. I bathe him and feed him his supper, consisting of thick soup or a sandwich, or cream cheese, milk, bread and butter, and a light dessert—junket, tapioca, or jello. By six-forty-five Bobby is in bed. Before he is asleep, my husband arrives and has his evening chit-chat with him.

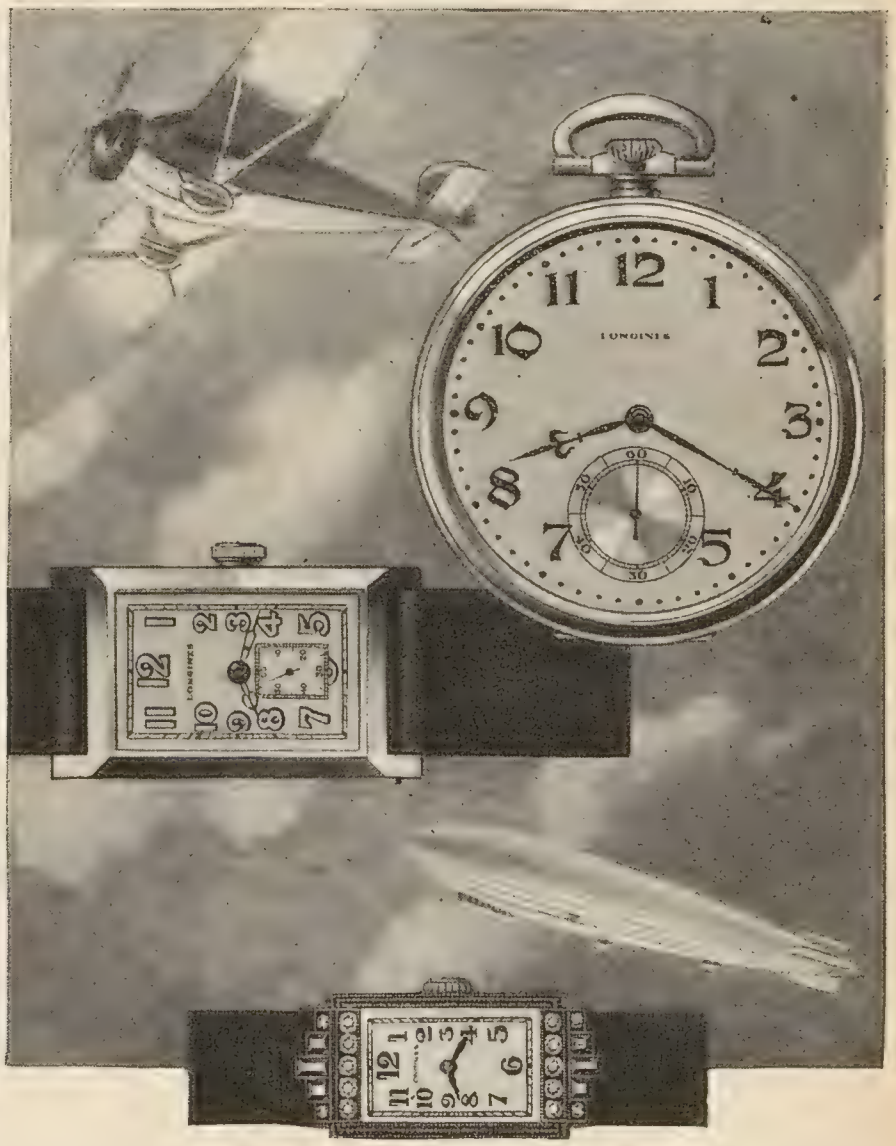
"Meanwhile I finish preparing dinner. Then my husband and I dine together. By seven-thirty we are washing the dishes—my husband helps me so we can have as much evening together as possible. In the evening I read a little, or perhaps friends come in for bridge. In the latter event the children are likely to be wakeful, which worries me, although Bobby sleeps better than he did before his tonsils were out.

"Although theoretically the children are off my hands for the evening, it is necessary to stay at home, since we

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A. WITTNAUER CO. WATCHES EST. 1866

The perfect Gift
a LONGINES WATCH
PIONEER OF THE AIR



More than sixty years of continuous improvement have assured the Longines watch a world-wide reputation for accuracy. Justifying the absolute reliance placed in their precision, Longines have been exclusive time equipment on nearly every long distance flight in the history of aviation, including this year's outstanding achievements of WILLIAMS and YANCEY, ASSOLANT, LEFEVRE and LOTTI and the GRAF ZEPPELIN.

Longines watches are priced from $35 to $3,500 and are sold by leading jewelers. Write for illustrated booklet.

Longines correct time is broadcast daily over the radio. "The Longines Musical Note" is heard from coast to coast.

A. WITTNAUER CO.
402-404 FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK
CHICAGO MONTREAL GENEVA

[THE JOB OF BEING A WIFE
Continued from page forty-one]

cannot afford a maid or nurse. Sometimes I meet my husband in the city for dinner.

"In that event my mother comes and bathes and feeds Bobby, since I must catch the five-fifty-five for Penn Station in New York, after dressing for my 'date.' But I hate to ask this favor of Mother often.

"Although I am busy from morning to night, I am not nearly as rushed as I was when the baby was younger. Then he and Bobby were on different diets. There was more washing, and ever and anon there were baby's bottles to be scoured and boiled, and his formula to be made."

Who will deny Mrs. Neidich's is a long and hard day?

Contrast it with the office day which she enjoyed before her marriage.

"I arrived at the office at nine. First I straightened the office, opened the mail, and took care of little jobs left over from the previous day. Then my employer—a charming and considerate man—dictated a bunch of letters.

"I took an hour or more for lunch. If I had personal errands I was free to do them—within reason, of course. In the afternoon I wrote letters or took more dictation. At five I was off. I seldom worked overtime. I could forget my job until next day."

Housework and the care of children sound simple enough. Indeed, it is the very simplicity and sameness of most of the operations that rasps on the sensitive nerves of the spirited young woman who has tasted the blood of business competition.

"It is all very well to talk about introducing business methods into the home," sighed one disillusioned young wife. "But after I had washed dishes half a dozen times I found I had thoroughly mastered the art—reached the highest possible point of efficiency. And before me stretches a lifetime of dish-washing—unless somebody leaves us a legacy and we can afford a maid."

It is the primal motherhood urge warring with the modern woman's love of excitement and achievement.

Even its most ardent proponents must admit that housework is drudgery. It lacks the glamour of the actress' life; it hasn't the variety and excitement which save the newspaper woman's existence from being a treadmill. The housewife-mother endures constantly that nervous strain which the teacher will tell you can't be endured for more than six hours a day.

MOST grueling of all, to many young women who have held paying positions, this profession often robs a woman of independence. No matter how underpaid, or how unfortunate or inefficient or shiftless her husband may be, the average housewife can't spring into the financial gap with her own earning ability—because of her children. At least, not without seriously hampering their welfare—and all the primitive, protective instincts of the female oppose her doing that.

In Mrs. Neidich's case, her own desire for congenial work is the chief consideration beckoning her back to business. But the financial benefits are not forgotten.

"I want my sons to go to college," she says. "If I could get a job—perhaps part-time employment—I could bank money against their future. I have a half-formed intention of leaving the children with my mother when they are older, while I go to work. But this seems unfair to my mother. Although she is not yet an old woman, she has raised her family, and the care of another seems too much to ask. My husband is violently opposed to any such plan. He wants me to postpone my return to work until the boys are old enough for college. Then it will be too late, for I will be too old."

Mrs. Neidich finds herself in the position of a woman with two passions. She craves congenial employment. And yet when small Richard smiles his red-lipped smile and Bobby puts up a bruised and dirty finger to be kissed, she craves more than anything else in the world the job of molding their minds and characters *herself*.

"I want both business and children," she admits. It is the primal motherhood urge warring with the modern woman's love of achievement and excitement.

LIKE millions of other families, the Neidichs' whole plan of living is built around the children. They moved to Far Rockaway because it meant sunshine and ocean air for the children. It meant, too, a forty-minute train ride morning and night for the young father. But this was preferable to life in a West Bronx flat, packed in with fifty other families.

Two blocks away from the Neidichs' conventional gray stucco dwelling lies the foaming Atlantic. First the neck known as Atlantic Beach, and beyond that the tumultuous waters of the ocean proper, stretching away in vast spaces toward sunny Spain.

This, for the young mother, means semi-isolation from the busy metropolis she loves. But the Neidich children have red cheeks.

Marriage somehow has got the reputation of being a soft job. This report must have grown out of the comparative ease in which those women find themselves who can afford competent domestic help. The 95 per cent of American wives who do their own housework are not press-agenting matrimony as a soft berth.

A good maidservant appears to be the factor which lifts housewifery into the white-collar class among women's occupations. Without a maid, the wife is put to the double exertion of being the genius of the lamp-lit family circle and the genius of the kitchen sink.

Consider Mrs. X living in Bronxville, a suburb of New York. We will call her Mrs. X for reasons that will be explained later. Although young and conversant with the satisfaction of professional independence, Mrs. X finds her domestic existence a vast improvement over her former occupation, school-teaching.

"Financially, I find that marriage pays far better than teaching," declares this wife. "When I taught I earned so little money that I didn't have enough to eat. If I hadn't been taken out to dinner three or four times a week when I taught in Porto Rico, I should often have been downright hungry.

"But marriage has other rewards besides monetary ones. Dependence is delightful after you've had a few hard knocks. It is pleasant to know that someone worries if you get your feet wet and is fretful if you look pale.

"Then, too, I like domestic life. There is companionship in the society of my eleven-year-old daughter, and I enjoy beautifying and improving my home. If your income is limited, as mine is, there is a satisfaction in achieving pleasant results on small sums."

As the daughter of a western university professor, and stepdaughter of another, who later was president of the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

PLAY BILLIARDS

A Low Priced Billiard Table for the Youngsters — $7.50

The Brunswick Junior Playmate is a table for juvenile use which meets the exacting Brunswick standards of construction. It must not be confused with ordinary toy tables. It is sturdily built, portable, with folding legs and complete playing equipment—available in six sizes, at $7.50, $13.50, $18.50, $37.50, $60.00 and $100.00 (*prices slightly higher west of Denver and in Canada*)—at leading stores everywhere. You will instantly identify it by its rich mahogany finish and the Brunswick trade-mark in Gold, which is shown below.

BRUNSWICK
JUNIOR PLAYMATE
MFG BY
THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE COLLENDER CO

No Problem for Dad

WITH billiards in the home, a parent is more than an acquaintance with his children. He's a playfellow, a hail-fellow, a confidant and companion. For billiards is the ideal recipe for home development. It is the magnet which draws together families and friends—young and old.

Billiards is the home's basic ally—the most wholesome of indoor games—providing perfectly proportioned physical and mental exercise, recreation, relaxation and play—for all the family—regardless of age.

Billiards is inexpensive. It can be played in the club-like atmosphere of the modern billiard room, recreation center, or at home. Brunswick home tables range in price from $7.50 up. Each model, irrespective of price, is staunchly made, accurately angled, and completely equipped with balls, cues, etc. The lower priced models are sold at leading stores everywhere. The more expensive tables can be bought on the deferred payment plan (*only a modest initial payment required*) from the Brunswick branches located in all principal cities.

Mail the coupon below for the "Home Magnet", a booklet of complete information, sizes, prices and illustrations of Brunswick Tables. There is no obligation implied.

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO.
Dept. 215, 623 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Without obligating me, please send your "Home Magnet", a booklet giving descriptions, sizes, prices, and your easy-payment plan on Brunswick Home Billiard Tables.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

THE BRUNSWICK-BALKE-COLLENDER CO., *General Offices:* 623-633 So. Wabash Avenue, *Chicago, Ill.* In Canada: *Toronto*

Why do they call

t the Dentists' dentifrice?

LONG before the word pyorrhea was known to the public, the name Forhan was known and respected throughout the dental profession.

It was the name of a preparation which dentists used regularly as an aid in their treatment of patients. It was also the name of Dr. R. J. Forhan of New York—then a practising dentist of high standing, who had developed this preparation used by dentists everywhere.

What was the function of Dr. Forhan's preparation? It was used as an adjunct in treatment to restore the health of the gums, to firm them up, to relieve them particularly when they were in a pyorrhetic condition. The results from its use were such that dentists began to ask, "Why should the benefits of this preparation be limited to our offices? In many cases the gums need daily care. What can be done to make the use of this excellent preparation an everyday routine in the home?"

Any mouth may have Pyorrhea, and at forty the odds are 4 out of 5

The response to these requests from dentists was Forhan's Toothpaste—a dentifrice with a double purpose.

First of all—a protection for the gums, applied with a daily massage aimed to keep them in firm and good health.

Second—a protection for the teeth—the safeguard of simple and thorough cleanliness. And keeping teeth clean is *all* you can do to protect them, between frequent visits to your dentist.

Make no mistake on this point—Forhan's is not medicated in any way for the purpose of cleaning teeth.

It contains only the tested and scientific cleansing ingredients which the dental profession has known for years.

It *cleans* the teeth, when regularly used, and does nothing more to the teeth.

But because it contains Dr. Forhan's preparation it also benefits the gums.

If you use a dentifrice, and of course you do, it is wise and safe to use Forhan's. Your dentist will tell you that there is no more thorough and honest cleansing preparation. But he knows that clean teeth are not enough; your gums also must be kept in good health. And for this purpose, Forhan's is simple and effective to use. It supplements the expert care of your dentist — helps to protect the condition of your mouth between your visits to his office. Its regular use may prevent serious trouble and even the loss of healthy teeth in years to come. That is why the mouth of youth, as well as of middle age, needs Forhan's. Begin to use it now. Forhan's comes in two sizes, 35¢ and 60¢ — a few cents a tube more than the ordinary toothpaste and exceedingly well worth it.

Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's

Your teeth are only as healthy as your gums

. . . "IT'S A ROYAL PORTABLE"

And the young hopeful capers with gleeful excitement. Pleased and delighted, mother congratulates Santa upon his thoughtfulness. He wisely chose a Royal Portable Typewriter as the ideal Christmas gift for the family, knowing well that its writing convenience would bring daily enjoyment to one and all . . . The Royal Portable, compact, sturdy, and so colorful, is amazingly simple to operate. Its lively, entertaining keys quickly and neatly type every thought. Children are actually encouraged in their school work to be done at home . . . Finished in a variety of colors including unique Duotones, the Royal Portable is obtainable also in a distinctive new type face, "Vogue", for personal correspondence . . . This most exceptional of Christmas gifts is priced at only $60.00 complete with carrying case. Convenient monthly payments may be arranged with your nearest dealer.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

More than 1800 Royal Portable Dealers in United States

Listen to Jesse Crawford . . . Royal's Poet of the Organ . . . every Sunday Night at 10:30 to 11 (Eastern Time) over the nation-wide Columbia Broadcasting System.

ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

Portable

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

institution, Mrs. X grew up in an atmosphere of esoteric culture. This suggested only one career—teaching. She majored in sociology and German and went to school-marming. In Ponce, on Porto Rico's south coast, she found herself in a lazy old Spanish town where tradition and nature combined to lull one into slumberous ease.

The schoolroom had no windows. Instead, wide doors let in the soft air, and outside in the perpetual sunshine palms moved their fronds lazily, and beggars sought the cool shade of the school building. The pupils were bright, excitable youngsters, colored all shades from ebony to white.

Teaching here was delightful, but it paid poorly. The young instructor received $75 a month.

Later, in an Indiana high school, she received $90 for teaching eight classes a day. This was hard work. During her rest hour she always slept, in order to last through the day.

She was constantly harassed by an insufficiency of funds.

Now, as the wife of a bond broker who has achieved a fair measure of success, her life is a song.

Mrs. X has a delightful apartment with seven rooms and two baths. In winter she plays bridge; in summer, golf. Yet with all her leisure she is not the lazy wife. She always gets up to eat with her husband mornings. Then she does her marketing, and this chore, done by automobile in the stimulating air of the suburbs, comes under the head of pleasure. She is active in the Parent-Teachers Association. She serves her turn in the school cafeteria once in two weeks. She makes her daughter's party frocks, and watches her education carefully. She has leisure to read.

As a business girl Mrs. Neidich worked from nine to five. Now her hours are all around the clock.

HAVING become a white-collar housewife, Mrs. X looks on her home as her castle, into which the world must not pry. She has become a private person.

After giving the facts of her domestic life to me, the 5 per cent feeling surged over her, and she wrote this letter:

My dear Miss Robinson: I have been lying awake nights worrying about that article. It did not bother me at all when you were here, for you proved such a charming person and I was most interested in talking over comparative advantages. But now I'm just all upset. When I think of having my picture appear along with such intimate details of my family life which could not have been made known in any way except through voluntary exposure, I'm just ill.

I don't mind having viewpoints exposed, but I wish my name did not have to appear—nor the picture—and certainly not the financial status.

I know you could strangle me for "revoking" thusly, but I'm so upset. Sincerely yours,

MARY X.

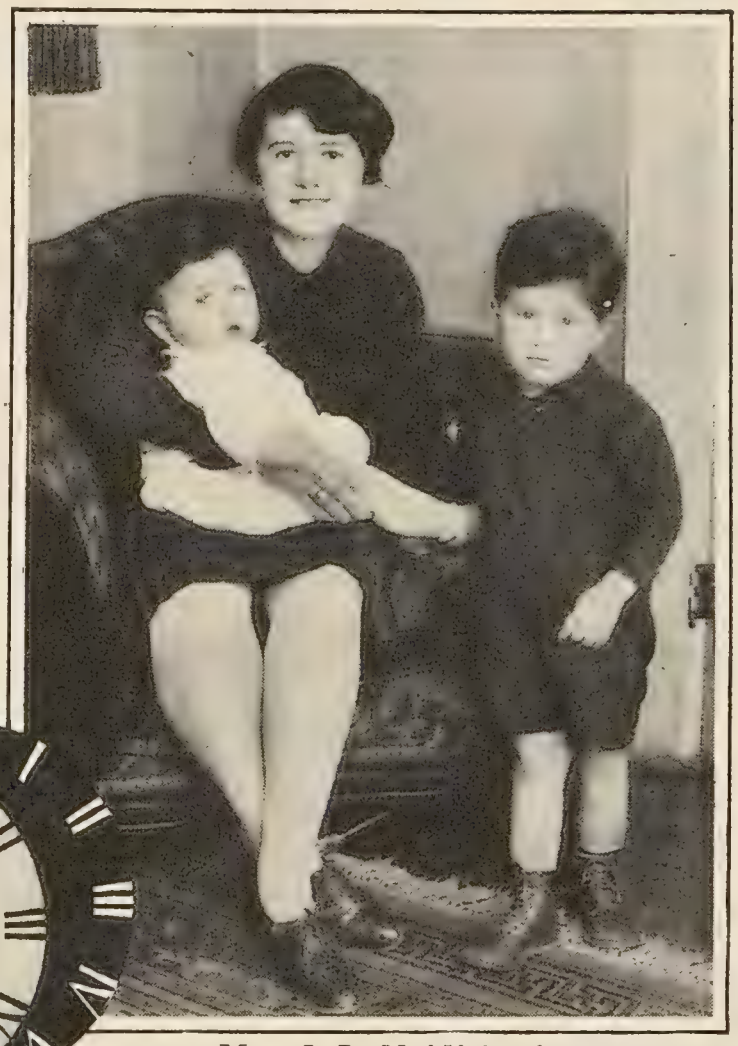
That explains why we have omitted her real name.

Mrs. X is the exquisite companion to her husband, always meeting him daintily gowned when he returns home at night, with vitality and sparkle to combat his weariness.

But now—a confession. Her contentment in the housewife rôle has only come about since the kitchen-sink side of domesticity was hoisted on to the strong shoulders of a West Indian Negro.

"If you had asked me about marriage and motherhood in the days when I lived in New York City I would have given a gloomier version. I couldn't afford a maid. I did all the cooking and cleaning myself, as well as caring for my baby and getting her into the open air.

"At night I was a wreck. I was too tired to enjoy my family. I wasn't fit to live with. Why my husband didn't leave me, I can't understand."



Mrs. I. L. Neidich of Far Rockaway, Long Island, with her two small sons.

MANY housewives complain that housework is not appreciated for the time-eating, back-breaking kind of employment it is, and that its careful performance offers no stimulation or mental satisfaction to the alert woman. It has no "kick."

For these reasons Mrs. Harriet Wallace of Cresskill, New Jersey, is teaching in a Tenafly, New Jersey, public grade school, and doing her household tasks after school and week-ends. Her own children, Harriet, fourteen, and Robert, thirteen, are in high school, which is in the same building.

She was graduated from Northwestern University and never worked before marriage. Her husband, C. E. Wallace, teaches commercial art in the New York High School of Commerce. The $5,000-a-year income he produces from his regular position, and from writing for publications on subjects akin to his teaching, is not sufficient to send the children to college. The mother's earnings are husbanded for that purpose.

"I would not dream of teaching if my children were small, or if they suffered by my absence from home," says this young woman. "The children go with me in the car to school. I systematize my domestic job. We live on a schedule.

"When a woman is at home all the time she gets into a rut. It is almost impossible for a married woman to carry on lucrative work in her own house, because household tasks—many not essential—are always crying to be done.

"In my school job there is a pleasant sense of achievement which I require for happiness. Housework does not provide it."

The women who have spoken thus far have all been young—with the outlook of the modern woman, willing and able to make comparisons between housewifery and "paying" professions.

What about Mrs. William McAdie, married forty-five years and mother of six children? Mrs. McAdie has never worked outside her home, but she has daughters who have.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Companionate Marriage... or Free Love?

Judge Lindsey writes FRANKLY on this modern situation!

Is it trial marriage? Something to be afraid of? Judge Ben B. Lindsey, famous juvenile judge and author of the title "Companionate Marriage", announces in his frank article in January True Confessions Magazine: "All this misunderstanding about companionate marriage must be dispelled! My explanation will probably surprise and amaze you. For now you shall have the truth! And every modern man and woman should know..." Read it in the January issue of

SPECIAL FEATURES!
Hungry for Kisses
The Love Trap
Cheated of My Husband
Eve of the Underworld

These are but a few of the many absorbing true confessions as revealed by men and women so that others may avoid their mistakes in life and love! And remember, Judge Lindsey's exclusive article will be the talk of the nation! Don't miss this wonderful January issue. Get it now!

If your newsstand is sold out (and unless you act immediately it will be!) mail 25c (in stamps) to: **True Confessions Magazine,** 35 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago

On Sale NOW at Your Newsstand, 25c

[THE JOB OF BEING A WIFE
Continued from page forty-seven]

Her conclusions on the subject are simple and definite.

"As housewife and mother you're well off if you get a good man," she will tell you, in a perfect Barrie accent.

"But if you don't get a good man, it's better to stay single, especially if you're making a decent salary."

Prime rules for a successful domestic career, she says, are: "To meet your husband cheerfully, to have his meals ready, and to be truthful with him in all things."

She feels that there is too little religion in our modern married life.

"Wives want pleasure and money. They don't want children because the love isn't there. We were both nineteen when we married—my husband and I—in the little fishing town of Wick, Scotland. When my lads and lassies were little I did everything—washing, ironing, cooking, scrubbing—and thanked God I had the health to do it."

Two of Mrs. McAdie's sons—one a major in the A. E. F.—are incapacitated for work due to the depredations of war.

The third, William, is a salesman. Of her daughters, Jessie is a nurse in the navy, Alice is a bookkeeper, and Elizabeth is a teacher. These young women, Mrs. McAdie says, would willingly give up their work for marriage and housework, "if they could find a man with a disposition like father's."

Apparently Mrs. McAdie's domestic life has satisfied her completely, since the modern professional daughters all envy their old-fashioned mother's status. The father, until he quit work, was an automobile finisher. The McAdies live at 4005 Avenue I, Brooklyn.

It appears that the housewife's rewards in love and affection from husband and children frequently overbalance the many disadvantages.

These benefits enliven and save a profession that many women would otherwise shun.

The married housewife, too, may generally look to some provision for old age, especially if she is willing to depend on her children. This is an advantage that women in most other occupations lack and that forces the single woman on a small salary to look aghast into the blank future of declining years.

The number of married women who work outside is astonishing. In 1920, of more than eight million women in the United States who were gainfully employed, 23 per cent were married! Actively married, too. This figure does not include widows and divorcees.

Spinsters, on an average, live three months longer than married women (who are almost always housewives).

Insurance companies attribute the lesser longevity of wives to the risks of pregnancy and childbirth which they endure.

THE END

Liberty is offering

$100 Apiece

for Short Short Stories

THEY must be short enough to be printed in a single page of Liberty—the shorter the better, but in any case not over 1,200 words. One hundred dollars apiece will be paid for any accepted and published.

All rights in such stories as are bought will be the property of Liberty, but any possible proceeds from book, picture, or dramatic rights will be divided with the authors on a fifty-fifty basis.

Otherwise the customary rules for submitting manuscripts will apply. Use one side of the paper only, and if possible use a typewriter, though legible handwriting will not be barred. All manuscripts are sent at the owners' risk. If you want rejected ones returned, inclose a stamped and addressed envelope—*not merely stamps.*

And when you send them address them simply to SHORT SHORT STORIES, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

We cannot undertake to enter into correspondence concerning these stories.

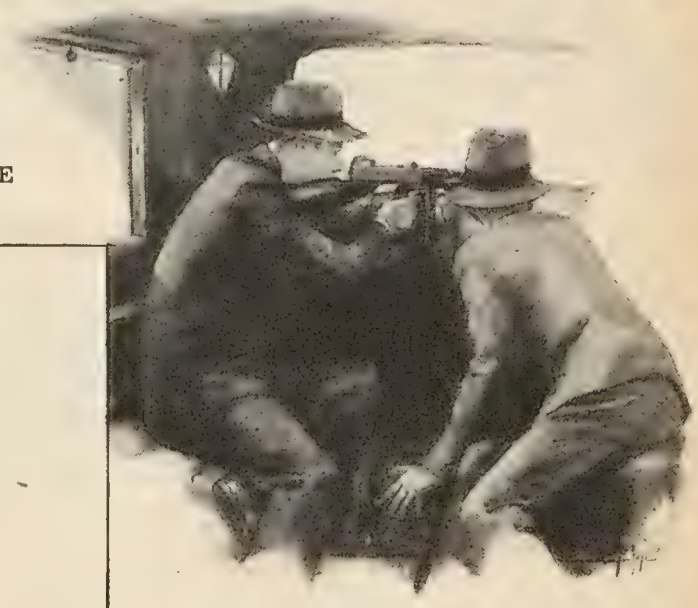
ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 34

1—Charles G. Dawes.
2—Seasickness.
3—One who attacks cherished beliefs as impositions or shams.
4—Thirty-two.
5—The fathom (six feet).
6—A species of bat.
7—The hand (four inches).
8—Oliver Twist.
9—Cold blood.
10—La Crosse.
11—A system of printing or writing for the blind in which the characters are represented by tangible points or dots.
12—Seeds of the castor-oil plant.
13—Nouns, pronouns, adjectives, verbs, adverbs, prepositions, conjunctions, and interjections.
14—Edward Grieg.
15—Seoul.
16—Austria-Hungary.
17—Vesuvius.
18—The bestowal of patronage by reason of relationship, rather than because of merit.
19—Nuremberg.
20—The first a is sounded as the a in date.

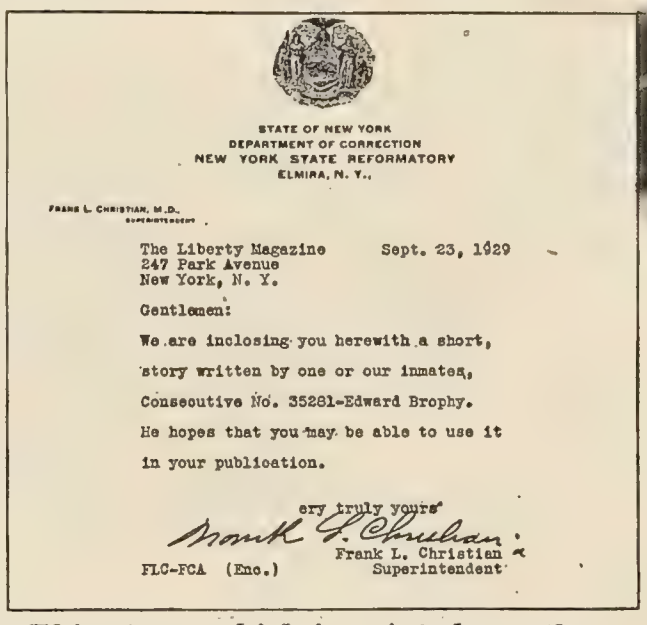
Antidote for Monotony

A Short Short Story

By Edward Brophy



Picture by Walter Pyle



STATE OF NEW YORK
DEPARTMENT OF CORRECTION
NEW YORK STATE REFORMATORY
ELMIRA, N. Y.,

FRANK L. CHRISTIAN, M.D.
SUPERINTENDENT

The Liberty Magazine Sept. 23, 1929
247 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

We are inclosing you herewith a short, story written by one or our inmates, Consecutive No. 35281-Edward Brophy. He hopes that you may be able to use it in your publication.

Very truly yours
Frank L. Christian
Frank L. Christian
Superintendent

FLC-FCA (Enc.)

This story, which is printed exactly as it was received, came to Liberty with the above letter.

HE stood tall and erect, one hand on the door knob, the other draped familiarly about his wife's shoulder.

"Teddy," she said, as he kissed her good-bye, "Let's hope you don't forget what day it is."

"Don't fear—I won't, kid—Bye."

"Bye honey."

. . . . .

A gaudily painted taxicab conveying two guards and the Construction Company's payroll crept into the quiet street. It was late afternoon. A slight rain had fallen. The usually crowded sidewalks were empty of people. A heavy sedan swung suddenly from in back of the cab, and with a screech of brakes, planted its grim bulk across the road. Three well dressed men leaped to the running board of the halted cab—flourished heavy calibre guns—talked brief and fast—and returned with a weighty canvas sack.

"Let's go, Red," one muttered in even calm tones.

The street was heavy with suspense, while the big car gathered speed. Then from nowhere, hell broke loose. A stream of bullets beat a metallic tattoo on the car's back. The windshield burst into pieces, and the driver toppled over to the side ever so slowly—a bullet coming out of the front of his head, between the eyes. Then nerves that were stretched to a breaking point snapped like elastic bands.

"Holy gee, Ted, what'll we do? Lam?"

"Kerist, no—grab the wheel; when you reach the middle of the block jam on the brakes— Get me?"

"Okay, Ted."

"You, Red, toss Jimmy out—he's done for."

It was done as soon as spoken. Two huge cars raced up the street. The bandits in front; the squad car in back, loaded with law. The first came to an abrupt halt and as the second closed in, Ted got set. He pushed the blue steel barrel through the glassless back, caught the forward grip with his left hand, nestled the butt snugly in his shoulder, and let go. Brrrrrrrrrr—the steel jacketed slugs sang a ghastly death song. The police car halted while the Tommy-gun sprayed the front wheels in short arc bursts.

"She throws four-fifty a minute," Ted thought, "Guess those tires got enough. Now for the radiator."

And with his eye still glued to the sight he experienced a confusion of assorted thought. How did it feel to die? What were the last few minutes like? Die! Die! He didn't want to die—goddamn it! He didn't want to die. Not with all that warm young blood singing the song of youth in his veins. Could he get over this one last trick. Think of the judge saying, "I sentence you to forty years in States Prison." What diabolical irony—Forty years. Tonight he'd chow in a good wop joint—a mess of spaghetti and some ginney red. Hell no! Whiskey he'd have—plenty of fiery rye—it would still that funny feeling he had in his stomach—like after the last touch. Maybe the racket was gettin' his nerve. Perhaps he wasn't as hard as the other guys. Sure he was—sure he was—how many times must he prove it to himself. There was no return fire. The police car was crippled. Its occupants fled.

"They won't come now," he muttered through clenched teeth, "They won't come now." And they didn't. The machine gun was a royal flush in that particular little game. . . .

Ted entered the house, threw his hat aside in an attitude of having finished a hard days work, and returned his wife's affectionate embrace.

"Hello honey boy."

"Lo, kid, what's the program for tonight?"

"Say, Ted, do you know what I've been thinking? You lead an awfully dull old life in that stupid real estate office of yours—let's go to a real hot cabaret tonight, and get a little excitement. That's a good antidote for monotony."

. . . . .

THE prison warden dropped the typewritten manuscript, tilted his easy chair, opened a middle desk drawer on which to repose his feet, and playfully fingering a carved ivory paper knife, spoke in slow, measured, friendly tones.

"Son, that's a fairly well written short story. No literary value but just the kind of trash the public welcomes. You want me to mail it to that Liberty Magazine contest—is that it? Well I can't do that lad, nope—can't do it. Gawd might of made me a warden but he compensated in a few other ways. That's his system, savvy? Well, two things he endowed me with are a remarkable insight into human nature, and a keen faculty for remembering things in general. That incident you write about has all the earmarks of that payroll robbery of the Atlas Construction Company, three years ago. Coincidence could never account for the similarity between your tale and that very job. The taxicab, the squad car, the man shot exactly where you said, between the eyes. On top of that, the machine gun poked out through the glassless window, making a junk heap out of the copper's car. Now hold your horses, don't get flustered. Of course you might have gathered the details from the Tabloids, they go in for that stuff in a big way. I'm not accusing you of complicity in the crime, it's all supposition on my part. However, I happen to know you were a "fast" man on the outside and a damned good one. Don't you think that some of those headquarter's coppers might use the same line of deduction if they see your moniker signed to this tale. No, lad, I won't send that out cause I'm your friend and I've been around stirs long enough to know that ten years is enough for any man. I know that little girl is waiting and when your parole day rolls around I'd hate to see any hooks on you. Just one more thing before you go. Get yourself some paint and paint the word 'discretion' on your cell wall. It's a Helluva good watchword. That's all."

THE END

Vox

What a Parent Thinks About When the Boys Are Out With the Car

PEORIA, ILL.—I have just read your editorial page of the Nov. 2 Liberty, and I do not agree with you at all that College "men" should be allowed automobiles. I have two boys in the Senior class in High School who expect to attend college next year. They will very likely go to the University of Illinois, as students are not allowed cars on the campus.

My husband has driven a car for several years and never allowed the boys to drive until last spring. The older boy never was crazy about driving but the 15 year old one nearly made us crazy teasing to drive. Children are allowed to drive in this state when they are 15, and as the two boys were going to go up to Minneapolis for the summer we told them they could have the car.

So, about a month before school was out, we let them have it. They were out nearly every day or night from then on. When they took the trip to Minneapolis, they drove an average of 45 miles an hour. The seven weeks the car was driven before we drove up there, it had gone 2,000 miles (not counting the 500 mile trip up there).

The boys were picking berries days. But when they went any place the car sometimes had as many as 16 boys and girls piled onto it. It also was driven 65 miles an hour. They had one accident which injured the car but not them to the extent of $15.00 which they paid. When we arrived there, the car was just ready for the junk yard and was sold.

Since returning here, the boys can each have the car one evening a week if they pay the gas The older one doesn't care to pay the gas so leaves it home. The other boy not only takes his night with it, but other nights when other boys have their cars he goes out too. They always have girls with them, of course, and where they go is nobodies business but their own. Now, until that boy is thru college or 21 years old, we are responsible for his accidents, have the upkeep of the car to pay for. Why should a parent be foolish enough to let his boys take a car to college when he knows all those things? If a parent has unlimited means and doesn't care what his boy does or what happens—why, let him take a car to college.

Thousands of people now driving never saw a car until they were thru college and they make better drivers than a boy in a car full of laughing, talking young people ever can do. A boy under 21 still in school and not earning his money has no idea of the value of money, so why should they be allowed a deadly weapon on the streets?

If my husband didn't need the car to drive to work, we certainly would not have it around. It has been a cause of more quarrels with the one son than any thing else. I always worry about accidents happening whenever one of the boys drives, and they are always forgetting to turn off the ignition, lock the garage, or leave parking lights on or some other thing equally as annoying. The boys will be 18 and 16 when they start their Freshman year in college and believe me, they will not have a car!

I don't believe you know much about young people or you would never have written such a foolish article. Did you attend college? We live near Bradley Institute and a High School too.—*E. N. Cooper.*

We Didn't Say There Should Be No Discipline

BLAINE, WASH. — Apropos of your editorial in the November 2 issue of Liberty, entitled "Yale Boys or Yale Men?" I would like to relate the following incident.

A few weeks ago I was attending a theater in Vancouver, B. C., when a bunch of two or three hundred students of the University of British Columbia crashed the doors, took possession of the place, and proceeded to make whoopee, ruining the show for the hundreds of people who had paid their good money to see and hear it.

Was this the performance of men, or of boys? Where do you draw the line? Are they always boys when they pull off stunts like the above, and men only when it comes to applying any sort of restrictions or discipline to them? That seems to be the attitude of a great many people besides the students themselves. —*W. J. Willahan.*

Only Twenty?

RIDGEFIELD, N. J.—I think Liberty is worth ten cents at its worst. And twenty cents at its best.—*Wm. Monaghan.*

Oh, All Right

NEW YORK, N. Y.—"My Mother, Lillian Russell," started off in a charming style, chatty and intimate, then dropped into an autobiography of the writer.

The adored Lillian Russell was an institution and an idol of the American people and in these articles we would far rather learn more of her life than have to wade through so many of the girlish doings of "Daute."—*A. Garfield Learned.*

Mr. Carter Rolls a Pill

FAYETTEVILLE, TENN.—Liberty! Somehow I like the dern thing. It isn't highbrow and it ain't lowbrow. Right sometimes, wrong often—but as human as a pug nose.

Wish it was a twice-a-week.—*Carter the Pill Roller.*

Beg Pardon. Our Mistake. We Got Our Figures from the World Almanac

MEMPHIS, TENN.—I note in your editorial headed "Politics, 1932," that you include Mississippi as one of the states Mr. Hoover carried in the presidential election. I wish to correct this error.

While Mr. Smith did not poll the normal Democratic majority, he carried the state of Mississippi by a decisive majority.—*James W. Wooton.*

OLIVE BRANCH, MISS.—Your editorial, issue of November 9, entitled "Politics, 1932," was wrong in the statement that Mr. Smith lost the state of Mississippi.

The writer—and, I am sure, all Democrats of Mississippi—resent even the insinuation that Mississippi might go Republican.—*J. R. Gorman.*

Knock No. 1

MONROE, MICH.—I have been following the course of "The Rake and the Hussy." I am sorry to say that I am completely disgusted with it, for a man of Robert W. Chambers' ability should do much better.

The story appeals to me as being pitifully amateurish.

Chambers' characters are not human, nor are their actions in any way what we could expect from that particular age or any other period.—*S. J. Rubley, M. D.*

Knock No. 2

COLUMBUS, OHIO—R. W. Chambers' novel started off to be a real humdinger but now it has become as impossible as me standing in Liberty's office drinking out of a bottle of good old corn and keeping you guys off.

This Capt. Brooke is too damn gallant for such a rake and, anyhow, he's so darn conceited telling all about how he did this and that and still left that red-hot little gal alone. Whatta you trying to hand us, Mr. Chambers?—*Wesley S. Bird.*

Boost No. 1

DETROIT, MICH.—George Trevor certainly knows football. His article entitled "Football's Post-War Pantheon" was a pip! In my opinion Liberty has the best sport articles in any American magazine today. Walter Eckersall, Hugh Fullerton, Trevor, etc., make Liberty well worth twenty-five cents.—*Bill Gage.*

Boost No. 2

PASADENA, CALIF.—I never can resist turning to see what Ralph Barton has to say about the world.

There's a man who should be given a Congressional Medal for bravery and originality.

The cleverest man in the country, in my opinion, is Mr. Barton. — *John Schlalos.*

Pop

Gloomy Picture of a World All Shot to Pieces by the Metric System

BALTIMORE, MD.—Being an editor, I don't think you come in contact with figures to a great extent, for if you did, and had given the metric system a little study, I hardly think you would be so enthusiastic about its adoption in your editorial, "Months, Meters, and Money."

To begin with, the metric unit was intended to be a scientifically accurate unit, equal to the ten-millionth part of the terrestrial quadrant. It was supposed that such was the case, as French engineers had spent seven years in determining the exact kilometer. But after being in use a number of years it was discovered that the distance taken as the basis of a meter was inaccurately measured. It was then too late to correct it, so that the meter, as a unit, is just an arbitrary unit, as is the foot.

If the metric system were to be adopted some of the results would be: Scales of all kinds would be either discarded or would require to be newly graduated. All measures, both liquid and dry, would be discarded. All designs for machinery, building, etc., would have to be made to the new units. Of these designs and their tracings and duplicate copies there are untold millions.

All receipt books would be useless if units of measure were changed. In mechanical and scientific literature the confusion and expense would be stupendous. These changes would lead to changes in encyclopedias, dictionaries, etc. All schoolbooks on arithmetic, geometry, trigonometry would be made obsolete. Of these there are many millions.

Let us then adhere to the English system!—*G. F. Nixon.*

You Think So?

WAPPINGERS FALLS, N. Y.—How does Gladys Huntington Bevans, in Liberty for October 26, get that way when she says, "I had really imagined that in these enlightened days nobody spanked sixteen- or eighteen-year-old children any more"?

I spank my two daughters, who are fifteen and seventeen, once in a while and I don't think the hairbrush does them any harm at all. I caught them smoking cigarettes the other day and whipped them for it. I am pretty sure they won't smoke again.—*An Old-Fashioned Mother.*

Well, Maybe

BUFFALO, N. Y.—Field Marshal Elliott White Springs must have been on a binge and run afoul of one of his own cocktails before he hauled out his trusty pen and started to write his latest masterpiece, "Hokum."

Now there's an appropriate title, egad! He states that one of the firing party at a military funeral "let his gun go off accidentally and shot himself in the foot." Even the Boy Scouts know that blank cartridges are always used to fire a last salute over the grave of a dead comrade.—*D. Roberts.*

For Mrs. Norris

SEATTLE, WASH. — Griffith's article, "What Is Beauty in Motion Pictures?" was wonderful, but it is well known that he is a genius. Kathleen Norris, in her article on beauty, denies beauty by limiting it. Her statement that animals never "cry, dream, yearn for anything beyond clover tops, etc.," does not seem just to the man who once coaxed the dog of a dead master to eat the most tempting food, only to have the animal each time turn to lie by the grave until the dog himself finally died.—*Jack Reams.*

SEATTLE, WASH.—Who told Kathleen Norris that animals don't "laugh," "feel happy," "feel sad," and so on? She never took her dog for a walk and watched his joy as he reached the front door. She never saw a cow watch her calf taken from her and heard that cow call all day long and most of the night through.

She never received a letter: "Come back—your dog watches all day at the window and won't eat."

Kathleen Norris' acquaintance with animals is evidently limited to the bookworm.—*Elsie Washburn.*

BALTIMORE, MD. — Since Kathleen Norris knows life, and knows people, and writes with such a magic pen, it was to be expected that her article, "What Is Beauty in Words?" would be a little masterpiece. And it was.

The best proof that it was effective writing is the fact that, after I'd finished it, I wanted to read every single book or poem she mentioned.—*M. Blake.*

Fixing Things for Sandy

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.—Why not have a rich uncle of Sandy and Lil die and leave them his money, and have them go over to Europe with their brat—and have the steamer sink in the Atlantic?

Then let Norman Price do the Liberty covers.—*A Sandy and Lil Hater.*

AKRON, OHIO—I wish to congratulate you upon having the great Leslie Thrasher. That man is positively uncanny. I already love Marianthe Demetropolos: that black-haired, blue-eyed angel from the Grecian Isles. If Mr. Thrasher could arrange to give Sandy the slip some day at lunch, I'll make a special trip to New York to take this little girl out. She's my idea of a Blue Heaven.—*J. H. B.*

Why Editors Find It Easy to Pick Stories That Will Please Everybody

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Up to this time I've been of the opinion that your magazine was darn good. But, after this last issue with that story by Beatrice Harmon, I've changed my mind. I've read worse stories, but I wish someone would tell me where.—*Peggy.*

MEMPHIS, TENN.—Where did Beatrice Harmon come from? Whew! She certainly can write and I don't mean perhaps. Why not have more of her stories and just as good as "The Daughter of Charley Malone"?

If I just had one nickel to my name I would certainly spend it on Liberty.—*L. M. C.*

Call for Brain-Busters—

JACKSONVILLE, FLA. — What has become of the hard cross-word puzzle that Liberty used to publish? For the past three months the puzzles are both so simple that any schoolboy is able to do them. Won't you please let us old fans have one at least each week that is really difficult; one that will make us hustle to solve it? You had them for a time. Please let us have them again.—*Millicent Medland.*

—and a Little Sunshine

MADISON, WIS. — The short short stories have been fine, but we feel that we've been modern long enough. Lay off the trials, suicides, and killings, and give us a few happy endings.—*A. Ecker.*

Sorry. We Don't Buy Copies

KANSAS CITY, MO.—I tried an experiment. I copied, word for word, a short story of 993 words, written by one of the highest paid authors in the world and mailed it under a fictitious name with stamped envelope for return.

Lo and behold, today it came back with the usual rejection slip.

What a bunch of bums you must use for short short story readers!—*Scotty.*

He Kinda Likes Miss Page

WILMINGTON, N. C.—Cripes and raspberries and Christopher Columbo! You've gone and let a guy named Smith smear discord in your pages. Why, every time I think of it my plasma fairly rages!

One star he gives, one star alone he gives that little eyeful, Anita Page. Why, dog my cats, she's due a whole damnskyful!—*H. Clark, Jr.*

Woof!

WORCESTER, MASS.—Every time I read Liberty I go into a rage and want to bite it, or bite myself, or bite somebody.—*Thomas.*

Inside the Ropes with LOU MAGNOLIA

The Colorful Life of a Great Referee

By

SIDNEY SUTHERLAND

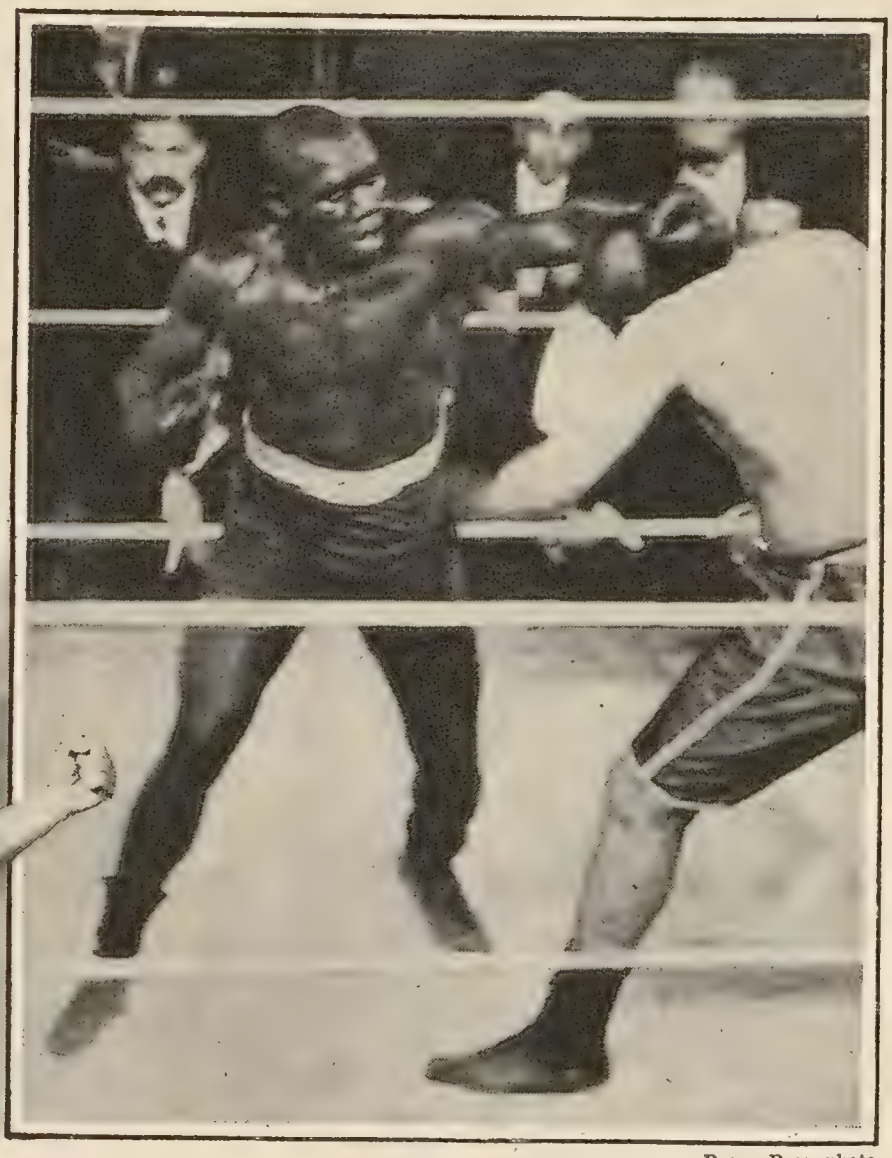
LAST week Mr. Sutherland began his story of the life of Lou Magnolia, the well known boxing referee, with Magnolia's memories of the lower East Side of New York City in the '80s and '90s, when as a boy he saw a good deal of the famous fighters of the time, and of its picturesque Bowery and Chinatown celebrities.

PART TWO

"I STARTED to school when I was about nine years old," said Lou Magnolia. "My first teacher was a Miss Churchill, and she simply couldn't pronounce my name. She called me Louis Maglola—Magiola—Maglala—and so on and on, my name, Magliola, being too much for her. One day she called me Louis Magnolia, and the class howled with delight. From that day to this I have been called Lou Magnolia, and after all a name is only what you do with it and make out of it.

"I was a husky boy, and tall for my age. We played baseball under the L structures, dodging street cars, trucks, cabs, and policemen. In the cramped school yard we played football and handball and wrestled and boxed. Boys older than myself had no chance with me, for I was quick and tough and strong. Later I was sent to the Morris High School far up in the Bronx, and I rode the Third Avenue elevated to and fro. I didn't like this school, so my father sent me to the Packard Business College at the corner of Canal and the Bowery. I stayed there a year, studying shorthand, typewriting, and bookkeeping.

"This didn't suit me, either, so my father enrolled me in Manhattan College, a Catholic institution then at 131st Street and Broadway. I was happy there. I belonged to what they called the Second Division, and I was as tall and powerful as a man of twenty. They had every sort of athletics. The following year I moved into the First Division. We were called the Jaspers, after Brother Jasper, one of our most popular teachers. I played first base and the rest of the team was composed of boys from five to seven years older than I. On the football team I was fullback, and was center on the basketball team.



Brown Bros. photo

Joe Walcott in action. He was welterweight champion, 1901-04. He often fought outside his class, licking Dan Creedon and Joe Choynski. Most heavies feared him.

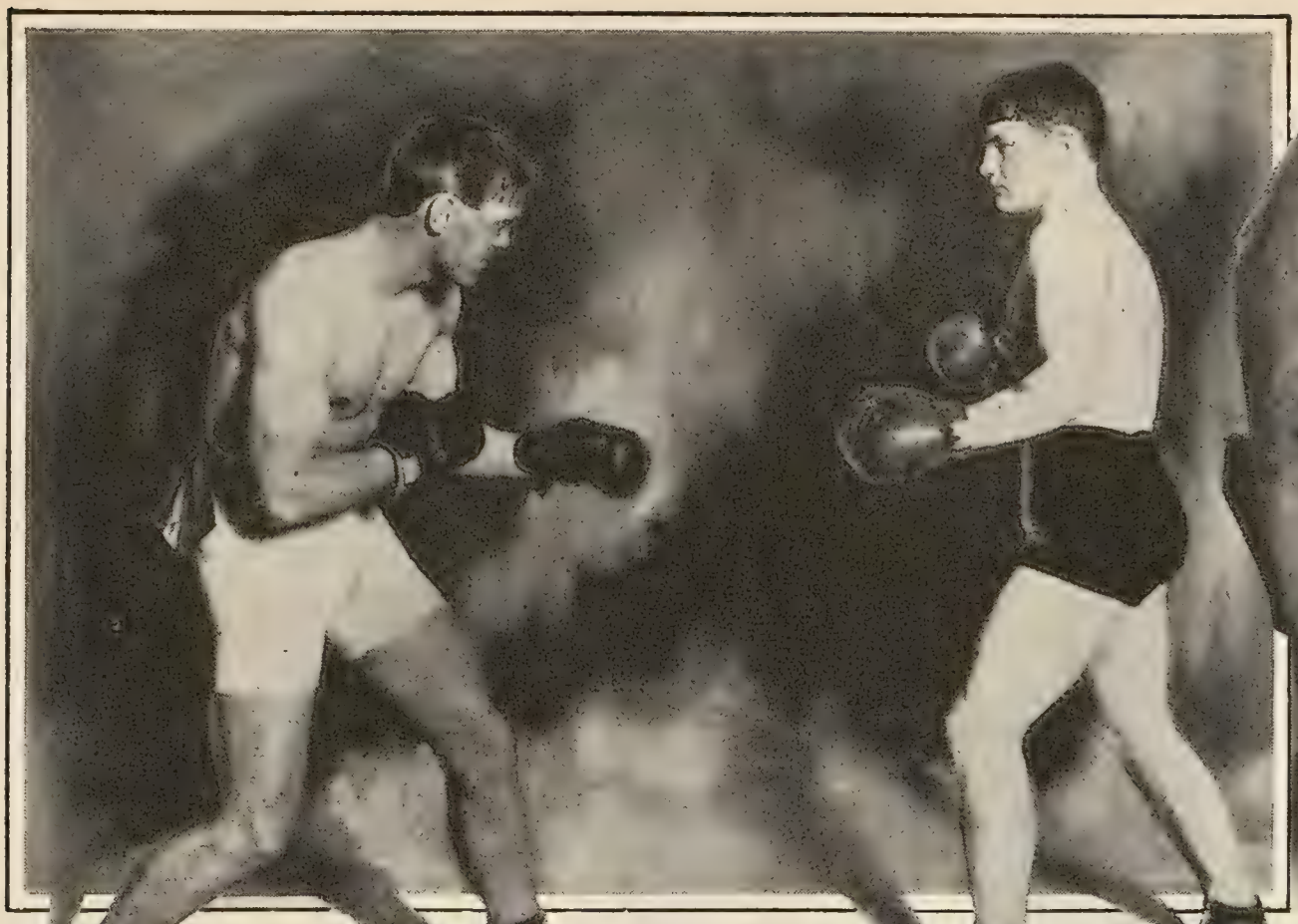
The Ring photo

Young Griffo, a little Australian whose speed was uncanny.

"We played against everybody—Fordham, Georgetown, Columbia, Yale, Villanova—and our record still compares well with any class that has followed us. The baseball season in New York was regarded as open officially in those days when Manhattan College met the New York Giants just back from their training camp. Among the players I have faced were Amos Rusie, Cy Seymour, Kid Gleason, Jack Warner. We often beat them.

"Dick Croker, the famous Tammany chief, had three sons at Manhattan: Bert, Frank, and Richard, Jr. Frank was my roommate. We were chums, but one morning we had an argument over a necktie and decided to fight it out. We went over behind a big gas tank on the West Side, and I must admit that I gave Frank a terrific lacing. We returned separately to our room and began to pack, feeling our friendship was at an end. But one of us made a crack and the other laughed, and Frank was my good friend until he was killed years later while driving a racing automobile at Ormond, Florida.

"All this time and for several years afterward I belonged to the Metropolitan Rowing Club, and I was in every crew, the singles, doubles, eights, and sweeps. I



Dana photo from Brown Bros.

Terry McGovern (at the left) vs. Young Corbett in their return match, March 31, 1903. Again McGovern lost to his chubby "jinx."

P. & A. photo

Lou Magnolia as he appears today.

Dana photo from Brown Bros.

Joe Gans, greatest of Negro fighters, and Battling Nelson in their historic fight at Goldfield, Nevada, September 3, 1906. It went forty-two grueling rounds before Gans won. The gate, huge for those days, was $69,715.

also sculled. We trained and raced on the Muddy Harlem, as the Harlem River was called.

"And all this time I was boxing and wrestling at the armories and the little clubs, and playing semi-pro baseball and football. I drifted gradually away from the college and spent my days on the diamond or gridiron and my nights in the ring or on the mat.

"I HAD many friends in Far Rockaway, and years later I ran Bill Brown's Bayhead Athletic Club there. The Horton law had been repealed, and we just took a chance. Running fights was against the law, so every week after the main event a detective would climb into the ring. As I was matchmaker, announcer, and referee, I was always pinched. The two principals and their managers would also be grabbed and we'd all go over to the police station. And every time, Bill Devery, the celebrated old police chief of New York City, would go our bail. He would sign a paper, putting up $1,000 for me and $1,000 for each fighter. The paper wasn't worth a cent.

"The next morning we'd all be in court. The judge was Eugene Gilroy. The detective would testify that we had staged a prize fight and had charged admission, which also was a misdemeanor.

"I would testify that it was only a scientific boxing exhibition in which no hard blows were struck, and that no admission had been charged—merely a collection of weekly dues from our club membership.

"Judge Gilroy would then solemnly ask the detective what the difference was between a prize fight and a boxing match, and the dick would say he didn't know, so the magistrate would bawl him out and let us go. Once when the dick stammered and stalled, Bill Devery cried out: 'Why, your honor, he can't answer—he's nonpulsed!'

"One night I was sitting in the front office when a little fellow walked in. He was a seedy-looking little

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page fifty-three

bum, wearing a cap and a fine black eye. He asked me to put him on in a preliminary. I asked him if he could fight and he said he could try like hell.

"I loaned him some shoes and trunks and he knocked a local boy dead in two rounds. I used him a few times after that. Presently he graduated to the bigger clubs in Manhattan and went out west.

"This same seedy little tramp was walking down Broadway when I saw him again after a long absence. He had an expensive fedora hat, a cane, spats, yellow gloves, and a flashy suit, and he was leading a white, bench-legged bulldog. Across his double-breasted waistcoat was a huge diamond-studded platinum chain. The diamonds spelled out their owner's name in letters an inch high—KID WILLIAMS. He was a great little bantam champ until Pete Herman of New Orleans took him.

"Before I was nineteen years of age I married. My wife was May Charlotte Wagner, daughter of August P. Wagner, a well known lawyer. We had met as children, when our parents would move to Rockaway Beach during the summer months. Father Mooney, now a monsignor, said the ceremony on August 26, 1897, at the Church of the Sacred Heart of Jesus on West Fifty-first Street.

"To jump ahead of my story a bit, three children have come to make us happy. Louise was born in 1903, Louis, junior, in 1908, and Walter in 1918. I am Past Deputy Grand Knight, Maris Stella Council, Knights of Columbus, Far Rockaway. We own a nice home and other property in Far Rockaway today.

The family of a great referee. Mrs. Magnolia holds her infant son, Walter. The older children are Louis, Jr., and Louise.

"A year or so before my marriage I had met Captain Dyer while I was boxing at the Twelfth Regiment Armory on Sixty-second Street. Dyer was later a brigadier general on Governor Al Smith's staff. When the Maine was sunk in Havana harbor in February of 1898, I enlisted with Company G, Twelfth Regiment, New York National Guard, under Dyer. We were enrolled in the regular army and sent to Chickamauga, to Charleston, and then to Matanzas, Cuba.

"I was soon champion boxer of our regiment, and I met the champions of the other outfits. Under the tropical stars and the torches placed around the improvised ring in Matanzas, I have often looked over my opponent's sweating shoulder and seen at ringside Theodore Roosevelt and Generals Fighting Joe Wheeler and Chaffee—also Funston and Mills, though they became generals later.

"We returned to New York in December, 1898, and were mustered out. My wife, who had remained with her parents while I was in the army, decided that I ought to have a job. I had one hundred and thirty-seven dollars which Uncle Sam handed me, and we started housekeeping in a tiny flat up in the Bronx. We paid nineteen dollars a month rent, but our building was the only one around there that had steam heat.

"MY first job was with the John Kress brewery on Fifty-fourth between Second and Third Avenues. I was assistant bookkeeper and they paid me ten dollars a week, but I could get off when my team was playing baseball or football. I would play on Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday afternoons with the Orange, New Jersey, team, which was in the Lackawanna League. I played first base and got six dollars a game.

"I also boxed and wrestled at night. George Bothner, the retired undefeated lightweight wrestling champion, and I met often. He had grown considerably. I used to get five dollars for a half-hour wrestling contest, and I met Leo Pardello, Bull Montana, George Sandelli, Emil Pons, Shad Link, and Neil Olsen. I weighed about 165 to 170 pounds, and some of my opponents topped 200. If I had a chance to box, I did. I was paid ten dollars for four rounds and the same for fifteen rounds! I met Jack Collier, Billy Ernst, Danny Gallagher, Dolly Lyons, George Cole, and others.

"A queer duck in those days was Brassband Johnny Dunn. He was a promoter, a referee, and an announcer. He often gave me work. He arranged for me to fight Cole in Tattersall's in Chicago. We got transportation, and Cole and I put on a savage bout for eight rounds in the famous old amphitheater.

"When it was over and I was lying, bruised and exhausted, in my dressing room, Brassband showed up and generously gave me my purse. It was nine dollars! However, some admirer crashed the dressing room and handed me an order on a local haberdasher's for a five-dollar silk shirt.

"Brassband Johnny took some wrestlers barnstorming once. I met Bothner in Lowell, Massachusetts; Shad Link in Boston; Pardello in Roxbury, the birthplace of John L. Sullivan; and Emil Pons in Springfield. We were gone nine days, and besides these bouts I helped Brassband by ushering, announcing, refereeing contests between local athletes, and selling tickets.

"As we walked into the Grand Central Station on our return Brassband handed me a roll of bills with a five-spot on the outside and hurried away. I unrolled the money and found five one-dollar bills inside! I was furious, but Bothner laughed and told me to forget it.

"I WORKED for the Kress brewery for about ten years, being promoted from ten dollars a week as assistant bookkeeper to forty-five dollars a week as excise clerk.

"One of the finest specimens of the old double-cross I ever saw involved two of the greatest fighters the ring ever knew. Tommy Ryan of Syracuse, New York, was the welterweight champion, and while training for one of his fights he hired a kid from Indiana named Norman Selby. Selby had fought a few times in minor bouts under the name of Kid McCoy. He was clever enough and willing and Ryan was glad to have him about his camp.

"The Kid fought a few more battles, won them in spectacular fashion, and then went one day to call on Ryan. He explained that he was half sick, broke, and needed some money. He had found a promoter who would put them on at the Maspeth Athletic Club in Maspeth, Long Island, and he begged Ryan to give him a bout.

"'We needn't either of us train for it,' the Kid went on. 'We're clever enough to put on a fast waltz, and we'll get a lot of publicity and a pocketful of coin. I certainly ain't going to train, and you'd be a chump to, yourself.'

"Ryan consented to this deception, and the contest was set for the night of March 2, 1896. Imagine his surprise when the Kid doffed his bathrobe and Tommy saw he was trained to perfection!

"It was pitiful to watch McCoy practicing his usual cruel tactics and cutting Ryan to pieces. Ryan would whisper to him in the clinches to have a heart, and the Kid would laugh and chop and jab and hook; and when Ryan swore and raged McCoy was only the more amused and merciless. He knocked Ryan cold in the fifteenth round and won the title and a huge sum he and his friends had bet.

"And talk about barroom battling! There never were more vicious fights than those in which Mysterious Billy Smith and Joe Walcott took part. Mysterious was a barrel-chested, bullet-headed welterweight who feared nobody on earth. Walcott, of course, was the king of them all, and when this pair got together the house was packed, for they elbowed and bit and kneed and butted and stuck their thumbs in each other's eyes, and violated

every London prize-ring rule and Queensberry rule ever heard of. Walcott usually won, but it was a toss-up any time they were matched.

"Billy Edwards, a great little English lightweight who preceded the welterweight of that name, was mixed up in a funny incident. It was told to me by Jack McAuliffe, the great champion, who had witnessed it years before.

"It seems that Arthur Chambers was the lightweight champ then. He was a wiry, gimlet-eyed Briton, and a great fighter. He and Edwards were having a terrific battle one evening, and along about the thirty-fifth round Chambers broke out of a clinch and yelled to the referee: 'Hey, this fellow's biting me. Look here!'

"The referee found teeth marks on Chambers' left breast with blood flowing out of them. He at once disqualified Edwards, who raved and swore and took a poke at the referee. It seems that one of Chambers' own seconds had bitten him just before the bell rang for the thirty-fifth round.

"I heard of another funny biting episode. Two fellows were having a tough go with neither winning, when suddenly one of them yelled that his opponent had gnawed his shoulder. He pointed to the bleeding wound, and the referee turned to bawl the other chap out. This guy mumbled as he tried to explain something.

"The referee finally jerked his mouth open and found he had no teeth —he had left his plate of false fangs with his seconds. The bird who had complained laughed and went on fighting. He, like Chambers, had had one of his seconds chew a chunk out in hopes of getting his foe disqualified.

"IT was the year after the Ryan-McCoy double-cross that one of the kings of the ring suddenly came to the surface. Along about the middle of 1898 I ran into Sam Harris. Sam had been driving a laundry wagon in Brooklyn, but fooled around with boxers on the side. Later he became George M. Cohan's partner and a famous theatrical producer. I asked Harris what he was doing and he said he was managing a new fighter.

"'What's his name?' I asked.

"'Terry McGovern,' replied Sam. 'And take it from me, he's the greatest fighter for his weight and inches the world has ever seen.'

"I thought Sam was a bit enthusiastic, and that Joe Humphries, now the celebrated announcer, also was a little balmy when he insisted Harris was right.

"But I came to believe they had understated the case. What a lad that Terry was! I saw him in nearly all of his great fights in the East. Boy after boy, the topnotchers of the country met him, only to be dropped in a round or two. George Dixon went out in eight rounds, Oscar Gardner in three, Harry Forbes in two, Patsy Haley in one, lightweight champion Frank Erne in three, Pedlar Palmer in one, Casper Leon in twelve, Eddie

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A stingless shave to all men and 7 Cool shaves free!

OUR Christmas present of 7 cool Ingram shaves will give you a week of the smoothest, most bracing shaves you've ever known.

For Ingram's is cool—*cool*—COOL—*COOL!*

It's different—it's revolutionary! It makes shaving a bracing, stingless delight for every man who uses it.

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

Ingram's deprives a razor of all those burning smarts and tiny, scorching nicks that every man bemoans. And it gives your face a clear, cool sensation that lasts—long after the job is finished.

With Ingram's you need no lotions, for Ingram's is a shaving cream, a tonic and a skin freshener all in one. Because of its three special cooling and soothing ingredients, it tightens and tones the skin when and while you shave.

If you'll just go to two minutes' trouble and clip the coupon just below you'll reward yourself with a week's start toward a life of cool and comfortable shaving. For the little Ingram sample is the greatest gatherer of friends any company has ever had.

So don't fail now to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life. Send for the sample today.

You'll never regret it!

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. B-129
110 Washington St., New York

I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

*Name*_____

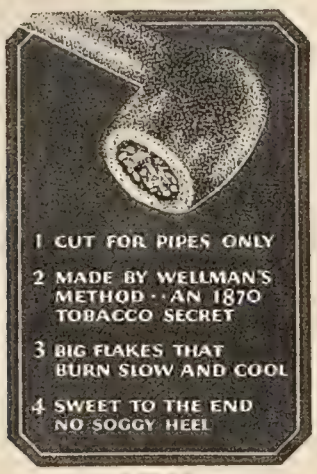
*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

© B.-M. Co., 1929

"...a record of his grand imaginings over a pipe."—Thos. Cooper

A cooler smoke in a drier pipe



"Reads like romance!"

It may seem odd, in this scientific age, to hark 'way back to 1870 for the best way of mellowing Kentucky Burley for pipes. But an old-time tobacco secret, "Wellman's Method," is just that — as you'll agree when you taste Granger's full-bodied richness.

Cool, too; emphatically. The "Rough Cut" burns slowly, evenly, completely — a cooler smoke in a drier pipe.

And the flavor gets the protection it deserves. Note the Granger package—soft heavy foil, air-tight, convenient, compact—a superior packing for a distinctly superior pipe tobacco.

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT

..in more pipes every day!

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA]
Continued from page fifty-five

Santry in five, Joe Gans in two—although that probably was a fake on Joe's part; Tommy White in three, Aurelio Herrera in five, Tommy Murphy in one; and a host of other stars were extinguished one by one.

"What a surprise and a tragedy we witnessed that Thanksgiving Day of 1901 in Hartford, Connecticut, when plump, smooth-faced, pink-skinned Young Corbett broke the gamblers and shattered Terry's heart by knocking him out in two rounds! It was the upset of all upsets, and it was accomplished because Corbett understood enough about psychology to get Terry's goat by taunting him in his dressing room and murmuring foul insults as they stood with the referee getting instructions.

Photo from Albert Davis Collection

Dan Creedon, a middleweight of thirty years ago. He hailed from Australia. Good as he was, little Walcott "took" him.

"For the first time Terry lost his head and sailed in to make a slaughterhouse of it, only to be raked fore and aft by straight lefts and right crosses.

"When I was sixteen years old I sneaked away one night to watch a fight I'd give a lot to see today. It took place on August 27, 1894, in the old Coney Island A. C., between McAuliffe and a stranger from Australia named Young Griffo.

"The referee gave it to McAuliffe, and it was without doubt the worst decision I have seen in thirty-five years. Jack admitted it himself after it was over.

"IN all the history of the ring there has never been anybody like Griffo. He simply stood flat-footed in the ring and dropped his hands and stared at his opponent, who tried every blow in his catalogue and never landed. It was chilling, uncanny. Griffo would lean on the ropes and kid the newspaper boys while blocking punches with one hand.

"And when he decided to take the offensive he could hit so fast and so often that it was ridiculous. He'd name the round and the tooth, and knock that tooth out in that round. He'd call his shots aloud so everybody could hear him, and then proceed to land them.

"I saw him fight Dixon, Kid Lavigne, Joe Gans, Billy Murphy, and all the other topnotchers, and not one of them could do anything with him. He was a terrible tramp, drunk or in jail most of the time. He never trained a day in his life and he never really lost a battle, though a number of decisions went against him.

"I've seen Griffo stand at a bar and bet the drinks that he could pick up with his thumb and forefinger any fly that came along to lap up beer. If you've tried to kill a fly with a folded newspaper, you can fancy how fast he was. He'd merely reach out, so quick you couldn't follow his hand, and pick up the fly. Then he'd hold it a moment, turn it loose, and catch it again in the air before it could fly a foot.

"I heard him once in Scotty Lavelle's saloon offer to bet his end of his next purse that if you'd lock him in a room with Kid McCoy or Jim Corbett, then the cleverest big fellows in the ring, he would cut them to pieces and walk out of the room without a mark.

"For years Griffo sat on the stage-door steps of a theater on West Forty-second Street, New York City, fat and dirty. Everybody knew him and stopped to hand him a quarter or so. He lived in the basement flat of the widow of a friend who once owned a saloon where Griffo hung out. One day he was found dead, and Tex Rickard headed a purse to defray his funeral expenses.

"Later Hype Igoe discovered that Griffo had about $1,800 in a nearby bank. Some of the money was used to reimburse the widow for the years she had taken care of him gratis, and the rest was being held, at last accounts,

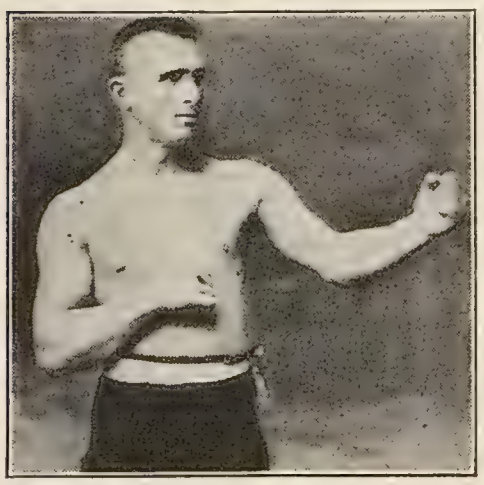
until the surrogate could find out if Griffo had any relatives in Australia.

"Kid Lavigne entertained us for years when he was champion. Kid McPartland, now a well known referee, and Jack Everhardt, and Jack McAuliffe, and Jack Daly, and Tommy Ryan, and Owen Zeigler, and George 'Elbows' McFadden used to step with the Kid, but the Saginaw Kid was too tough for most of them. He got a tremendous reception when he returned from England after stopping their champion, Dick Burge, in seventeen rounds.

"Probably the greatest of them all from many standpoints was the Old Master, Joe Gans, the colored lightweight from Baltimore. I saw him fight many times, and he had everything. He could box superbly; he could hit like a middleweight; he was a ring general of unequaled talent; he was beautiful in his footwork; his left was a dream—the most important weapon in any fighter's arsenal, and Joe was a master of it. Nowhere in his make-up was there a flaw.

"YET I truthfully and deliberately believe that Bennie Leonard could have beaten him. Of all the fighters I ever saw, and I have seen thousands upon thousands, great and mediocre, the boss of them all was the little New York Jew.

"I believe Leonard could have outboxed him in a four-round bout, and could have outlasted him and knocked him out in a finish fight. Yes, Leonard was the king of them all. I shall have more to say about Bennie when we arrive at his day in the boxing annals of America.



The Ring photo

Kid Lavigne, the lightweight titleholder of '93-'99. The Kid was too tough for most of the good ones near his weight.

"One of the great fights that linger in my memory took place on April 14, 1899, between Elbows McFadden and Gans. Elbows was so nicknamed because he would hold his gloves fairly close together about even with his breastbone, and block all punches with his skinny elbows. You couldn't hit him with either left or right to body or to face when he went strictly on the defensive.

"And when he came out of his shell and started to shoot them across he was a marvel. He and Gans battered each other horribly that night, and in the twenty-third round Elbows dropped the Old Master for the long count. It was one of the few fights Gans lost on the level.

"Some of the great Negroes of the past had white managers whose reputations were unsavory in the newspapers and among the fans. A white man handled Gans for years, and it is common gossip in pugilistic circles that Gans lost a lot of his bouts before the first bell rang. Walcott also went up against one or two tough spots because of his manager. His first bout with Lavigne, which I have already described, was an example of how Joe was whipped before he started.

"Later Walcott met Lavigne in San Francisco under the same outrageous weight conditions—having to weigh 133 ringside in his fighting togs, against a champion of Lavigne's caliber who naturally scaled that figure! And yet Joe was murdering Lavigne until suddenly Joe's manager tossed in the towel in the twelfth round and robbed his own colored boy of the victory.

"Walcott, who stopped the best welters, middles, and heavies in the game, won a sensational victory over the great Dan Creedon from Australia. They met at the Lenox A. C. early in 1899, and I think I'm one of the few men who were there who know what really happened.

"Sitting near me at ringside that night was Young Griffo. As we waited for the main event Griffo pointed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Preventable Pain!

THE man who wouldn't drive his motorcar half a mile when it's out of order, will often drive his brain all day with a head that's throbbing.

Such punishment isn't very good for one's nerves! It's not wise, and it's not necessary. A tablet or two of Bayer Aspirin will relieve a headache every time. So, remember this accepted antidote for pain, and spare yourself a lot of needless suffering.

Read the proven directions and you'll discover many valuable uses for these tablets. For headaches; to check colds. To ease a sore throat and reduce the infection. For relieving neuralgic, neuritic, rheumatic pain.

People used to wonder if Bayer Aspirin was harmful. Doctors answered that question years ago. It is not. Some folks still wonder if it really does relieve pain. That's settled! For millions of men and women have found it does. To cure the cause of any pain you must consult your doctor; but you may always turn to Bayer Aspirin for immediate relief.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

BAYER

Used daily on the table andincooking,Morton's Iodized Salt will guard your children from simple goiter. Try it!

[INSIDE THE ROPES WITH LOU MAGNOLIA
Continued from page fifty-seven]

to his left ear and said: 'Lou, 'ow do you suppose I got me cauliflower clam?'

"I studied the ear, and asked him how he got it.

"'I'll tell you, me brave lad,' said Griff. 'You know, nobody hain't never been hable to plant a glove on me mug. But once in Austrylia me pals made a wyger with Dan Creedon's friends that he couldn't 'it me in ten raounds. I w'ighed about 120 and Dan was about forty paounds 'eavier. We met in a gymnysium one awfternoon. At the end of the tenth Danny still 'adn't punched me once, and I'd rawther cut 'im up a bit. So just before the bell rang one of 'is pals called out to me, and when I turned me bloomin' 'ead, Dan planked me on the hear, and there it is to this d'y, me only mark after years of fightin' the best ones at all w'ights.

"'And now, Lou, do you know what I'm gonna do? I'm gonna pay Dan Creedon back for his pal's interferin' back in Austrylia and for me blinkin' cauliflower.'

"'How are you going to do that?' I asked curiously.

"Griffo laughed and told me to wait.

"As soon as the referee instructed Walcott and Creedon and sent them to the corners, Griffo sat up straight beside me. A few moments later, as the fighters were about to break out of a clinch, Griffo suddenly yelled, his voice almost lost in the clamor that accompanied the savage battle up above us:

"'Hi, there, Danny, ye —— ——! Give the old 'ead a turn; 'ere's an old friend of yours from Austrylia!'

"The old Sydney accent cut through the noise and reached Creedon's ears. He carelessly turned his head a fraction to see who it was hailing him, just as Walcott whipped across a left hook. The hook connected and Dan plunged face forward for the count. Griffo yelled with laughter as they counted his countryman out. Those were great days and funny characters."

Next week's installment will set forth Lou Magnolia's memories of the "fight racket" in the present century's early years, and his ideas of the differences between the fights and fighters of that time and those of today.

Prize Winners—A New List

Awards have been made as follows for the detection of errors in the "How Many Mistakes" picture which appeared in Liberty for October 26.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

R. C. Pontius
Regent Hotel, 562 Sutter St., San Francisco, Calif.

SECOND PRIZE—$200

Alice E. Spalding,
Box 583, Sioux City, Ia.

THIRD PRIZE—$100

Mrs. E. K. Stewart,
Hamilton, Mont.

FORTY PRIZES OF $5 EACH

Morton H. Aronsohn, 2064 Creston Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

Edward W. Beattie, Jr., Yale University, New Haven, Conn.

O. W. Boyd, 808 Lynch Bldg., Jacksonville, Fla.

L. R. H. Burton, Box 423, Rome, N. Y.

E. A. Davis, 2525 Kensington Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

H. J. Daye, 53 Third St., Troy, N. Y.

Lillian H. Donaldson, 3160 Corydon Road, Cleveland Hts., Ohio.

Elizabeth S. Drury, 416 Marlborough St., Boston, Mass.

Harold E. George, Box 474, Pico, Calif.

William D. Grier, 28 Summit Rd., Elizabeth, N. J.

Andrew Hacker, 908 Ave. O, Brooklyn, N. Y.

John E. Hario, 416 Park St., Hibbing, Minn.

Mrs. E. C. Hill, 51 E. 78th St., New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Uva Holcomb, 108 Bauman Ave., Clawson, Mich.

Charles W. Hunsicker, 1624 Highland St., Columbus, O.

Mrs. I. R. Kent, 17 Hawthorn Rd., Brookline, Mass.

Elma M. Kenyon, 514 S. Clay St., Sturgis, Mich.

Paul A. Larned, 1 Lilley Rd., W. Hartford, Conn.

Fritz V. Letkemann, U. S. Veterans Hosp. 80, Fort Lyon, Colo.

Y. P. Lewis, 1145 S. Fourteenth St., Birmingham, Ala.

William P. McGannon, 85 Erskine St., Detroit, Mich.

Hortense A. Mee, 1101 Washington Ave., S., Detroit Lakes, Minn.

Lyman F. Milliken 115 McKendree Ave., Annapolis, Md.

Bertram Noel, Box 194, Casper, Wyo.

Milton R. Norris, 2713 Hampshire Rd., Cleveland Hts., Ohio.

Henry M. O'Brien, 726 Crown St., Morrisville, Pa.

Elizabeth M. Page, Basin, Wyo.

Walter F. Pohl, 2707 Goodwood Rd., Hamilton, Baltimore, Md.

Maurice C. Proctor, 91 Walter St., Roslindale, Mass.

George L. Pugh, Box 4161 Asheville, N. C.

James F. Seufert, 810 N. Curley St., Baltimore, Md.

John G. Starkman, 1546 Jonquil Terrace Chicago, Ill.

Ellis S. Stone, 1520 33d St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

C. T. Surridge, Robert Dollar Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Park P. Swann, 616 S. Gay St., Knoxville, Tenn.

R. H. Swartzwelder, 134 Fairfield Ave., Hartford, Conn.

Clarke M. Uhler, 1035 E. Moore St., Decatur, Ill.

J. R. Whitlock, 14 Valley View Ave., Summit, N. J.

Frank B. Willett, Springfield, Ky.

Howland Wood, 80 Franklin Ave., Flushing, N. Y.

Awards for the four pictures in the November 2 issue will be announced next week. Now turn back to page 20 and get started on Liberty's current contest, the Patriotic Game of Presidents.

YOU WILL LIKE SYRACUSE

AND you will like Hotel Syracuse with its delightful atmosphere and its modern features. All outside rooms, each with bath.

PowersHotel,Rochester,N.Y., under same management

600 ROOMS $3.00 up

HOTEL SYRACUSE
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

Kinfolk

A Story of Forgiveness

MA'S eyes were sparkling. "Pa, can you go to Washington with me next month? It's a war mothers' convention."

By
DOLORES WALDORF BRYANT

Pictures by G. PATRICK NELSON

"IT'S him all right," sighed old man Gibbs as he looked up from the glossy prison pictures. "Same gimpy eye an' crooked mouth."

He pushed his big hat further back on his wiry white hair, and, giving the prints a last look of regretful dislike, shunted them across the table to Jim the younger, his deputy.

"So they got Clair at last," said Jim. He spread them out like a hand of cards, glancing along the fan of profiles and full-face views. "Who'd he plug this time, Pa? I ain't paid much attention to him since I got back from the other side. Too much trouble keeping herd on the names he started picking."

The old sheriff looked up from his blind staring at the scratched desk top. His eyes were blurred with hurt, and lines of sorrow dimmed the hard furrows of man-hunting years.

"Killed a couple in one of them auto petting-party holdups on the West Coast," he said. "It's a funny thing, a crook like him in this family."

Old Gibbs shaded his eyes with his big hands and stared at the desk top once more.

"When they gonna bump him off?" asked young Jim, scowling at a picture of a rocky-faced youth with small uneven eyes and a thin slanted mouth.

"Tomorrow—a Friday at sunup," came the voice from under the hands.

Young Jim started to comment sourly, but his father's bent head and trembling hands stopped him. Clair—he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

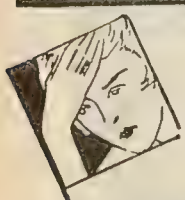
HOW TO BECOME AN OFFICE MANAGER

THE increased size of office organizations throughout the United States has raised the importance of this work and created an insistent demand for *trained* office managers.

Get this FREE Book

32 page book tells how you can make money in this fascinating profession after taking a short course of training in your spare time at home. Send for it. No obligation.

International Accountants Society, Inc.
A Division of the
Alexander Hamilton Institute
Dept. 39, 3111 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.


Headache

Coated Tongue

Biliousness

Chew them all away

SLIP a cool white Feen-a-mint tablet into your mouth. *Chew it three minutes,* like delicious gum. In a few hours—by morning if you chew it at bedtime—you clear away the cause of petty ills that come from clogged intestines! Gently, quickly, thoroughly, your system cleanses itself of waste.

By *chewing* Feen-a-mint you release its tasteless laxative so evenly, so gradually, it acts with almost unbelievable mildness, yet thorough effectiveness. And unlike ordinary laxatives, this laxative is practically unabsorbed, but passes unchanged from the body after its work is done!

Children enjoy the delicious minty flavor of Feen-a-mint and take it eagerly without coaxing. Keep a box always on hand for them and for the rest of the family. At your druggist's—always, everywhere!

Feen-a-mint
The Chewing Gum Laxative

Health Products Corporation Dept. L-12
113 N. 13th St., Newark, N. J.
Please send me free samples and free copy of "The Mysterious 35 Feet."

Name_____

Address_____

[KINFOLK
Continued from page fifty-nine]

thought—a heluva name. After Jim, Ma had wanted a girl called Clara.

But the baby was a peevish, red-faced boy, so Ma named him Clair. He had been disappointing people ever since.

Ran away when he was ten because his father licked him for shooting bird shot at the Chinks on their way with red-paper prayers to the cemetery on the hill. Got caught for some deviltry down near the Border and wound up in reform school. Escaped from there and did time in Sing Sing—while Ma thought he was cleaning the slate in France.

"What's gnawing you, Pa?" Jim finally asked, his mild voice almost sweet with concern. "You ain't wanting to let that ornery horned devil off from a hanging? . . . Why, we've prayed for an end to him ever since he struck this here career of his. I could see him hung and like it."

"No, you couldn't, Jim! He's ours. Your brother. My son. . . . Part of your mother and me, just like you and Tom and Joe and Laurie."

HE looked down at his age-splotched hands. "It's not the hanging I'm grieving about. It's letting them bury him in prison dirt with a number over his head. . . .

"He's taken the name of Hawkins. Says he hasn't any kinfolk. If he'd appealed to me, I might have got him commuted. He knows I've done favors for them West Coast high-ups. I can ask things. If he'd asked, I'd had to help him—my son.

"Just happens I was hunting in them California reports for another guy's face when I seen a picture and it looked like Clair.

"I wired down for prints—said I was asking for folks who was hunting a runaway son. Just now you bring in the prints and it's Clair. I've got to wire back before the telegraph office closes."

Jim's eyes blazed, then narrowed. "What you gonna wire?"

Old Jim scrawled across a yellow blank and passed it over.

"Hold body," it said. "True name Clair Gibbs. Prepare for burial and shipment. Arrive Saturday night.

"JAMES GIBBS."

Jim's chair crashed as he made for the outer office.

His voice filled the hollowness of the sun-beaten street. "Hey, kid! Go tell Doc Gibbs and Lawyer Joe to make it down here pronto! Say Pa wants to see 'em."

A boy's voice answered faintly and feet clattered on steps.

Jim came back into the little room.

"Better talk this over with the kids," he said. "Far's I count, I can stand it. My reputation's not for this fine stuff. But Tom and Joe are different! . . . Gosh, Pa, you'd finish 'em off professionally just to save Clair from rotting in prison dirt. He's lucky the buzzards past the Double U line didn't get him ten years ago."

The older man looked up. "How's that?"

"I was lookin' for that horse thief been bothering the Double U Ranch, when I comes on Clair down by the willows snappin' a quirt over a Mex kid. A bunch of flowers an' a letter lay between 'em. . . . I covers him

with my gats, but you'd think he was thirty 'stead of just eighteen. I picks up the flowers an' letter. When I asks who they're for, he puts on his hurt look an' tells me he's broke out of reform school just to get 'em to Ma for her birthday.

"Well, it was only a month past the day so I tells the damn fool to beat it or I'd plug him. Soon as he skips I opens the letter. Pa, it was to a Mex girl down in the cat district! . . . And the Double U never lost no more horses."

THE screen door creaked and the two younger sons came in: Tom, the immaculate, white-handed doctor, and Joe, with little laugh wrinkles beside the quick eyes.

"Well, I'll be damned. Look here, Tom!" Joe picked up the prints.

"Have your laughs, kids," said Jim. "I called you here so Pa could tell you his plans. Read this." He dropped the telegram on top of the pictures.

Both faces went white.

"Godalmighty, Pa!" Tom cried. "Does bringing that home mean more to you than all of us? Doesn't it mean anything to you that one of your sons cured Laurie of her typhoid, and jacked up Jim when he came coughing home from France? What do you think it'll do to my practice? Brother of Clair Gibbs the killer. A fine advertisement for a surgeon!"

Pa Gibbs looked up at his youngest son as if something had suddenly caught his thoughts.

Then his face twisted and he looked down again.

Joe leaned forward. "Pa, for heaven's sake, listen! Think Cameron would take me into the firm with a blotch like that? Think he'd say anything more about letting me take that Simmons case up to the Capitol? Who'd want to trust the brother of Clair Gibbs? What in hell did he ever do for you or Ma that he gets all this worry? I never asked for thanks, but you'd think I'd stack a little higher than Clair after I fixed that lease on your lumber yard so you and Ma won't ever have to worry about money. S'far as I can see, Clair never did a kind act for the family except to change his name when things got too hot on his heels."

Pa stared at Joe with hard, measuring eyes before he spoke. "I ain't asking for thanks, either, but I can remember the time when I spent a coupla weeks getting you out of trouble over at the university. . . . Yes, you were drunk, all right, and the man your car hit didn't die. . . . I'll always stand by my kin. Looks like being kinfolk don't mean nothin' any more. Always figuring if it's going to be good business to be loyal."

TOM went to the phone.

"Go on, call in help," sneered the father, gathering up the pictures and the crumpled telegraph blank. "You kids give me a pain—bellyaching about your reputations. Nothing's going to hurt your jobs but poor work and bad acting. Folks in this county always knew about Clair. Ain't nobody but has guessed his hellings except your Ma, and she's kidded herself into thinking he went to war and got killed."

Joe broke in:

"There's another thing. What chance will she have of running with the Gold Star Mothers if you let the town know what really happened to Clair? Poor Ma. Honorary membership in the one place she can respect Clair getting shot to hell because you want to plant his carcass in the family plot."

The door opened; Laurie entered. "What's the strife?" she said. "Tom's baby cut a tooth? I came arunning."

"Trouble aplenty," said Tom, reaching for the pictures. "Pa's found Clair and wants to bring him back."

"Go on!" gasped Laurie. "He's fooling, isn't he, Pa?"

The old man turned on the white, tense faces. "I want to see him lying peaceful at home! My only chance in near twenty-eight years. You sigh, happy like, when you see your own kids sleeping in their beds, but you can't make out why I want to put one of mine to rest in his bed, too—and know he's safe—forever."

The rasping voice trembled. He looked away.

LAURIE put her hand on his shoulder. "Pa, I know how you feel. Ma's the same, only she thinks he's safe already. But I'd hate to tell her he didn't die a hero on the battlefield, that he was hung for killing people who couldn't help themselves. That's pretty hard news for Ma."

The father's white head swung slowly from side to side, like a woman in silent grief. He beat his broad palms on the chair arms.

Footsteps tapped in the outer office. A light knock came at the door.

Pa ran a hand over his face, slid the pictures and telegram into an open drawer, and shut it quickly just as Ma's round face brightened the doorway. Her eyes were sparkling with news. "Pa, can you fix it to go to Washington with me next month?"

He looked up amazed. "Washington state?"

"No, Washington city. The Gold Star Mothers are sending Mrs. Franklin there to put flowers on the grave of the Unknown Soldier. It's a war mothers' convention. We elected her delegate this afternoon. . . . And, Pa, what do you think she did? . . . Asked them to appoint me honorary delegate? . . . And, Pa, they cheered me! . . . Everything was white handkerchiefs waving. . . . Mrs. Franklin said something about mother love and a pilgrimage. . . . It was grand! We all cried. I just made motions with my hand for thanks and somebody helped me to a chair. . . . I want you to go to his grave

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Invest today for their tomorrow

Good securities are among the surest and the least troublesome income-producers you can possibly leave to your dependents. Their income will supplement your own personal earnings while you live. When you go, their income-producing qualities will continue unimpaired.

Let us help you build an investment program which will expand as your business and income expand. At National City offices in over fifty American cities and in important foreign centers you will find experienced bond men ready to analyze your personal investment needs and make suitable recommendations. They have contact with investment conditions throughout the world, and enjoy an institutional heritage of over 115 years of financial experience.

"They should inherit a dependable income"

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
NATIONAL CITY BANK BUILDING
NEW YORK

The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices or representatives in the principal cities in the United States, Canada, Europe, China, Japan, India, Australia, South America, Central America and the West Indies.

Our current list contains a wide choice of investigated issues. It will be sent on request.

[KINFOLK
Continued from page sixty-one]

with me, Pa, even if you don't believe like I do. Ever since they brought that body home I've felt the pull of it. I want to stand next him and say a prayer—"

She found her handkerchief, a moist little lump, and put it to her blurred eyes.

The old sheriff's hand was trembling as he pushed back his hat. But he looked steadily into his wife's eyes and smiled.

"Ma, that's great! You go with Mrs. Franklin. I'll see that you have money to do things up right. . . . But I can't go. Can't make it no ways."

She murmured regrets and gave him a quick, shy kiss. "Got to hustle home or that Mex girl will have everything full of red pepper. Coming to supper, Pa?"

He shook his head. "I got to finish up some work. Don't wait supper for me."

"Or me either," added young Jim.

"Won't anybody be home?" cried Ma, but Laurie hurried her away and the door was closed.

Pa reached into the drawer and drew out the telegram. He tore the yellow sheet into tiny pieces and dropped them in the cuspidor.

Tom held out a hand to his father. "I didn't sound so good, talking the way I did, Pa."

The older hand was limp in the clasp. Joe put his arm around his father's shoulder. "I'm sorry, Pa," he said, and followed his brother out the door.

Jim put up the shade. The sunlight had vanished and the room darkened as the town deepened in blue. Pa picked up another sheet of yellow paper and wrote.

"Here, Jim," he said, "send this. . . . I—I can't do it."

"Not missing relative," said the message. "Do not hold body. Regrets. JAMES GIBBS."

"You can stand the hurt better'n Ma could," consoled young Jim and hurried out.

When he returned, a steaming tray stood on the desk.

"Laurie's beau left it," said Pa. "They're on their way to a movie. . . . But she don't remember him, being so young."

He wouldn't eat. "I guess I'm kind of sickened by things."

"He don't affect my appetite at all," said Jim over hot steak and potatoes. "Tellin' me that letter was for Ma's birthday!"

PA leaned forward. "Jim, you ain't feelin' it because Ma puts Clair ahead of you an' the medals you got?"

Jim's knife clattered. "Forget it!" he growled. "All Ma's war talk is just an excuse for havin' Clair. Let her be happy."

Pa drew on the pipe and watched his deputy. . . . "Jim," he said at last. "Suppose Ma found out some time. How'd she feel knowing I left our kid to rot in a prison grave? . . . That's the thing about kids. You never can get away from their hold, not even when you duck things like poor Ma—with her tears for this Unknown Soldier."

He watched the clock's bright pendulum. Jim rolled cigarettes, drew long on them, and trod on the butts. The town went home from the movie; the radios were stilled.

The courthouse bell echoed two o'clock.

"One o'clock out there," muttered the sheriff. "Wonder if he's sleeping? . . . 'S funny, Jim. No matter how bad a kid is, when he's up against trouble you can't help thinking with him. Not excusing him, but thinking sort of sad for him. . . . It can't be any fun, sitting there alone, knowing they're going to put a rope around your neck in the morning and chop the world from under you."

It was two on the West Coast and three in the sheriff's office when the old man unlocked a drawer under the finger-print plate and took out a sheaf of papers. Most of them bore that same twisted face. All of them had words of the hunt. . . . Wanted. . . . Reward. . . . Dead or alive. . . . Highway robbery. . . . Murder. . . . Train robbery. . . . Horse stealing. . . . Cattle rustling . . . an astounding list for one who would end his career in his twenty-eighth year.

"No more use hidin' these away," said the sheriff as he dumped the lot into the black mouth of the round little stove in the outer office. Jim dropped a match on top.

Pa closed the door of the rear room. He looked at his watch as he sat down. "Give 'em another hour and a half," he muttered.

JIM found a pack of cards and shuffled them for solitaire. His father seemed to doze. The courthouse bell boomed for five. The first train whistled beyond town.

Old Jim strode stiffly to the wall phone. "Hey, operator!" he said. "Get me the chaplain of Folsom Prison. . . . Sure, it's long distance. Folsom's in California, young girl. Get your boss to show you.

"If this town was the size it was ten years ago," he said as he hung up, "I might as well bring Clair home as call up the chaplain of Folsom."

The morning train clanged its bell, then coughed up the grade. Young Jim settled for a nap. He was awakened by his father's voice at the phone.

"Yes, Sheriff Gibbs of— Yes, I wired last night. . . . No, something new. I'd like to talk to the chaplain. . . . He is? How long before it's over? . . . All right, I'll wait if you can keep the wires open."

He looked around as Jim's feet struck the floor.

"Jim, he's going now. The parson's with him! . . ."

Young Jim could see the pound of blood in his father's throat.

"Let me hold that line, Pa," he said. "Here, sit down! . . . I'll call you."

His father's broad, mottled hands clung to the chair arms. "I feel sort of weak, son," he faltered, and added hoarsely: "God, make it quick!"

Eight minutes later, footsteps clanked hollowly in Folsom, beyond many mountains. Jim beckoned to his father.

"Hello, chaplain. . . . Yes, this is Gibbs." The sheriff's hand trembled, then clenched the receiver tight to his ear. "Yes, I'm sorry too, seeing as he's gone unclaimed. But I got an idea. I—these folks I'm speaking for got to thinking they might never find their boy. They want to bury this one proper in memory of their own son. Can you start things for me? . . . Fine! I'm wiring you a hundred soon as the telegraph office opens. . . . Yes; take the first train out after that and catch a flyer at Denver. I'll be with you by Sunday. . . . That's it. . . . Yes, a nice neat coffin, not too fancy. . . . Yes, and one up on a slope if you can. Not cramped. . . . What's that? . . . A stone? Why, I guess . . . Yes, sure! . . . No, not Jack Hawkins. Wasn't his true name, was it? . . . That's what I thought. . . . No, not these folks' name. 'Twouldn't do. . . . Yes, anything you say. . . . What? . . . Un—Unknown?"

He looked wildly at Jim, who nodded and put a hand on his father's shoulder.

"All right, parson, make it Unknown. Can they get it ready for the funeral? . . . Good, I'll be with you. . . . Forget it; glad to do it! . . . What's that? . . . He died game? . . . That's a lot, chaplain. Thanks."

His voice faded in good-by. He stumbled to the desk and found a chair. His eyes were blurred.

"Unknown, it's to say, Jim. Did you hear? . . . Unknown! Ma's hunch was right . . . but her compass was all wrong."

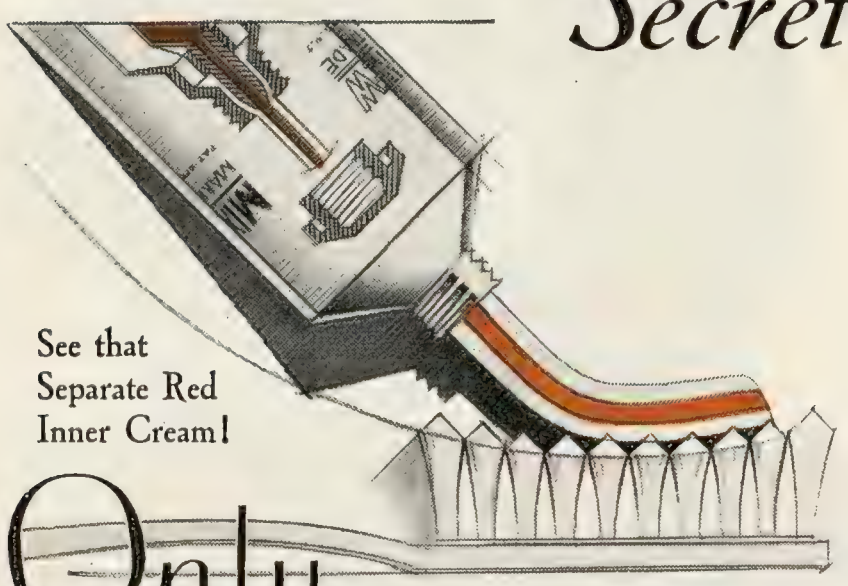
THE END

The GIRLS FROM CADIZ

Spain

Smoke many cigarettes —but their Teeth are Gleaming White . . .

What is the Secret?



See that Separate Red Inner Cream!

Only *New Mix*

IS "FRESH-WHITENER" TOOTH PASTE

THEIR full time fresh fruit diet, to be sure! The same thing that means sparkling teeth to the beauties from the Islands of the South Seas. Science has long known this—but you couldn't put this same fruit-whitener into a tooth paste because it combined with the other things that have to be in a tooth paste, lost its strength, became diluted, practically useless. The theory was right but it wouldn't work. Then came the discovery!

Put the fruit-whitener in a separate inner tube, so it comes out fresh, full strength, to whiten teeth like a flash! Then let the accompanying white creams do their work of protecting against decay, hardening the gums, leaving the mouth sweet, cool, refreshed. Actually a double tooth paste!

See it, taste its tangy, fruity flavor, watch your teeth sparkle back at you from your mirror—that's what has made New Mix a nation-wide sensation. It's waiting to please you at good stores everywhere. Send the coupon for your trial tube right now. You'll never use any other tooth paste, once you've tried delightful, refreshing "fresh fruit-whitener" New Mix!

GILMONT PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Dept. 11, 121 Varick Street, New York City, N. Y.

So I can see how different New Mix is from every other tooth paste you may send me your trial size tube. I enclose 10c to cover packing.

Name .....

Address .....

Town or City ..... State .....

Useful THE YEAR ROUND

golf

motoring

coasting

home

fishing

ANY man will be glad to find a Nockabout Knit Jacket among his Christmas gifts.

It is the jacket a man would select for himself, not only because he can wear it the year 'round but because Nockabout is the only knit jacket with the patented reinforced sleeve.

This sleeve is the greatest improvement in knit jackets that has been made in years. Extra yarn is knitted in the sleeves, from arm-hole to cuff. This means wear-resisting elbows and longer service from a Nockabout jacket.

Nockabout jackets have other features, too—a well tailored appearance—shaped shoulders—reinforced pockets—stronger buttonholes—smart colors—and the prices are moderate.

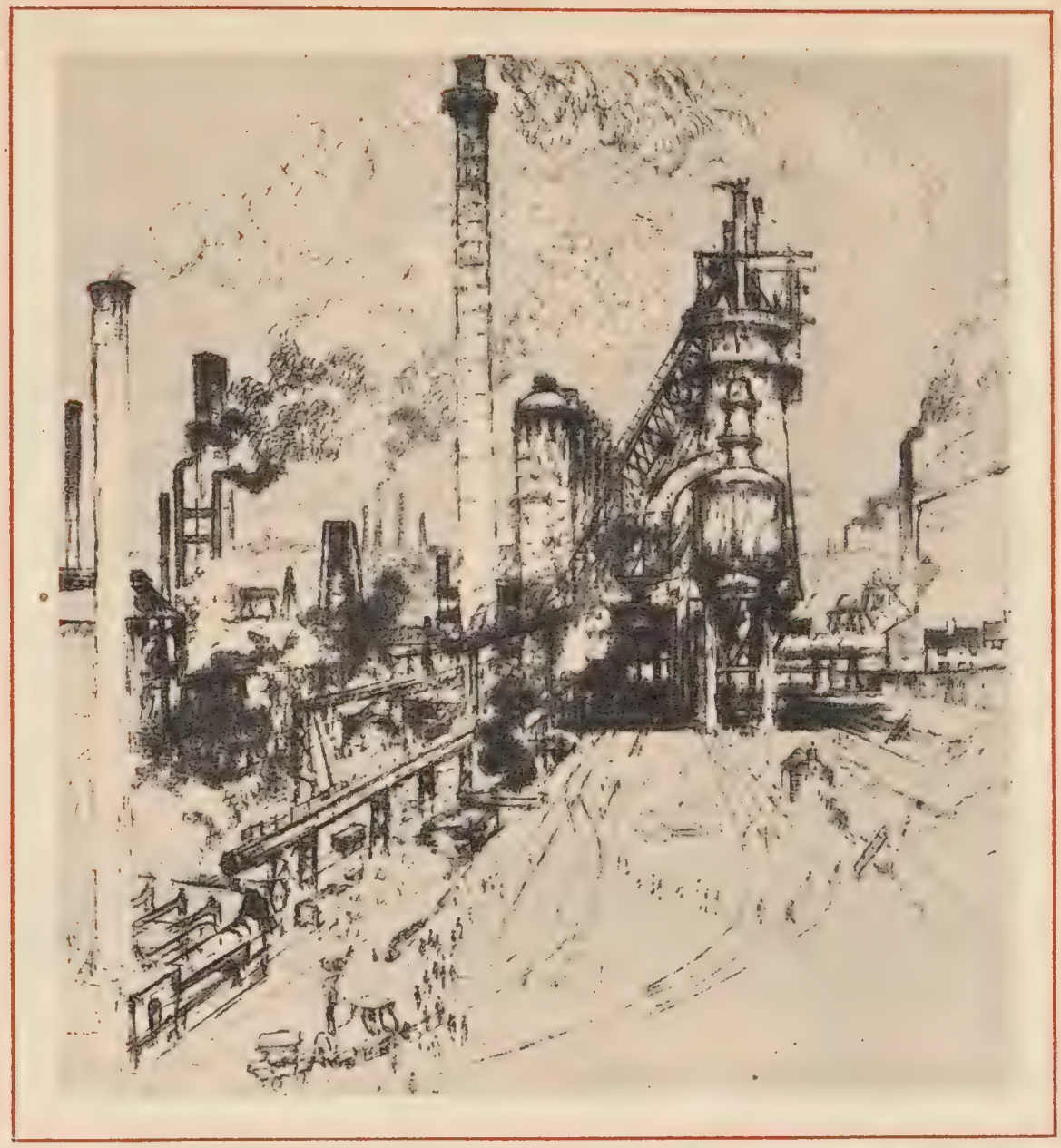
Look for the Nockabout label on the garments—at your dealer's. If he cannot supply you, write us for illustrated folder.

GRUSHLAW & SICHEL, Dept. L,
Collom and Lena Streets,
Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Companion Knit Jacket at a lower price also has reinforced sleeves—best value in this grade.

NOCK-A-BOUT
TRADE MARK
KNIT JACKETS
with the Exclusive REINFORCED SLEEVES

Fourth of a series of answers to the question, What is Beauty?



By permission of Harlow, McDonald & Co.

The beauty in a design dictated purely by utility is manifest in this etching of a blast furnace in England, by Joseph Pennell.

What is Beauty in Architecture?

By

RAYMOND M. HOOD

who, with John Mead Howells, designed the Chicago Tribune Tower, having won in international competition. He also designed the American Radiator Building in New York, and he is a consultant on New York's projected opera house and center, and one of the architects of the Chicago World's Fair of 1933.

I CANNOT tell what beauty is, but I can tell what it is not. Beauty is not a gas, a thin liquid coating, or a perfume that, vaporized over an object, lifts it out of itself into a state of art but of diminished usefulness. It is not "a touch of blue in just the right spot," nor is it any other talismanic touch that transforms an ugly object into a thrilling masterpiece. If there is beauty at the end of such a process, it was surely there in large part at the beginning.

Nothing is more misleading than the common conception that beauty, in some mystical fashion, results from an exercise of "artistic genius and good taste." Artistic genius and good taste are two pretentious individuals of suave, polished manner, who, under the guise of refining beauty, of giving it social standing and culture, debauch it. In the end they make it conform to the free and easy graces of the world, but it may be sadly compromised.

Neither is beauty conformity to rules of art, nor is it conformity to those standards to which habit has accustomed us. Conformity is the refuge of those who wish to exploit beauty. Conformity is easy to produce and easy to sell. The artist who works in it, the critic who lives by it, and the layman who enjoys it have no misgivings. Riding along with their great majority, they can prove beauty at any time by counting noses—it is no more complicated than that—and the verdict is complacently accepted *by those who voted in the affirmative.* Such a plebiscite is actually going on in California today. A jury, of very dignified origin, has been running an open beauty contest for the championships of the United States in Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting. The decisions it renders will, after this manner, be authoritative and valued by those who are on the winning side, and by those who find miscellaneous conversation a necessity. But what an idea! It is worthy of Mr. Pyle, the gentleman who has so successfully exploited various sports. A work of real beauty could no more survive such a contest than did Charlie Chaplin once, when,

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-FIVE]

incognito, he entered a competition for the best imitation of himself, and was promptly thrown out.

So I am going to say that "artistic genius," good taste, and conformity, if not actually debilitating to beauty, are dangerous in any but very small doses. Certainly rugged periods of art have degenerated rapidly, once these three musketeers have got the upper hand.

Where shall we go for a definition of beauty? Again I can give you a negative direction. I can tell you where not to go. Do not go to the artist, particularly the one who *admits* he is an artist. By the very nature of things, the artist is the technician who exploits beauty. He is the self-constituted priest of the cult of beauty. Like the priesthood of any religion, he makes a business of its expansion and development. He surrounds his calling with mystery and strange words in order to keep the ritual to himself.

And yet the unpretentious layman often appreciates and feels the truth more deeply than does the priest who leads his devotions. And now that we are lost in a pathless wood with no guide in sight, I am going to show you a path to beauty that satisfies me—at least for the moment. It is that *beauty is utility, developed in a manner to which the eye is accustomed by habit, in so far as this development does not detract from its quality of usefulness.* Habit, tradition, and environment facilitate the recognition and acceptance of beauty. They form the sugar coating without which perverse human nature might at times reject even what it really likes. But the intellect and reason pronounce final judgment. If an object satisfies the intellect, it is immaterial whether or not it conforms to any theory of beauty, any system of composition, any accepted rule of art, or any philosophical analysis. It is beauty.

William Frange photo

The new skyline of midtown New York, as it strikes eyes directed northwestward from the far East Side below the Forties. The towers shown are, from left to right, those of the Lefcourt, Lincoln, Chanin, Chrysler, and News buildings.

GO back through all the periods of architecture, the styles of furniture and decoration, and the development of all the objects and implements that we use. Wherever a claim can be laid to having produced beauty, you will find that the one common factor is utility. You will find that the artist has dragged in successively one quality after another—ornateness, simplicity, form, color harmony, color discordance, composition based on one set of assumptions, compositions based on the reverse.

Stability has been emphasized at one time, instability and motion at another; one period has demanded grace and fragility, another brutality and solidity. But the quality that has reappeared in every object that has had a lasting and accepted beauty has been utility.

There is no mechanical contrivance or implement of pure utility developed to a degree of perfection that does not attract and hold the attention of even the purest æsthetes by its form and expression. Certainly the steam locomotive was produced with no conscious search for beauty, yet it cannot be put aside with the trite explanation that it is an expression of power.

The same thing is true of the airplane. It went through many evolutions, resembling at times a kitchen table more than anything else; but as it is developed today, is there an object anywhere that has more grace and beauty than an airplane soaring in the sky?—and yet is there on it a single line, material, or detail that was not put there for the sole purpose of utility?

The story of the motor car is the same. As ways were discovered to make a more efficient machine, they began to improve in appearance. Today it is hard to imagine a more useful, dependable machine; and it is hard to imagine a more beautiful one. Rightness of engineering design resulted in rightness of appearance. The list of examples that can be cited is interminable: the ocean liner, the battleship, watches, telephones, Bessemer converters—all are objects whose design was determined by efficiency, and all are satisfying in their appearance.

I MUST mention one more example before it is used against me—a beautiful woman!! I contend that even her beauty is in proportion to her utility! There have been periods when beauty consisted of a milk-white skin, a soft, languorous figure that would disarrange or perspire under the shock of effort, and a general state of health tending towards anæmia or consumption. It has always reverted, however, to the woman with the glowing skin, with the slender, vigorous body that thrives under physical and mental work—to the woman who does not have to lay up for repairs, but who is fresh, clean, useful, and does not wear out.

All of this is not proof, but evidence piles mountain-high to indicate that one of two things is true—utility produces beauty; or in some unknown way it weaves itself without the least conscious effort into the formation of most things that are beautiful.

I have avoided a discussion of beauty from the point of view of the painter and sculptor, whose prominence in such a discussion is usually very greatly exaggerated. The fine arts are merely a derivative of the living arts. They follow, they do not lead.

The search for beauty might be likened to Maeterlinck's allegory in The Bluebird. Just as the two children went out into the wide world to search for the bluebird of happiness, and finally came back to find it in the garden they had left, so we leave all the common articles and conceptions of everyday life and wander forth looking for a sophisticated, mysterious something or other that will fulfill our ideal. And then one day the path leads us back to the garden we had left, we find that all the simple things are beautiful and that there is no mysterious complication about it. *Real beauty lies in usefulness.* Does any other answer give us so much comfort and satisfaction?

I want to emphasize that, with the exception of woman, I have been discussing only those things which man makes for himself. No one denies the beauty of nature's phenomena: a sunset, mountains, the sea. Our brains are too small to grasp the laws that govern them. But in the category of man-made beauty we must admit that if utility is not synonymous with beauty, it is at least the dominating quality in its composition.

An answer by Edward Doherty to the question, What Is Beauty in News? will appear in an early issue.

Still Growing with CHICAGO

500 More Guest Rooms To Be Added in 1930 to the

MORRISON HOTEL

The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, 46 stories high, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, with 3450 rooms

FOUR years and one month ago the Morrison Hotel tower went into service—the tallest hotel structure in the world.

Once again I am offering my Christmas greeting to the great fellowship of travelers whom we have been privileged to welcome here during these years, and for many years before. To all of them I would like to express the high value I place on their friendly support and co-operation.

So steady is this patronage, both from old and new friends, that we are again increasing the structure by 500 rooms on the Madison Street frontage. Space on the first three floors will be available for club purposes, and will be rented by the square foot.

Like the present north frontage, the new building will be 22 stories high. Rooms at $3 to $4 will prevail, and several floors will comprise kitchenette suites. Corresponding with the present standard, every room will be outside, with bath, running ice-water, telephone, radio-set, Servidor, and bed-head reading lamp.

Work on the new structure will begin on May 1st, 1930, and occupation is scheduled for 12 months later. The capacity of the Morrison will then be 2450 rooms—a marked advance toward the ultimate total of 3450, the largest hotel-capacity in the world.

To all our guests, who are aiding me so materially toward the fulfillment of this aim, I wish to express at this season my sincere and cordial appreciation.

H. C. Moir
Pres. & Gen. Mgr.
Moir Hotel Company

MORRISON HOTEL
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE
and **TERRACE GARDEN** CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT
CLARK AND MADISON STS.
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"

Lie flat, as at right, with legs extended. Rolling on hips, try to touch floor near left shoulder with right foot; then, near right shoulder with left foot. Keep your head and shoulders on floor. Repeat twenty times.

Without bending elbows, drop shoulders and hollow back. Repeat this and exercise at right ten times. Kick each leg backward ten times.

Take position at right. Raise back and shoulders and contract abdomen.

The STREAMLINE Silhouette

By EILEEN BOURNE

Photos by NICKOLAS MURAY

WHILE they're fighting it out about the legitimacy, in an emancipated era, of corsets, hairpins, and like expressions of restraint, you may just as well keep on pursuing the uneven tenor of your *weighs*.

Streamline and vibrant! That's what they call it in the 1930 ordinance affecting silhouettes. Which means not by diet alone may a gal live and breathe her figure into the proper tilt and mold. The diet must be tended, it is true. But there's more to the new ordinance than a firm "No, thank you," at table.

In one of the new novels we get a word picture of figures commonly observed in our midst. This picture suggests adroitly the discrepancy that may lie between just good weight proportions and a truly youthful form. Of his leading woman character the author says that "she had everything in her carriage except buoyancy."

Buoyant youth is earned for your carriage at the not high cost of daily exercise. So herewith are presented a few movements that hold especial promise of reward.

Sit erect on stool. Touch floor with right hand at right, directly in front of feet, and outside left leg. Repeat with left hand.

Clap hands overhead. Raise left knee. Clap hands beneath. Lower knee. Clap hands above. Repeat with right knee. Do this ten times.

Stand erect. Clap hands overhead. Jump feet wide apart and bring hands down at sides. Ten times.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

Liberty's Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No.....

City..... State..... 173

HOUBIGANT

PRÉSENTE

Bois Dormant

(ENCHANTED WOODLAND)

A parfum that lasts not mere hours but days—always allur-ing, always enticing. While very new, it has already charmed that Paris which is smart.

Priced at $5, $9 and $16 the flacon. Face Powder, $1.

AND, FOR THE CONVENIENCE OF MADAME, HOUBIGANT INTRODUCES BOIS DORMANT IN THE PURSE SIZE FLACON AT $1

Are you still

AN OLD FASHION

An antiquated bottle, opened with a corkscrew. A "cure-all" of uncertain and questionable efficiency

The Victorian bather of the Gay 90's

The auto which buttoned up the back

The Classic of '89

You are only a

LA L

PRO

The Modern

Obviously

we are all intelligent enough to know how simply a bad breath is formed. Naturally, it comes from *debris film*—the modern and accepted name for food residue, tobacco smoke, and dead membrane cells decayed by our mouth temperature, 98.6°. We are too intelligent to lose time as the result of illness from any of the 30 disease germs which breed in the mouth, nourished by debris film decay. Moderns use modern methods regularly. They destroy the basis of an unhealthy mouth—debris film—with the daily use of the antiseptic LA LASINE. It's the vogue. Drive to any drug or department store for one of these flasks or bottles today!

Purse or vest pocket flask	10¢
Travel flask	35¢
Home size bottle	65¢
Family size bottle	$1.00

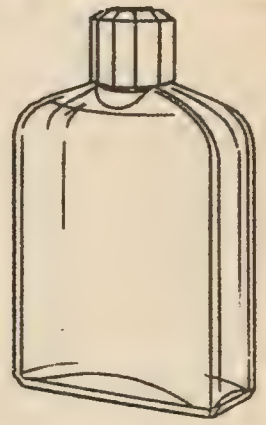
LA LASINE INTERNATIONAL, INC.
56 WEST 45TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

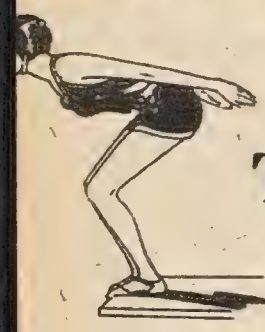
© 1929 LA LASINE INT. INC.

content with

ED ANTISEPTIC

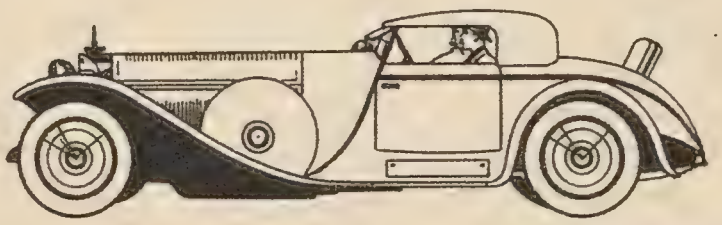
A modern screw-cap flask of inspired design. The mouth antiseptic of complete efficiency. Its tingling, fresh, and lasting cleanliness is your protection.





The charming swimmer of this amazing age

The smart, chic speedster of today



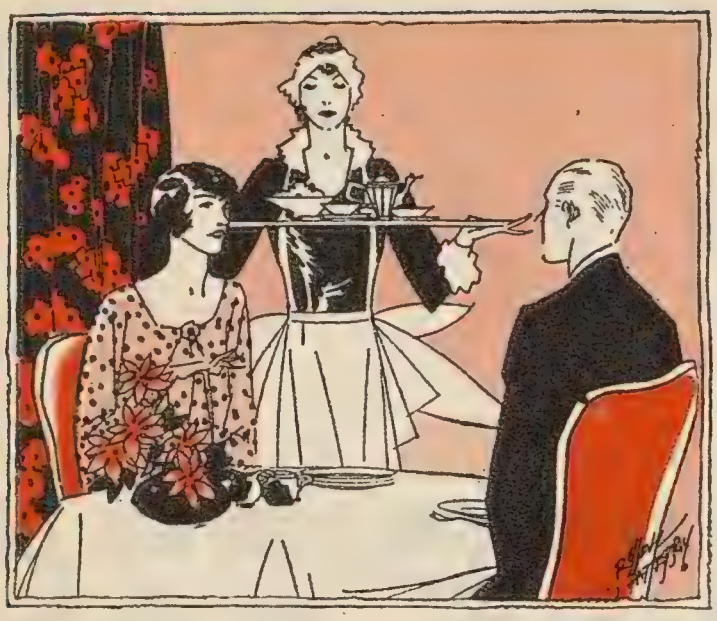
The Class of '31

MODERN *as your* CHOICE

LASINE

NCED **LA LASEEN**

Mouth ANTISEPTIC



"Dinner came back to life"

"GEORGE and I tried for two weeks to get along with coffee substitutes, but they were *so* cheerless. Finally George said we would *have* to go back to coffee.

"Luckily, at the grocer's that day, I said something about wishing coffee wouldn't keep you awake. The man told me about Kellogg's* Kaffee Hag Coffee. He said it was called the coffee that lets you sleep. 'Everybody likes it,' he said, 'because of its flavor. But the caffeine is taken out so it can't affect you.'

"Well, I served some that night. George was delighted! Said that good old coffee seemed to bring dinner back to life. After a week or so, he said, 'You know, Sally, we must have been wrong about coffee hurting us.'

"Then I told him that it was Kaffee Hag Coffee, and *couldn't* have any bad effects. I never saw him so surprised. He said that he liked Kaffee Hag Coffee better than our old brand."

Try Kaffee Hag Coffee yourself. It is delicious, *real* coffee, rich and fragrant, but it will not affect sleep or nerves.

Served by hotels, restaurants, dining-cars everywhere. Sold by all dealers. Packed in vacuum-sealed cans that preserve the aroma and flavor in all their original freshness. Steel cut or in the bean. Order a can today. Or mail the coupon for a generous sample.

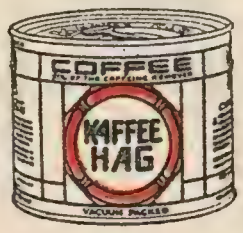
KELLOGG COMPANY
Dept. 1955, Battle Creek, Michigan

Please send me, postpaid, enough Kaffee Hag Coffee to make ten good cups. I enclose ten cents (stamps or coin).

(Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

Name_____

Address _____



* Now a Kellogg product

KAFFEE HAG COFFEE

The coffee that lets you sleep

The Anonymous Letter

A New For the Love o' Lil

LITTLE Ulysses had a very expensive, experienced English nursemaid. Her name was Miss Eva Abergavenny with the accent on the *gav* and it sounded just like a local stop on the railroad. She wore green tweed suits, shoes shaped like kidney beans, and sported slouchy felt hats with pert feathers.

"Miss Abergavenny," Lil said that Thursday at lunch, nearly gagging on the *gav*, "why don't you go out early today? I'm waiting for a call from my husband. I think he's making a trip. It's such a nice day."

This week's cover picture.

She stopped talking and continued chewing on a French pea. Miss A. had given her a queer look. Mercy, had she heard Sandy's morning shaving ditty? It went like this: "This is the bird that sat on the hat that sat on the hair that sat on the rat that AberGAVenny wore!"

"Thank you." The answer was just as matter-of-fact as her jaunty bow tie, which looked like a miniature two-bladed propeller. "Don't forget to keep the top button of his shoes undone. His legs are so fat. Little Lord Porter-King had legs just like his." And she tapped her cruller-shaped knot which always pointed northwest and southeast.

"Little Lord Porter-King?" Lil murmured. Of course she'd wept over Little Lord Fauntleroy, but that was as far as her knowledge of lords went.

"His cousin was the Viscount Faversham, whose wife donated a yacht to the Near East Relief Fund."

"The telephone!" Lil cried thankfully, nearly choking on a caraway seed. "It's my husband!"

"Is he going?" Miss A. asked, scooping the white of egg from her custard with a slow slide-to-the-right as though she were embroidering.

"Yes," Lil said, wondering how Miss Abergavenny could possibly sit so high in her chair. What was it she reminded her of? Oh, yes: an inquisitive crane peering over reeds on the edge of a swamp. "He's taking the Orleanarine at three o'clock."

It sounded just like artificial butter to Miss A. This was the first place she'd ever worked where the lady of the house couldn't capitalize the *l*.

Lil always looked forward to Miss Abergavenny's Thursdays out. It was her only chance to read Mother Goose to the baby. The other days his nurse coached him in court etiquette. He knew there were two and a half rows of ermine on a viscount's cape, that an earl's mantle trailed one and a half yards on the ground, and that the coronet of a marquis had four gold strawberry leaves, not to mention four silver bells.

"Come, dear," Lil said at story-hour time, "let's visit the wonderful land where mice wear swallowtails—dishes chase spoons—kittens play violins—pigs go to market—wrens blush behind fans—and—"

"A letter, ma'am." There stood the maid.

"—and ladies live in pumpkin shells."

What was it? A hand-written hat ad or an invite to join another committee? She opened it.

"I'm a stranger and a friend. Your husband is in the clutches of a woman who is leading him—"

"*Oh, oh, oh!*" poor Lil gasped, biting her knuckles and holding the baby close.

It was the ominous, anonymous letter which is the dread of every wife!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Secret)

COMING SOON

For the Love o' Lil—at your favorite movie theater

"I shall not permit a fool of a President to tell me how to conduct my battles and campaigns!"

The Rake and the Hussy

A Romance of High Hearts and Dangerous Days

By

Robert W. Chambers

Pictures by Norman Price

ALL color had gone from Naia Strayling's face.

"I must tell you, darling," she sobbed, "the frightful thing that happened in London. It was when I was at Lady Vulper's — before I knew you. All that crazy gaiety—it whirled me as a hurricane whirls a leaf. One evening Fox Vulper put something in my champagne. I grew dizzy. He took me to—the Hell Fire Club!"

"Good God," I whispered.

"He fetched a clergyman and they tell me I was married to him with a ring. I don't know whether I was drugged, drunk, or frightened senseless. And that is why I did not marry you long ago—love or no love on your part."

I had first met Naia, a fellow American, charming and youthful, when I was araking it in a depraved set in England. America having entered the War of 1812, she and I managed to escape to New York together. There we presented ourselves before her grandad. Exasperated by her indiscretions he disowned her. I offered my hand in marriage. She refused it, but, accepting what protection lay in seeming to be my spouse, accompanied me to war.

We found ourselves, after harrowing adventures, at Mobile, where I was established as commandant and commissary of prisoners.

Fox Vulper, together with a number of other young bloods I had known, was a prisoner there on parole.

After Naia's confidences I determined to demand satisfaction from Vulper. I went to Dr. Carr's quarters and told him that I would need his pistols and his good offices. I asked that he request Captain Sevier to act for me. He agreed to be on hand, with Sevier as my second.

Part Eleven—Code Duello

I WENT on along the street, past leafless gardens and galleried houses, and turned into the lane leading to the fenced park where the British officers were in residence; and there met my lord Mordhurst sauntering along, smoking a cigar, and reading an old newspaper. He halted short when he saw me.

"Hello, Brooke," said he, giving me a troubled look—for I think he must have noticed something sombre in my features.

"Mordhurst," said I, "Fox Vulper is a swine and I'm

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from preceding page]

on my way to tell him so. Could you inform me where he may be found?"

Mordhurst gazed hard at me.

"Brooke," said he, "let it alone."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. Don't meddle with Vulper. You've had too many affairs for anybody to question your courage. Considering what you once did to me I have a right, I think, to advise you."

"That's friendly of you, Mordhurst. But—I don't suppose you know—"

"Yes, I do."

I felt the hot blood burning my face.

He said in a low voice: "I don't propose to remain silent and see you murdered."

"Murdered?"

"Well, it's not my notion of good sportsmanship when four gentlemen make a compact to provoke and challenge you, one after another, until one of them kills you."

I was so surprised that I remained silent.

"Fox Vulper has a quarrel with you, if you like. Whatever one may think of him and his motives, he has a reason to fight. But it's a mercenary matter with Forney and the others—"

"Mordhurst, do you think Fox Vulper married Miss Strayling?"

"Yes. . . . I don't think he did her any other damage."

I could scarce speak for rage: "Were you at that orgy at the Hell Fire Club?"

"I'm ashamed to say I was, Brooke. Prinney was there—the older members—all that vicious silliness—I was as drunk as anybody, and as hardened—but Vulper had no right to bring anybody who didn't know where they were going—"

"Do you mean to say you stood by and let that beast drug a young girl insensible—"

"There were younger there. Plenty. . . . I don't know how Vulper discovered she was so wealthy—"

"AND he knew his sister-in-law was peddling her about—pandering to Prinney and Yarmouth?"

"All he wanted was her money. . . . Then she eloped from England with *you*. . . . That's all he wants of her now, Brooke, her money. That's his compact with Forney and Grieve and Welp—for one of them to get you out of the way—on a contingent fee. God, it's a filthy business—to fight four of them, one after another. . . . The only way is to meet Vulper first. But he'll keep out of your way until the others make their quarrels prior to his. That's the compact."

"Where is he?"

"Probably locked in his rooms."

I started toward the little park with its row of villas, and Mordhurst caught me by the arm.

"You're playing their game!" he exclaimed. "Don't run into their ambush, for God's sake—" But I was utterly beside myself now; I tore my arm loose of his friendly clasp; jerked open the park gate; and walked directly into a little group of men who pretended to be unaware of me until I collided with them.

"Take care where you are going, you clumsy Yankee," said Forney, shouldering me aside so suddenly that I nearly lost my balance.

"Forney," said I, "you shall have an answer to that later, but I'm looking for Fox Vulper at present—"

"Then take that to stay you," said he coolly, striking my cheek with the flat of his gloved hand.

"And there's something in the meantime to think over," said Dr. Grieve, slapping a pair of folded gloves across my face.

"And feed on this little morsel, too," added Mr. Welp, flicking my ear with forefinger and thumb.

Things turned black, then red, in my swimming brain; then all grew cold and bleak and steady. Mordhurst came up, pale and composed:

"This is highly irregular, gentlemen," he began; but I said: "It is regular enough to suit me, my lord. Be good enough to represent to these gentlemen that we have sufficient time before sunset to accommodate all questions at issue."

"Major Brooke," said he, "I do not consider that you are obliged, in this matter, before you settle your difference with Captain Vulper."

"Sir," said I in a cold fury, "pray find it convenient to herd these swine and drive them to the old ground by the magnolia grove, as soon as may be."

WHAT he said I did not hear as I turned on my heel, and, walking toward the river, traversed the oak wood and came out in a solitary sandy spot where were tall magnolias in dense and darkly glistening foliage.

Dr. Carr was there with Captain Sevier.

"I have three affairs on hand before sunset," said I, "and had expected only one. I don't know how I'm going to come out of this, Sevier. They set a trap, and I walked into it. I meant to fight only Fox Vulper. If anything happens to me, keep that man from bothering my wife until you can notify General Jackson that I leave Mrs. Brooke's welfare in his hands. Will you do this?"

Carr silently handed me his tablets and a pencil; I scratched down this request; he pocketed it.

"There they are now," said Captain Sevier. "They're prompt."

We saw them coming briskly through the oak wood in a carriage. I turned my back and walked toward the river; and there stood and gazed out across the water, fighting with my thoughts, until I heard my name pronounced by Captain Sevier.

"Pistols," he said briefly, as I turned and accompanied him to where Forney stood with Lord Mordhurst, who seemed to be acting for him.

Forney gave me a sullen look, but did not seem entirely at ease, yet he had fought oftener than had I.

I scarcely noticed the usual formalities, scarcely heard what Mordhurst and Dr. Carr were saying to us.

I saw Mordhurst give Forney his pistol; took mine from Sevier. Both seconds then swore to shoot down either principal who offered to fire before the word.

Just as the sun flashed from behind a cloud, dazzling me, I heard the word given, and fired. My left epaulette was torn away and hung by the golden gimp. Forney's legs crumpled under him, letting him down very gently where he lay without stirring.

I remembered standing with lowered pistol, watching Carr, Sevier, and Mordhurst.

From the carriage came two black West Indian soldiers, with a hand litter, who carried Forney away and laid him down beside the vehicle. At the same time Dr. Grieve stepped nimbly from the carriage and came over to where Mordhurst stood with Sevier in whispered conference, while both pistols were recharged.

A fisherman left for me, at my house, two oyster-shells tied together.

Carr came back from the litter, looked at me, winked, and made a spiral motion with his forefinger heavenward.

Sevier, placing me once more and handing me my pistol, whispered that Forney was done for, and he hoped to God I'd continue to rid the world of those swine.

Again he addressed us; so did Mordhurst in cool and almost bantering tones, giving us our warning.

The low-dipping sun was shining redly and fairly between my opponent and me, gilding the fallen leaves and winter-bleached grass. It was a tricky light where bands of shadow slanted athwart the trees.

I looked calmly at Dr. Grieve and he gave me a murder-

ous smirk, as though never doubting the outcome; and I could even see his slitted mouth moving as though in sneering valedictory.

When the word was uttered, his shot came like lightning, striking the jewelled fob and watch in my breeches pocket; smashing and driving them across my right hip; spinning me halfway around; and tearing a flesh furrow to the bone, from which blood welled like a living spring.

I had not been conscious of firing; but Grieve was down on his face, moving one arm a little; then he seemed to shrink on the grass as flat as a scarlet cloak spread out there.

After a huddled examination by Carr, Mordhurst, and Sevier, Carr signalled the two black soldiers, and came directly to me. I unbuttoned my breeches and he cleansed and bandaged my hip.

He began: "If it incommodes you to stand—"

"No. Take what's left of my watch. . . . Is Grieve hard hit?"

"You've done for him. Mordhurst tells me he was considered a dead shot. Your watch and fob saved you. Nothing to do for a bowel shot like that. He meant murder."

My hip burned and throbbed devilishly, but there was no slightest fever elsewhere—no pulsing or tremor to meddle with brain and eye and levelled arm.

I looked across at Welp. He was no gentleman in bearing or manner, and, for a moment, I wondered whether I ought not to give him a caning instead of doing him the honour of exchanging shots with him.

But it was a trifle too late; Mordhurst was arming him; I took my pistol from Sevier; the warning was droned out; the count already had begun, when, an instant before the word, Welp fired at me; and the next second Mordhurst and Sevier fired on him, and down he went like a riddled rabbit, kicking convulsively among the dead leaves.

It all passed in a flash. I had not fired at all, standing stunned by such treachery.

The next moment we were hugging each other like wrestling bears.

CARR and Mordhurst strode over to where Welp lay; Sevier glared at the prostrate man and spat upon the ground.

Then Mordhurst raised his cold voice in summons to the blacks:

"Take away this carrion," he called, "and be quick about it!"

Then he came toward me.

"What could you expect of a West Indian volunteer sent to stir your niggers to revolt?" he said in disgust.

"Is he dead, Mordhurst?"

"Damned dead. I had no more feeling in shooting him than I would a skunk. Thank God he doesn't wear a red coat. What he did can't touch the honour of the British army. Did you fire at all?"

"No."

"Well, you're devilish well out of this miserable affair. Every army has its scoundrels; but I hope you'll believe there are no more in our army than in yours."

"Excepting Proctor," said I, "there are no finer men in any service than the corps of officers in the British army, Mordhurst."

He gave me a sombre look; then he took leave of me with a formal bow and went away toward the carriage.

Carr made me lie down on the ground and partly undress once more. When again he had washed and bandaged my wound—which seemed to amount to nothing—he helped me to get up, gave me his arm, and Captain Sevier lent me his on the other side.

To my surprise I discovered that it was difficult for me to walk. But I was afraid to say so to Dr. Carr, having it in mind to finish with Fox Vulper before sunset.

There was an ancient cypress log lying on the river bank. Toward this I bent my steps, and there seated myself.

"GENTLEMEN," said I, "we have an hour before it grows too dark to see clearly, and I desire to finish this matter without delay.

"With your permission, therefore, I will sit here while you wait upon Captain Vulper in my behalf. And I will be vastly obliged to you, Captain Sevier, if you will find it convenient to represent to Captain Vulper that, in my mature opinion and judgment, he is a beast and ought to be destroyed."

"Sir," said Captain Sevier, "are you at pains to specify the kind of beast?"

"Any beast, sir, if sufficiently filthy."

"Shall I say a rat, sir?"

"Yes, sir, a rat should serve. Or you may use your judgment and mention a skunk."

Carr said: "You will be too lame for any settlement à l'arme blanche, I fear."

"I don't care a damn," said I; "only get him here while there's daylight."

They hesitated a moment, then went off swiftly together. There was enough chill in the air already to stiffen my throbbing thigh, and I hoped they would lose no time.

I sat and watched the oily current of the river swirling southward like a flood of melted gold between tall reeds and canebrake. String after string of whimpering waterfowl passed over, or, wheeling, dropped on bowed wings into the marsh.

In a magnolia over my head a crimson bird uttered soft, pretty notes and ruffled its brilliant feathers, and a long-billed wren sang loudly on the utmost tip of a tall palm.

I had a cigar but nothing with which to light it, and slowly tore it to pieces between my fingers. My hip hurt me, the pain flowing and ebbing betwixt knee and shoulder in measured waves. If Vulper chose swords I'd have a heavy time of it.

As the westering sun sank, my heart sank with it. If they didn't come quickly, now, there'd be no finishing this affair tonight. Perhaps not for several days, because I began to understand that my right leg was likely to be useless by the next morning.

What the devil was delaying my people I could not understand. The level sun kindled reeds and river to an infernal glow, but already this side of the bank was in chilly shade.

Now the light was failing very fast; scattered trees became welded together into shadowy, unbroken woods; the tips of the cypress glowed crimson; all bird music ceased. Then, in the intense stillness, a mocking bird

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

" You're in no condition to endure such news, but you've got to be told if it kills you:

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-five]

burst into silvery song, and the first star glittered in the east.

Dusk grew swiftly; impatience darkened into anger. Where were my people? Where in hell was Vulper? I got up, and discovered that I could scarcely stand; and anger turned to rage.

My watch having been smashed, I could only guess at the time.

It was too late, anyway; yet so hotly enraged was I that I would have taken any chance—I would have fired in utter darkness until a bullet found one or the other of us —or I would have been glad to feel out my enemy's whereabouts at rapier's point.

The sky glittered with stars before I heard any sound at all in that silent place. Then, at last, came the noise of wheels, and, in the hurrying, shadowy shapes that approached me, I recognized Carr, Sevier, and Mordhurst.

Almost strangled with passion I tried to stand up, and could not, but sat helpless and cursed them—which must have been the fever disordering my mind, for I am not discourteous by nature.

" For God's sake, don't talk that way," said Carr, " but let us help you home."

" Where is Vulper? " I demanded.

" God knows. We haven't found him—"

" Damnation, you should find him! He's on parole, isn't he? He's bound to be somewhere within town limits—"

Carr was winding an army blanket around me; he and Sevier lifted me, I swearing steadily at them and at the pain which pulsed through me like tides of molten lead.

There must have been fever in me already, for such a wound could scarcely have addled me so soon. I was not quite certain of what I was saying, or of what was being done, except that I was being driven to my house. But when they got me there my mind cleared, and I told Carr to reassure my wife that I had not been badly hurt.

AS I lay on my bed they got my boots and breeches off, and Carr began to fuss at my wound. I could see Sevier and Mordhurst and Jumper in the candlelight, and heard somebody sobbing—it sounded like Widgy.

Carr gave me some black medicine in water. It was bitter but refreshing.

" Mordhurst," said I, " this is too bad. It will be days before I can settle with Fox Vulper."

" It will be longer than that," said Mordhurst gloomily.

Fox Vulper has gone! And nobody can find your wife!"

I lay still a moment, then struggled upright on my pillows, my right leg stiff in front of me.

"What's that you said?" I demanded.

"I said that it would be a long time before you settled with Fox Vulper," repeated Mordhurst. "He's disgraced his uniform."

"What the devil do you mean?"

"I mean that he's gone."

"Gone? Why, he can't have gone," said I incredulously; "he is on parole!"

"Well, by God, he has gone," said Mordhurst bitterly. "You're in no condition to endure such news, but you've got to be told if it kills you: Fox Vulper has gone! *And nobody can find your wife!*"

I began to get out of bed. I didn't know what I was doing—couldn't stand—groped blindly for my breeches and boots—found myself on my back again and choking over a tumbler of black, bitter stuff forced into my throat.

"You gain time by lying still," said Carr. "I tell you I'll let you go as soon as I kill your fever—"

"I can be strapped to a horse," said I. "Mordhurst, in God's name, help me—"

"Everything has been done that can be done," said Sevier in an agonized voice. "That rat sent word to your wife that you'd been shot in a duel with Forney, and lay dying in his quarters. That's how he got hold of her. They've stolen a fisherman's boat—he and three of his black soldiers, and they've got her with them and are standing for Pensacola—"

Carr forced me back against the pillows: "Nearly every boat in Mobile is after them," he said. "You couldn't have done more than has been done, major."

"We hope to stop them at the fort," pleaded Sevier. "I've sent every mounted man in Mobile to Bowyer—"

"Damnation!" I cried. "They can't fire on them with my wife aboard!"

"They understand that," said Carr. "Pray compose yourself, sir; there should be news by the time your fever breaks!"

Something was happening to me, for the red hell that raged in my brain grew paler and more confused, and I felt as though a dark flood were rocking me, rolling over me, drenching, drowning my senses in a thick, starless night.

II

BETWEEN a body poisoned by my wound, and veins already full of swamp fevers in which the seeds of disease suddenly germinated and upset my mind, I lay ill in my bed month after month, and, when reason returned, sicker in mind and heart than in broken body and exhausted blood.

Everything seemed to attack me at once; a terrible fever of the typhoid type and a congestion of both lungs fairly melted the flesh off my body, so that in a month it was no more than a bony cage imprisoning my vitals which, somehow, pulsed on.

I do not know how I survived the fretting fury which wore me to the bones and left me gasping through winter and early spring.

Carr did not know whether he could save me my leg or not, for the cloth of my breeches and parts of my shattered watch and fob had infected the flesh to a degree that seemed impossible to control with the surgeon's knife.

As for what most terribly concerned me, all had gone wrong; but I was not able to be told about it until early autumn. Then, for the first time, I learned that Fox Vulper had got away to Pensacola where now all pretense had been discarded, and the British flag waved on the ramparts beside the flag of Spain.

He had sent a most damnable, lying, and insolent letter to General Jackson, saying that, as I had plotted to murder all the officers on parole in Mobile, and, in fact, had assassinated three of them under shameful circumstances, he considered that his obligations were voided and his parole annulled; and, in fear of death by treachery and violence, had rejoined his regiment in Pensacola, taking with him the wife of whom I had robbed him in England, and whom I had either bigamously married or was maintaining as my mistress, living with her in adultery.

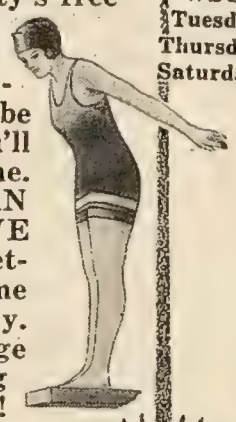
Without comment, General Jackson—who, for tragic reasons, never could endure that word adultery—sent this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HOW you can LIVE this Winter — in Florida!

LET your winter coal bill pay the family's fare to sunny St. Petersburg. Send the children to the city's free sunshine schools. The cost of "keeping house," your entertainment expenses, will be no more than you'll spend if you stay home. So you see you CAN afford to really LIVE this winter in St. Petersburg. Summer-time joys for all the family. A cozy home in orange blossom land. Bathing in sun and sea. Health! Don't dream about it—write for information!

Tune in Station WSUN Tuesday Thursday Saturday



FREE

Booklets which will tell you about St. Petersburg sent free if you write M. H. Deaderick, Chamber of Commerce.

THE SUNSHINE CITY

St. Petersburg FLORIDA

Step into Liggett's

AMERICA'S GREATEST DRUG STORES

Or any other of the 10,000 Rexall DRUG STORES

Ask for Kozak Auto Dry Wash Cloth. Beautiful gift package. Ready to mail. Kozak will dry-wash a car 50 times...clean windows or furniture without water.

KOZAK Auto Dry Wash

REG. PAT OFF U.S. AND CANADA

You will also see it displayed in thousands of Colonial . . . Cities Service . . . Indian and other gasoline stations . . . in the Kozak colorful, holiday gift package. A useful remembrance for friends with nice cars...particular about appearances. Or direct from factory by return mail upon receipt of one dollar each . . . but please order today and avoid usual Xmas mail delays.

KOZAK, INC., 17 PARK PLACE, BATAVIA, N. Y.

Send_____Kozaks . . . Xmas packed, for which I enclose $_____at $1.00 each.

(Please Print)

Name_____

Address_____

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY Continued from page seventy-seven]

infamous letter to me. My lord Mordhurst—as honourable a man as Vulper was dishonourable—had been terribly humiliated by the behaviour of Fox Vulper and Welp, and had not hesitated to deal lightning justice to the latter for his cowardly treachery toward me.

What he would have done to Vulper I didn't know; he remained sensitive, gloomy, and darkly morbid, but never failed to visit me through all those miserable and anguished months.

Twice, without my knowledge of their contents, he had sent letters, under permission, to Vulper at Pensacola, begging him, for the honour of his uniform, to return voluntarily and meet his sacred obligations to our government, and, when I should be well enough, to me.

He showed me Fox Vulper's reply which went to Fort Bowyer with a flag, and which denied any obligation regarding his parole, and refused to meet "a bigamist and a murderer" under the code duello.

To this he added that he stood upon his marital rights and would continue to protect and restrain his wife until she came to her senses; and that Admiral Cockburn approved his attitude.

"I think that's a lie," said Mordhurst, pallid with anger and disgust. "Young Percy is the senior naval officer at Barancas. If you can't get at Vulper, Brooke, I shall, as soon as ever I am exchanged."

BUT I brooded and brooded on this horrible thing which had happened to Naia and to me, and my helplessness made me frantic so that convalescence was frightfully retarded by the misery and violence of my emotions.

One day in August a poor Canary Islands fisherman left for me, at my house, two oyster-shells tied together.

How Naia succeeded in smuggling a message to me I never knew until long afterward; but this is what I deciphered, minutely scratched with a needle upon the nacre inside the two shells:

He can do nothing with me, darling. I care nothing about any suits at law. The acting admiral or senior naval officer here doesn't know what to think, but, believing me to be Vulper's wife, dares not let me go to Mobile under a flag in defiance of Vulper's wishes.

There are six British warships at Fort Barancas; five hundred Spaniards garrisoning this fortress; thirty guns—twenty 24s—and the Third West Indian Black Regiment.

The ships and soldiers already here await a vast fleet from England under Admiral Cochrane, with cannon and troops to take New Orleans. There are a thousand Seminole Indians here in their naked paint.

I think this fort could be stormed, but for God's sake be careful if you make one of such an enterprise.

I pay no heed to what Fox Vulper says, and know you are no murderer. But, oh, God, why must you always be fighting duels? It's this that has undone us both, darling—you went out on New Year's Eve to shoot and be shot at, without one word or look or touch for me who love you passionately!

I will try to communicate with you again.

Thy
NAIA.

Then, at last, came the noise of wheels.

III

THE month of August saw me fit to sit a saddle and attend to my duties, but I was thin and moved like an old man; and it was thus that General Jackson found me when, late in August, he arrived suddenly in Mobile. A few minutes later he came jingling his great sabre and spurs into my sitting room where I rose in consternation to meet this very angry man.

For an hour he strode about the room, fairly roaring defiance at his own government which forbade him to carry Pensacola by storm where reigned an unholy triple alliance of British, Spaniard, and Indian intent upon our destruction.

"By the eternal majesty of Almighty God!" he shouted, "I shall not permit a fool of a President and a rascally Secretary of War to tell me how to conduct my battles and campaigns!

"Unless we beat the enemy here in Alabama and Louisiana, he'll beat us out of the whole United States!

"My God Almighty, worshipped and revered!—look what has been done to us in these months since I dealt the Creeks their deathblow at Tallassahatchi and the Horse Shoe!—ship after ship taken at sea; a stalemate on the Canada border where good officers are paralyzed by a bad War Department; all New England a hell of treachery, ready to stab the government in the back, separate themselves from the United States, and invite an English prince to rule them!

"And the President sits mewing in the White House—mewing about embargoes! While beside him Armstrong and Monroe whine over that Puritan scum of the world which Massachusetts hatched to shame all men of heart and action throughout the New World!

"You talk of the treachery of Benedict Arnold—the treason of Vermont

during our Revolution! By God, sir, I show you a more disgusting spectacle in New England—at the Hartford Convention! Look at it and vomit!"

And tramp, tramp went his big, spurred riding boots to and fro across the room, and bang, bang went his huge sabre.

"My gracious Lord in heaven," he said, "what kind of poltroon or what sort of lunatic would I be to let Spaniard and Briton and Seminole sit snug in Pensacola and Barancas and accomplish the ruin of my native land? Come here to the window, Major Brooke—" He took me by the arm and drew me to the embrasure. At the same instant my ears caught the marching music of a regiment; and I saw a splendid column of United States infantry swinging into Mobile.

"The Second regulars," said the general. "I'm sending them to Fort Bowyer. I want you to go there, too, major. I have a brevet for Captain Sevier; let him take over Mobile until I garrison it properly. And detail a general officer to command. I mean to make it my headquarters. . . . You guess why, of course, sir?"

"Because you mean to storm Pensacola, sir!" I said.

"BY the Eternal who ruined the Egyptians!" he cried, "that is exactly what I'm going to do! Listen to me. You've heard of Barataria and the pirates, and of their leader, Jean Lafitte? The British naval officer commanding at Pensacola offered them an alliance and commissions in the royal navy if they would fall upon New Orleans.

"This so-called pirate sent those bribing documents to Claiborne with a letter saying that, though outlawed, he would not serve against his own country. An honest pirate! Think of that!— Claiborne has sent these letters to me. They involve the Spaniards, too.

"I wrote to Manrequez, their damned Governor at Pensacola, and told him I'd add a postscript from the mouths of my cannon.

"I've sent my adjutant-general, Bob Butler, into Tennessee to recruit my army. Your riflemen from Easley Station have marched for Bowyer under Lieutenant Glimming. Major, I want you to go there and help Lawrence hold that little fort until I can dig my teeth and claws into Pensacola.

"Let them mew and whine in Washington. Let them yelp! You and Major Lawrence shall go to Fort Bowyer and show the enemy a gay and confident countenance with your regulars and your riflemen. And I shall muster my men here in Mobile, and, when I'm ready, march on the redcoats, and redskins, and Dons, and clean out Pensacola. And then, so help me God Almighty, if New Orleans falls it buries the dead bones of Andrew Jackson under its brick and plaster walls!"

In my mind I was silently thanking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A King's illness and Your COLD

VERY dramatically, the recent illness of a great ruler focused attention on the calcium content of the blood. It is rumored that a Knighthood is in prospect for the young biochemist who prescribed and administered calcium to His Majesty.

If you are troubled with frequent and recurring colds, although nose and throat seem perfect, your blood, too, is probably deficient in calcium. To restore the normal alkaline balance take FELLOWS' Syrup. It supplies calcium in a most assimilable form, in addition to four other vital mineral elements needed by the body, and two dynamic ingredients.

This explains why physicians in 58 countries consider FELLOWS' the winter tonic without equal. When you are physically and mentally let-down, it "picks you up." It promotes appetite, aids digestion, soothes nerves. Abounding vitality returns. Energy revives. Handicaps disappear. If you feel below par, ask your own family physician. He is probably among those who regularly prescribe this fine old tonic.

FELLOWS' Laxative Tablets, a vegetable compound, are mild and effective.

FELLOWS' SYRUP

LINCOLN LOGS
AMERICA'S NATIONAL TOY

LINCOLN LOGS give Boys and Girls new ideas for play. The early life of Lincoln, the days of Daniel Boone and the struggles of the Pilgrim Fathers become real, vivid events to youngsters who make Log Cabins, Forts, Churches, and other buildings of America's early days.

Good Toy Dealers sell them at
$1, $2, $3, $4 and $5 the set
Lincoln Logs, 232 E. Erie St., Chicago

SAVE YOUR EYES with VIMCOLIGHT on your portable typewriter

VIMCOLIGHT, easily and quickly attached to any make of portable, throws soft, diffused light on your paper or keyboard. Banishes fatigue and prevents headache due to eye strain. Handsome nickel-plate finish. Only fully adjustable lamp made. Complete with bulb, 8 ft. best quality silk cord and plug. An ideal Xmas gift. Price $5.00. Sold by leading department, hardware, electrical and typewriter stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send check or money order to Department C,

Vimco Manufacturing Co., Buffalo, N·Y

Gray Hair

The Sad Tragedy of Passing Youth

Now *Comb* Away Gray This Easy Way

WHY tolerate the needless sorrow of Gray Hair? Now a simple, easy way is found. Already hundreds of thousands of women and men have used it. Just comb Kolor-Bak through your hair and watch the beautiful color come. Kolor-Bak is a clean, colorless liquid that leaves the beautiful luster of your hair unchanged. The one bottle does for blonde, auburn, brown or black.

Accept This Test Offer

Get Kolor-Bak from any drug or department store now. Use it. If it doesn't make you look ten years younger, your money will be refunded any time.

Kolor-Bak

Imparts Color to Gray Hair

SPENCERIANS

FINE ~ MEDIUM ~ STUB

DOME-POINTED BROAD-EDGE

100% write!

SPENCERIAN PEN CO. Lib. 12-7-29
349 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

Name_____

Address_____

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page seventy-nine]

God for this mercy to me as I stood watching the Second regulars passing with their long, swinging stride toward the docks where sloops awaited them to carry them to the fort thirty miles below.

The general, who had a passion for volunteers, and who seemed to be able to handle them where, under others, they and the militia usually turned tail, admitted aloud that these troops looked very spick and span and marched well.

"However," said he, "give me Tennessee and Kentucky riflemen.

"I understand them, major, and they understand me. And God knows," he added whimsically, "I'm sometimes difficult to understand."

HE laid his hand on my arm with a kindly gesture:

"I am deeply sorry," said he, "to hear of your illness and of your domestic misfortune."

"I believe under God, sir," said I, "that both are but temporary."

"I am happy to hear you say so," he said warmly. "Sir, I know very well what slander and poison tongues can do to render a man's life wretched. . . . I know what the divine and mighty power of pure love is, too; and that it must prevail in the end. . . . Be, therefore, of good courage. And whatever on earth I can do in your behalf, I pray you command me, Major Brooke."

I thanked him in an unsteady voice, deeply touched.

"Well," he said, "you accounted for two of those scoundrels, they tell me; and the third proved a rascal and was destroyed by his own second and yours."

"Yes, sir."

"Nevertheless, it's a good code, the duello," said he. "It settles matters permanently. I have had—occasions—to employ it."

"Yes, sir," said I, smiling, "that is the general rumour."

"But I am not quarrelsome, sir!" he said loudly, turning quite red and almost glaring at me.

I couldn't help laughing. He did glare, then—for an instant—but burst into a hearty laugh the next.

"Well, sir," said he, "I was only afraid you might have the impudence to call the kettle black. . . . I trust your wound is quite healed, major."

"I trust yours is, too, general."

He lifted and bent his left arm, flexing it solemnly:

"There are twinges, sir," said he. "I should eliminate the—ah—flowing bowl, they tell me. However—a glass of wine with you, my dear major—" We filled and touched glasses, and he drank to my future happiness.

"I wish," said he, "that we had a band of music here. I like music. I wish I had a band of it to follow me. You know how little Jimmy Madison drags about with him the wretched band of the Macedonian, which we captured when we took that frigate? He makes 'em play at the White House when he gets frightened thinking about New England."

Grieve was down on his face, moving one arm a little.

We laughed heartily together over this.

"One more glass to you and to Lawrence, and may you give hell to the enemy if they meddle with your little fort!" said he.

WE drank that toast; and another to the fall of Pensacola.

Then we had Jumper fetch us some cold meats and salad and juleps.

After that, the general being very red and his fiery blue eyes dim with sentiment, we drank our respective ladies, not once but innumerable times.

"How many dragoons," he asked gravely, "are holding how many horses at your front door, sir?"

I tried in vain to count them. Sometimes there seemed to be a whole squadron of them; sometimes I could count only a platoon or two.

"I propose," said he, "with God's help, to get into my saddle and stay there. Sir, do you doubt my ability to do it?"

"No, sir, I do not doubt your ability to get into a dozen saddles!" said I loyally.

"That's going to be the trouble, sir. Too many horses and saddles. Can't bestride 'em all. Must find the right one. Major, your arm, if you please."

I lent him my arm; we moved majestically out to the mounting block.

He got onto something that seemed to me like a horse. After that I don't remember what became of Andy Jackson.

There was an eastern Alabama regiment marching on the river road. Its band was playing loudly, and the men sang as they swung along:

"Oh, the nigger to his wench,
And the cock to his hen,
And the hay to the land it stacks on,
Oh, the skunk to his stench,
But the Alabama men
Must sweat with Andy Jackson!

"Oh, everybody knows
That the Mississippi flows
Where the steamboat smokes with the stacks on;
When her wheels turn round
We'll all be bound
To j'ine with Gin'ral Jackson!"

Mounted rifles were passing now, Kentuckians; and they were singing the same song timed by the trampling of their horses:

"When her big wheels churn
At the English Turn,
She'll stick in the mud she backs on;
If she don't get loose
It's the calaboose
For the lads too late for Jackson!

"The cobbler to his mare,
The tinker to his dam,
The earth to the Anglo-Saxon!
What the hell do I care
If I drink me a dram
Along o' Gin'ral Jackson!

"The fiddler's bitch
Has the seven-year itch,
And it's all she cacks and clacks on,
But a louse or a flea
Are the same to me
So I j'ine with Andy Jackson—"

But who were these horsemen riding in the rear, with their buckskin rifle-shirts and leggins, tossing fringes and foxskin caps? Who was that painted Indian riding behind their officer?

He was singing in a piercing nasal voice as he rode, and shaking his lifted hatchet above his crested head:

"Ha! wa sah seh,
Ha!
Ha! wah sah seh,
Ha!"

And the buckskinned horsemen answered in rhythmic shout:

"That's the way
The Iroquois
Sing all day,
Ha wah sah ha!
Ojibwah and Chipewah
Sing their battle song this way:"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

FOR THE UTMOST IN STYLE, FIT FABRIC AND SMART COMFORT

BE SURE TO ASK FOR

Standard SPATS

Spat "style" is a matter of fit and tailoring..... the very things for which STANDARD SPATS are famous. Superbly tailored of the finest quality spat materials ... STANDARD SPATS are the choice of well-dressed men everywhere. At leading shoe stores and haberdashers.

Tailored by S. RAUH & CO., 650 Sixth Ave., N. Y.

STUFFED?

WHEN YOUR NOSE IS A TRAFFIC JAM . . . AND YOUR HEAD FEELS LIKE A STUFFED OWL . . . BUT YET YOU WOULD RELISH A GOOD SMOKE . . . THERE IS ALWAYS THAT GREAT CIGARETTE WHICH MOUNTS ALL OBSTACLES TO GIVE YOU OLD-FASHIONED TOBACCO ENJOYMENT

IT'S MENTHOL-COOLED

SPUD CIGARETTES - 20 FOR 20c

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO CO., INC., LOUISVILLE, KY.

Are you using

MAPLEINE

in desserts?

Mapleine gives delicate, delightful maple flavor to all desserts—puddings, cake icings, sauces, ice cream, etc. Try it! Folder with every bottle. "Mapleine Cookery" by Alice Bradley, food editor of Woman's Home Companion, on request. Remember that with Mapleine, only half the usual amount of flavoring is required. Its quality and price are the same as before the war. Only 35c for 2 oz. bottle. Nearly every grocer has Mapleine. Or, 1 oz. trial size for 20c. Crescent Mfg. Co., Dept. 30, Seattle, Washington.

MAPLEINE

for Syrup—for Flavoring

Don't Do This → use

LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.
The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

Beautiful Complexion Without Rouge

Do you want a beautiful complexion? Without the use of rouge? And color that is *all your own?* Then give your system just a tiny calcium wafer! Don't take that customary pill on Saturday night—let a Stuart Calcium wafer do its magic work for you!

Stuart's calcium wafers clear away impurities that keep the skin sallow or dull. It keeps pores purged and the cuticle clean. You will feel and see the difference from the very first day you take a tiny, sugar-coated Stuart calcium wafer!

Don't take anything you have to *double* each time—take something you can cut in two each time.

The most marvelous and gentlest regulator in the whole world, and your druggist has them, five day test, pocket size 10c; or family size for 60c.

FULL BOX FREE

Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's calcium wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 283-A, Marshall, Mich.

Name.....

Address.....

Town.....

At All Drug Stores: 10c or 60c Sizes

STUART'S **CALCIUM WAFERS**

[THE RAKE AND THE HUSSY
Continued from page eighty-one]

The mounted Indian:

"Ne ma je e yeh,
Ne me kun e yeh,
Hoh! A be yun ah!"

I go to the warpath,
My warpath!
Get out of my way!

Far ahead the bugle horn of the mounted rifles sounded the halt.

In front of me a wild horseman slung a conch-horn from his beaded baldrick and blew "Draw bridle."

Tears filled my eyes; I could scarcely see as I made my way half blindly to the gate where the dusty detachment sat their horses.

"Ben!" I called in a choked voice —Joe Barse!—Black Cat!—don't you know me!—"

"Hell's roarin' beeswax!" bawled their officer—"it's Cap'n Brooke!"

And the next moment we were hugging each other like wrestling bears.

Naia and Major Brooke seem lost to each other. But, though in desperate danger, he finds a way to see her. Follow him to this secret meeting in next week's installment of The Rake and the Hussy.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

Liberty will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Why Waste Time?

My six-year-old grandson called on me every morning during vacation, but was expected home for lunch. One noon he begged to stay with me, so, until I could telephone his mother for permission, I told him, "I think maybe you can."

"Well," he replied, "I'd better go right now, because when you think, granny, it always means no!"—Mrs. H. Egan, 1540 Albion Ave., Chicago, Ill.

* * *

Retroussé Kernel of Corn

Dorothy in her enthusiasm to play with some young chicks, and against her mother's warning, ventured too near the chicken coop, and old mother hen reached out through the bars and pecked her severely on the nose. Running to her mother, her tearful subterfuge and version, as follows, won her acquittal:

"Mama, that mean old thing thought me was her dinner."—Bettie L. Daniel, 4503 Vandelia, Dallas, Texas.

* * *

The Tuner Tuned

The small son was watching the piano tuner at work and wanted to know the whys and wherefores of every move. When the tuner got down to fix the pedals he asked the boy if he knew what he was going to do now. Without hesitation the bright son replied, "Bump your head."—Mrs. H. L. Richards, 509 A St., S. E., Washington, D. C.

Alderman Ganss

held up his hand piously. "You're a square guy, Pete. But Sammy Dignan can't get the rap for this killing."

The Chief blinked—stared. "I got the evidence, I tell you!"

The alderman shrugged. "Pete, both Sammy and Vernie are squealers . . . ."

The Chief jumped up. "To hell with you . . . all uh you", he bellowed, "I don't care if every man jack in the city hall goes to Leavenworth—"

That's

"UNSOLVED"

one of the most intensely dramatic short stories of the year. . . .

by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Don't miss it

IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK!

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Remove all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin peel off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. **To quickly remove wrinkles and other age lines,** use this face lotion: 1 ounce powdered saxolite and 1 half pint witch-hazel. At Drug and Department Stores Everywhere.

TELEVISION-RADIO BIG MONEY *Now*

FOR R·T·I· TRAINED MEN
YOU CAN QUALIFY *EASY-QUICK*

Thousands of trained men needed and R. T. I. "3 in 1" easy Home-Training qualifies you quickly for Big-Money Jobs and spare-time profits in **Radio, Television, Talking Pictures.** Send for Big R. T. I. Book NOW, FREE.

RADIO AND TELEVISION INSTITUTE
Dept. 879, 4806 St. Anthony Ct., Chicago.

WHY BALD At 40?

Lucky Tiger Corrects

Scalp Ailments and stops falling hair, like Whyte-Fox No. 2 knocks piles, head colds and skin irritations. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. A toilet necessity. Valuable booklet free on request. *At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors.*

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

New Evening Trails

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

THE new evening silhouette is a triumph of beauty. Ever since the Paris autumn style shows there has been a life-and-death struggle between beauty and usefulness in clothes. Beauty has won out —in Paris.

Never has there been such splendor displayed in the clothes worn around Paris after dark. At least not since before the war. All idea of the practical is abandoned by smart women. Paris couturiers are discarding all the raggedy, dull-colored fashions of the past, and giving us new ones in splendid velvets, brocades, lamés, and satins, with regal lines and colorings. Dresses that were long last season trail shimmering lengths of priceless material across the floor. The most expensive furs bedeck the coats that are worn with these frocks, and, more than that, every dress has its own coat.

An evening ensemble in black and gold, with sleeved overjacket and princesse frock.

The newest trail of the evening mode, in white satin, from Augustabernard.

The new evening fashions are expensive in more ways than one. They demand a whole system of beauty culture if they are to be lived up to. Corsets are a necessity of evening chic. Evening slippers match the dress, and this means a pair for every frock.

Figures speak very eloquently in these evening clothes.

Norman Hartnell dyes fox water-green to match the transparent velvet of wrap and frock at the left. Maggy Rouff's black velvet evening coat at right is ermine trimmed.

I don't know what the ladies have done, but they have mastered the handicap of high waistlines and long, slender, often trailing skirts.

One thing that helps is the little jacket which has become an inseparable companion to the evening dress. This veils the frank revelations of the high, fitted waist. Paris also provides short light evening wraps, matching long magnificent ones, so that one need not peel down to the dress except in tropical heat.

OUR first photograph shows a Poiret evening ensemble of black georgette brocaded in gold. There is a long-sleeved Eton jacket which may be worn over the frock. When this is removed it shows a high-waisted princesse frock. This dinner ensemble is bordered with black-and-gold bands.

The white satin frock in the large photo, from Augustabernard, is one of the evening dresses that Parisiennes of varying sizes and weights wear most effectively.

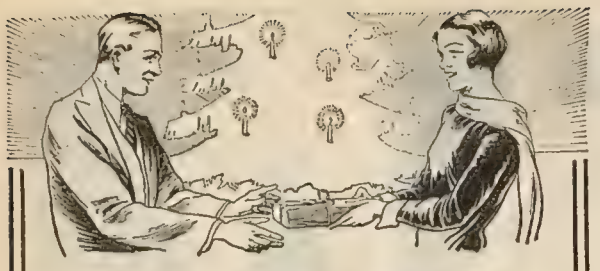
Our third illustration shows an evening ensemble from Norman Hartnell in pale water-green transparent velvet. The double fox scarf and the cuffs are dyed to match the ensemble. The frock is cut princesse, with a high waistline, and the skirt almost touches the floor on the sides.

The photograph at the extreme right shows one of the new splendid evening ensembles from Maggy Rouff. The coat is made of black millinery velvet, and is lavishly trimmed with ermine. Under this coat is a black chiffon frock which trails at the sides and back, and a short coat made of jet-embroidered black chiffon.

* * *

Hats in Paris are taking on more and more side, the newest ones touching the shoulders.

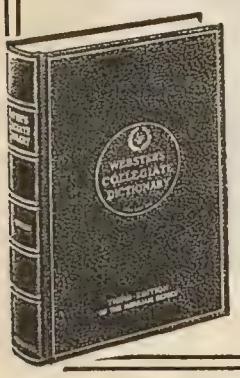
Evening gowns for the stay-at-home combine trousers with an informal skirt.



A Treasure of a Gift!

Webster's Collegiate Dictionary

The best abridged dictionary because it is based upon the *"Supreme Authority"*..Webster's New International Dictionary.



106,000 Vocabulary-terms; dictionary of Biography; Gazetteer; rules of punctuation; use of capitals, abbreviations, foreign phrases, etc. 1,256 pages; 1,700 illustrations.

Thin-paper edition; Special Merriam Cloth, $5.00; Fabrikoid, $6.00; Leather, $7.50.

GET THE BEST

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention Liberty.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield, Mass.

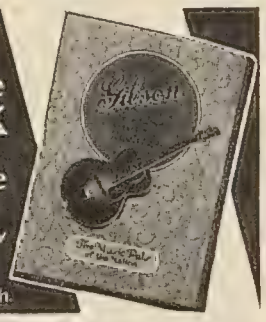
Play GUITAR Mandolin-Ukulele This FREE BOOK

Shows the Way to Popularity - Pleasure Bigger Income

Send for Your Copy Now

Gibson Inc.

723 Parsons St. Kalamazoo, Mich.



"You're right. For a cold or a headache there's nothing like—

Salicon TRADE MARK

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

LEARN TO LIVE

FREE Introductory Book

Overcome YOUR daily obstacles. Why struggle along, merely existing? The practical, modern teachings of the ROSICRUCIANS are uplifting, containing metaphysical principles showing you how to attain MASTERSHIP of YOURSELF. The free book, "LIGHT OF EGYPT," will be sent to you without obligation. It is your chance to learn to really live.

LIBRARIAN O. N. J.
Amorc Library San Jose, Calif.

SANFORD'S PASTE

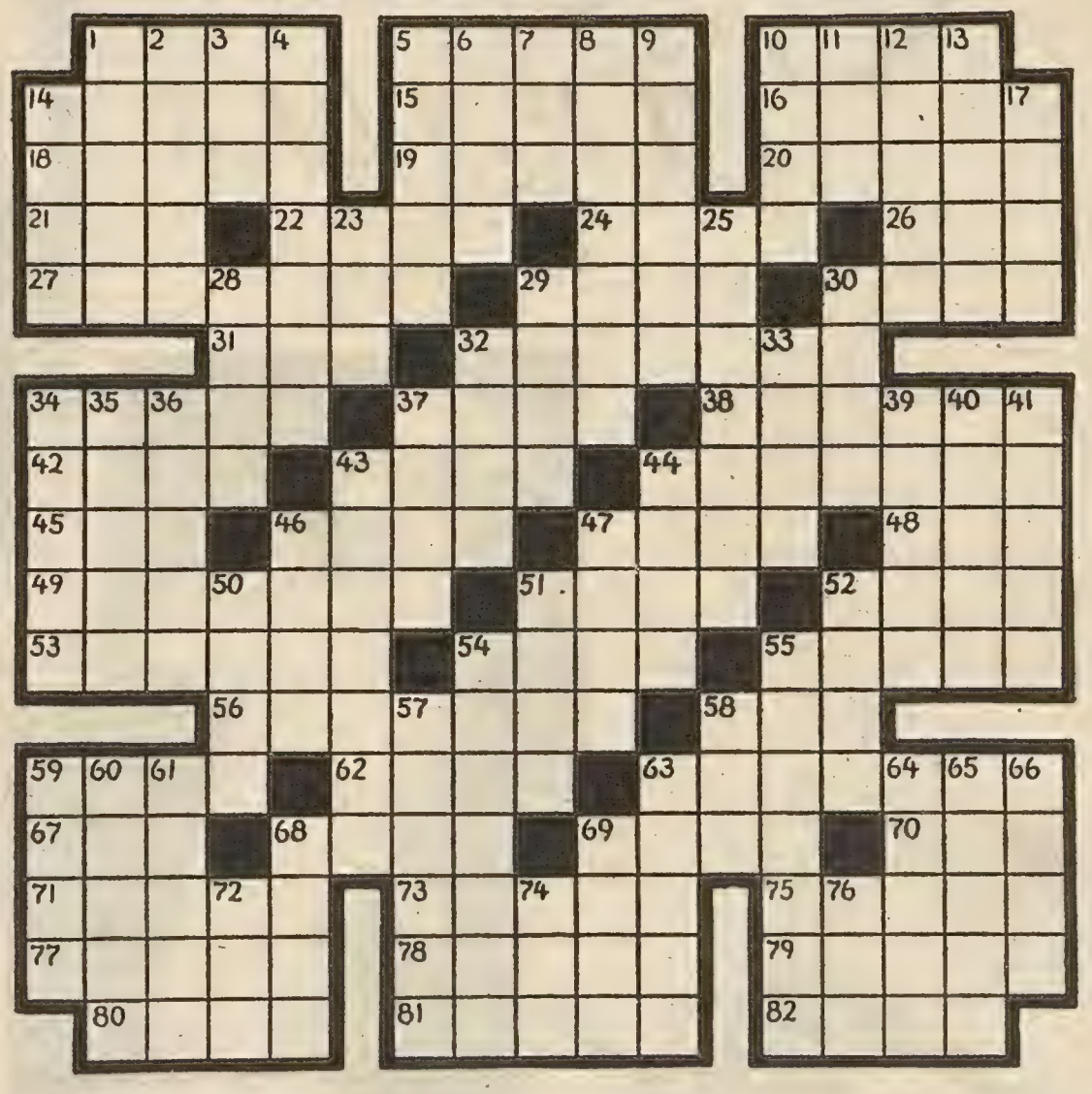
Dries Quick
Sticks Tight
Never Stains

CLEAR VELVETY SKIN

can be yours by proper cleansing. The right soap to ask for is

Resinol

Liberty's Twin



HORIZONTAL

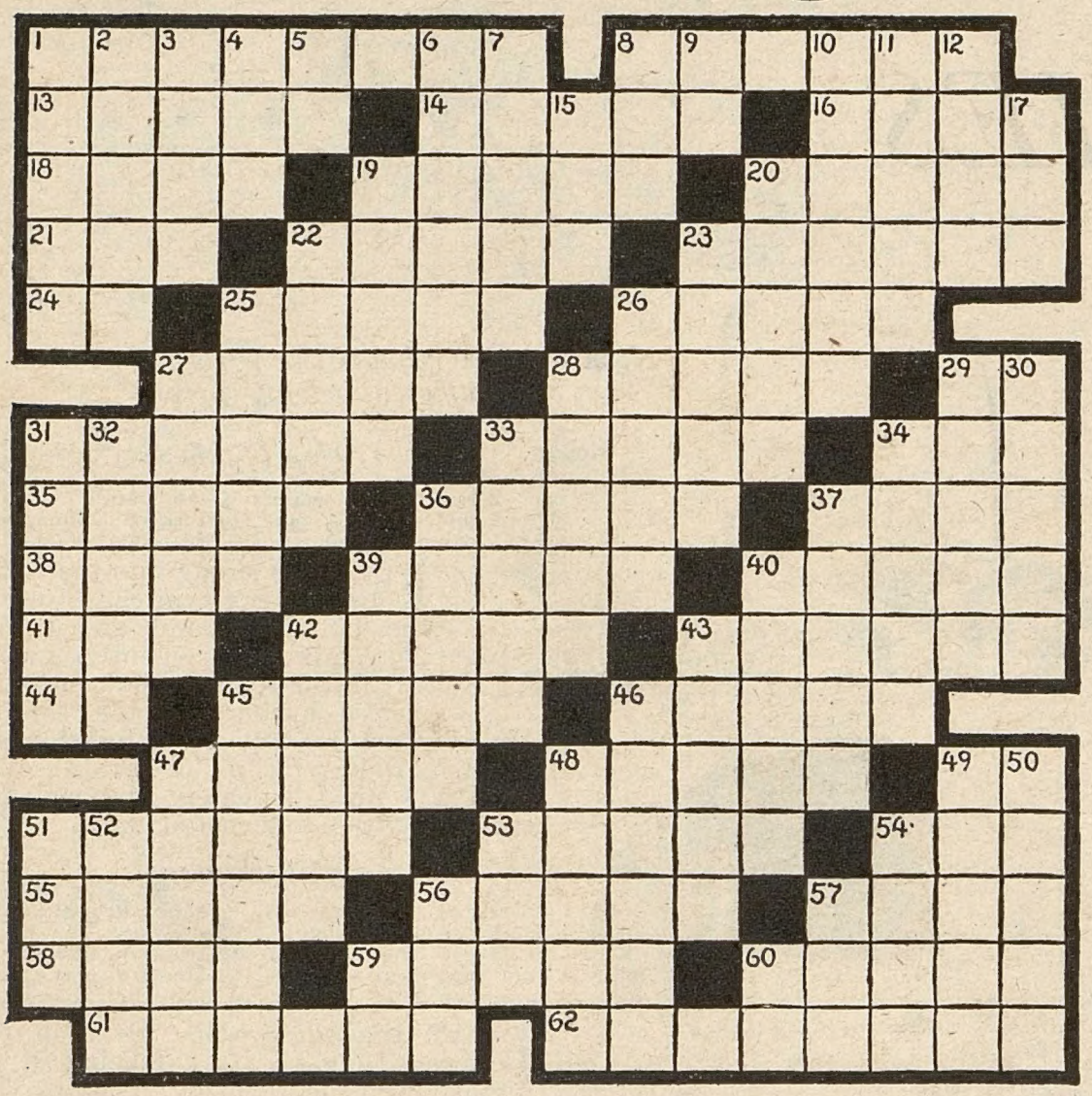
1 To suspend
5 Supply with daily meals
10 Armed conflicts
14 A man's name
15 Sovereign
16 Angry
18 Elliptical
19 Blot out
20 A tag
21 Confronted
22 Beverage (plural)
24 Tractable
26 A man's name
27 Gratified
29 Indefinite quantity
30 City in Arabia
31 Espouse
32 Accounts clerk on a passenger vessel (plural)
34 Projecting part of a church (plural)
37 Opposite of aweather
38 Rose above others
42 Strikes smartly
43 Clothed
44 An object thrown
45 Bustle
46 Persia
47 Abounding in pines
48 To write
49 Wider
51 Intone
52 A faction
53 Discourse
54 Liquid measure
55 Two-wheeled vehicles
56 Click beetles
58 Syllable applied to a note of the scale
59 Comprehended
62 Spreads for drying
63 Exchanges
67 Sailor
68 Lifeless
69 Shower
70 Lick up
71 Expiate
73 Fine driving icy particles
75 Growing out
77 Assail
78 Weird; uncanny
79 To restore to freshness
80 Tidings
81 Attire
82 Covers with turf

VERTICAL

1 Small, mean house
2 A size of type
3 Seine
4 Lubricates
5 To nurse and foster
6 Possessive pronoun
7 A wing
8 Make restitution
9 Supposes vaguely
10 Artifice
11 A constellation
12 Extremely violent
13 Cubic meter
14 To play boisterously
17 Ardor
23 Guided or conducted in a certain course
25 A gathering; an assembling
28 Controls by inspiring dread
29 Entreated
30 Vipers
32 Represent, as by a diagram
33 Blooming; blushing
34 Desert dwellers
35 A Christian priest or monk
36 Track of a wild animal
37 Having wings
39 Bagpipe player
40 Choose
41 Dinges
43 Scalloped
44 Aromatic plant
46 Image
47 Fasteners
50 So be it!
51 Gentlemen
52 Brine
54 Hawker
55 Puts in a tight or difficult position
57 Annoyed
58 Capuchin monkey
59 To pierce
60 Consumed
61 Irregularly notched as if gnawed
63 Diminishes
64 African antelope
65 Classifies
66 To vomit
68 Wagers
69 Brazilian coin (plural)
72 Fresh
74 Prior
76 Prefix meaning new

Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 To ratify by ecclesiastical authority
8 Passageways
13 Worship
14 To turn inside out, as an intestine
16 Periods
18 Talk with excessive passion
19 In respect to
20 A genus of grasses
21 In Turkey, a commander or chief officer
22 Screen for a window
23 Put in a particular position
24 An element (symbol)
25 Plots of ground
26 City in Michigan
27 Laziness
28 To slope
29 While
31 Deviate suddenly from the type (biology)
33 Flat surface
34 Wing
35 Florentine iris
36 Metric unit of weight (plural)
37 Point of land running into a body of water
38 A minced oath
39 Wood of small extent
40 Coated with icing
41 Corded fabric
42 Variety of rose
43 Noise of a trumpet (plural)
44 In the year of the Master (initials)
45 Closes violently
46 Civil War general
47 To puff up
48 To hurl
49 A parent
51 Governor of Judea in the time of Christ
53 To hold one's ground
54 Form of to be
55 Amends and revises
56 A fay
57 Lampreys
58 A knot or swelling
59 Thin dress material
60 Declaim
61 Book of accounts
62 Wife of an autocratic ruler (plural)

VERTICAL

1 Measure of weight
2 Proverb
3 A new star
4 Crude metal
5 An element (symbol)
6 The greatest height; summit
7 Makes level
8 Craft
9 A pronoun
10 Regions between Italy and the Euphrates
11 Upstanding
12 Mentally normal
15 Culminate
17 Cast down with affliction
19 Winged
20 To bring or fall into line
22 A spot on reputation (plural)
23 Maps
25 A checkered cloth or pattern
26 Blaze
27 Narrow strip of flexible material
28 One who labors as in bondage
29 Woman's name
30 Satisfies to repletion
31 Goddess of fate (Greek mythology)
32 Insisted upon
33 Goads to activity
34 Asunder
36 Dirt, rubbed in
37 Inelegant popular language
39 Part of a stove
40 Secreting organ
42 Utters raucously
43 Salty
45 Registered for appointment (political)
46 Shines dazzlingly
47 Strike out
48 Wading bird
49 Island in the Mediterranean Sea
50 Equines
51 An inclosure
52 Image
53 Capuchin monkey
54 Reconcile to deprivation of something
56 In place of
57 Silkworm
59 Brother of Odin
60 Else

M	O	D	A	L		P	A	T	S		A	C	T	S	
E	R	A	S	E		A	D	I	T		M	A	R	A	
T	A	M	E	S		T	O	D	A		T	R	I	G	
A	L	P		I	C	E		A	T	E		A	C	E	
			S	O	L		U	L	U	L	A	T	E	S	
B	A	R	O	N	E	T	S		S	O	B				
E	B	O			F	O	E	S		G	E	E	S	E	
D	E	T	E	S	T	S		P	R	E	L	A	T	E	
S	T	E	A	L		S	L	U	E			S	I	L	
			R	O	B		A	R	M	I	G	E	R	S	
C	O	N	S	O	L	E	D		U	N	A				
A	G	O		P	A	N		E	S	S		E	V	E	
R	I	T	E		M	U	S	S		U	N	D	E	R	
E	V	E	N		E	R	I	N		R	O	G	E	R	
T	E	D	S		S	E	R	E		E	W	E	R	S	

Answer to last week's puzzle

RADIUM BLADES when traveling

Invaluable where time is limited — and you must hurry. Radium Blades do a quick smooth clean job. No waste of time stropping a Radium blade nor getting a new blade for every shave. Each blade gives you from 12 to 15 shaves or more. They are economical and a guarantee that your shaving troubles are forever ended.

If your hardware dealer or druggist doesn't carry Radium Blades send his name and 38c for 5 or 75c for 10 blades to Otto Roth, Inc., 11-15 East Runyon St., Newark, N. J. Wiebusch & Hilger, Ltd., Distributors, 106 Lafayette Street, New York.

Cosmetics Can Never Hide the Truth

If your cheeks are sallow, eyes dull; if you're always dead tired, don't try to hide the truth. Take Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets. A safe substitute for dangerous calomel. Non-habit-forming. A pure vegetable compound that helps relieve constipation, cleanses the system, removes the greatest cause of pallid cheeks. A matchless corrective in use for 20 years. Take nightly and watch pleasing results. Know them by their olive color. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

Dr. Edwards OLIVE TABLETS

Don't cut or squeeze

BOILS

Use ACADONA
BOIL POULTICE

A new scientific discovery —quickly heads boils—prevents reinfection and scars.

50¢
Druggists Everywhere

Send for Free Sample

POLORIS CO.,
83 East 130th St.,
New York City.

Send sample Acadona, including gauze pad and adhesive tape.

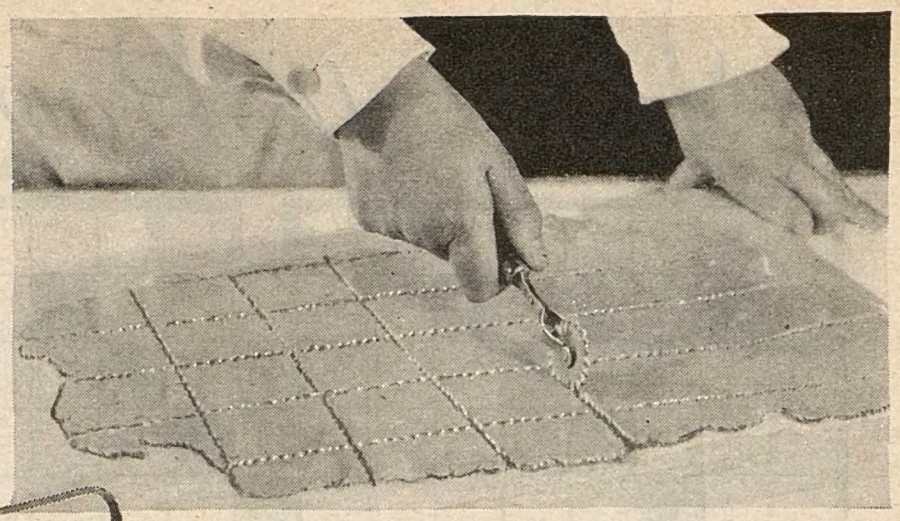
Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Tea-Time Dainties

By Ethel Somers



Nothing quite equals the pastry jagger as an efficient cooky cutter.

FOR that delightful half hour of pause in the day's activities known as tea, the table should carry at least one dish of some sweet such as those described below.

Fudge Bars

2 cups sugar
½ cup melted butter
4 ounces melted chocolate
¾ teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs, unbeaten
1 cup flour
1 cup walnut meats

MIX the melted butter and melted chocolate until well blended. When cool add the unbeaten eggs and vanilla and gradually work in the sugar. Lastly add the floured nuts. Spread to a half-inch thickness on an oiled pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for ten to fifteen minutes or until set, when the mixture will appear crusted on top but still soft inside. Upon cooling it will stiffen; so do not attempt to bake it until firm and dry but merely until set. Cut in bars while hot and serve cold. (Fudge bars are best if kept till the second day, in order that the flavor of the nuts may spread through. For use as cookies keep in a sealed jar.)

Date Sticks

1 pound dates, cut fine
½ cup chopped nuts
1 cup flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 cup sugar
1 tablespoon melted butter
1 tablespoon hot water
2 eggs, beaten

COMBINE the melted butter, hot water, and beaten eggs. Flour the dates and nuts, after chopping, with a sifted mixture of the flour, baking powder, and sugar.

Stir in the liquids. Spread in a half-inch sheet on an oiled pan and bake fifteen to twenty minutes in a moderate oven (350° F.) or until delicately browned.

The dough will crust over and an icing will bubble up when the cookies are done.

Cut into bars while hot and remove to a cooling rack.

Drop Peanut Cookies

¼ cup butter
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 cup flour
¼ cup milk
1 cup chopped peanuts
1 teaspoon lemon juice

PREPARE as for cake, by creaming the butter and gradually working in the sugar. Beat in the well beaten eggs. Alternate additions of the mixed, sifted dry ingredients and the milk. Lastly, stir in the chopped peanuts and lemon juice.

The result is a stiff drop batter. Drop by teaspoonfuls on an oiled cooky sheet at least two inches apart. Place half a peanut on the top of each. Bake from twelve to fifteen minutes in a moderate oven (375° F.).

To make envelope wafers place the jam in the center of each dough square and fold over two opposite points; above, the convenient and ultrasmart folding tray.

TEA delicacies are the true aristocrats of taste. Luscious meringue fudge bars, tasty peanut cookies, and sugared date sticks are just a few of the more popular tea-time recipes that await your acquaintance through Miss Somers' three Liberty cookbooks. The pamphlets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Their use will give your guests a new food thrill. Send for them now—and please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....12-7-29

Rice Cookies

2 egg whites, beaten
2 tablespoons sugar
½ cup rice flour
¼ cup butter
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¾ teaspoon vanilla

FOLD the sugar into the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fold in the cinnamon and sifted rice flour, mixing very gently. Lastly stir in the softened but not quite melted butter and the vanilla. Drop by teaspoonfuls on an oiled cooky sheet. Bake in a moderate oven (325° F.) until delicately browned and crisp. Remove to a cooling rack.

Nut Wafers

2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup brown sugar
1 cup chopped walnut meats
¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon maple flavoring, if desired

BEAT the eggs well. Beat in the brown sugar, after freeing it of lumps. Add the flavoring, if used. Unless a maple-nut flavor is desired the nuts will furnish flavor enough. Mix and sift the dry ingredients. Blend well with the nuts and add to the egg-sugar mixture. Drop by half-teaspoonfuls on a buttered baking pan. Bake in a moderate oven (350° F.) for about ten minutes or until delicately browned. Remove from the pan while hot to cool on a cake cooler.

Envelope Wafers

½ cup butter
½ cup sugar
1 egg yolk, unbeaten
3 tablespoons milk
1½ cups flour
½ teaspoon baking powder
⅛ teaspoon salt
¼ cup raspberry jam, orange marmalade, pineapple-apricot, or any thick jam desired

AFTER creaming the butter gradually work in the sugar. Add the egg yolk and beat thoroughly before alternating additions of the sifted dry ingredients and the milk. Chill at least overnight and roll as thin as possible. Cut into squares and after lifting to the baking sheet place a teaspoon of the jam in the center of each cooky. Fold over two of the opposite points until they just meet in the center of the jam. Bake in a hot oven (390° F.) until delicately browned, or about eight minutes.

Lace Wafers

2 cups rolled oats
2 teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sugar, white or brown
¼ teaspoon salt
1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons melted butter

KEEPING the order above, mix and drop from a teaspoon on greased paper on a baking sheet at least two inches apart. Place in a moderate oven (325° F.) and bake ten minutes or until delicately browned. These wafers should not be left on the pan too long, though they will be easier to remove if allowed to stand a few minutes.

BE SURE IT'S WRIGLEY'S

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT is liked by millions because of its smooth chewing quality and delicious flavor.

Just the taste of mint you like after meals.

J46

Taste the Juice of Real Mint Leaves

THE *Screen-Grid* RADIOLA

gives you the Reserve Power you need for modern broadcasting

RCA made Screen-Grid Radio possible by creating the high-power Screen-Grid Radiotron and the new Screen-Grid circuit.

The great value of Screen-Grid is that it gives you high power with few tubes—the big reserve of power you need today under modern broadcasting conditions.

Obviously you get your greatest guarantee of high quality performance with Screen-Grid in a Radiola built by the same men who created the new tubes and circuit and gave them to the radio world.

In addition, you get the added advantage of another RCA achievement . . . you get the freedom from distorting noises and electrical hum without the costly sacrifice of loss in fidelity and tone range . . . without that weakening of power and dulling of low and high notes which owners of ordinary radio sets must suffer when hum is reduced in defiance of electrical research and experience.

See the Screen-Grid Radiola today. Hear it! Compare it! You'll see at once that it marks a great advance in the radio art. And then select the model that best suits your own requirements—a compact table model, or a cabinet with the incomparable RCA Electro-Dynamic reproducer. Or you may have "Music from the air or record," the de luxe instrument with phonograph which reproduces records electrically.

Radiola Dealer RCA

BUY WITH CONFIDENCE WHERE YOU SEE THIS SIGN

RCA RADIOLA

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOTRON

RADIOLA DIVISION RADIO-VICTOR CORPORATION OF AMERICA

The complete line of RCA Radiolas includes ten models in three circuits, including Screen-Grid and Super-Heterodynes—and new Radiola-Phonograph combination sets, from $54 to $690.

RCA RADIOLA 44

Radio receiver utilizing Screen-Grid Radiotrons — high amplification and great selectivity. Alternating current operation from house circuit. Table cabinet of walnut veneer.

$110 (less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 46

Console cabinet model of Radiola 44, with RCA Electro-Dynamic speaker.

$179 (less Radiotrons)

RCA RADIOLA 47

The newest RCA "all-electric" development in Screen-Grid radio combined with the phonograph. Radio and Phonograph utilize the same improved built-in Electro-Dynamic reproducer. "Music from the air or record."

$275 (less Radiotrons)